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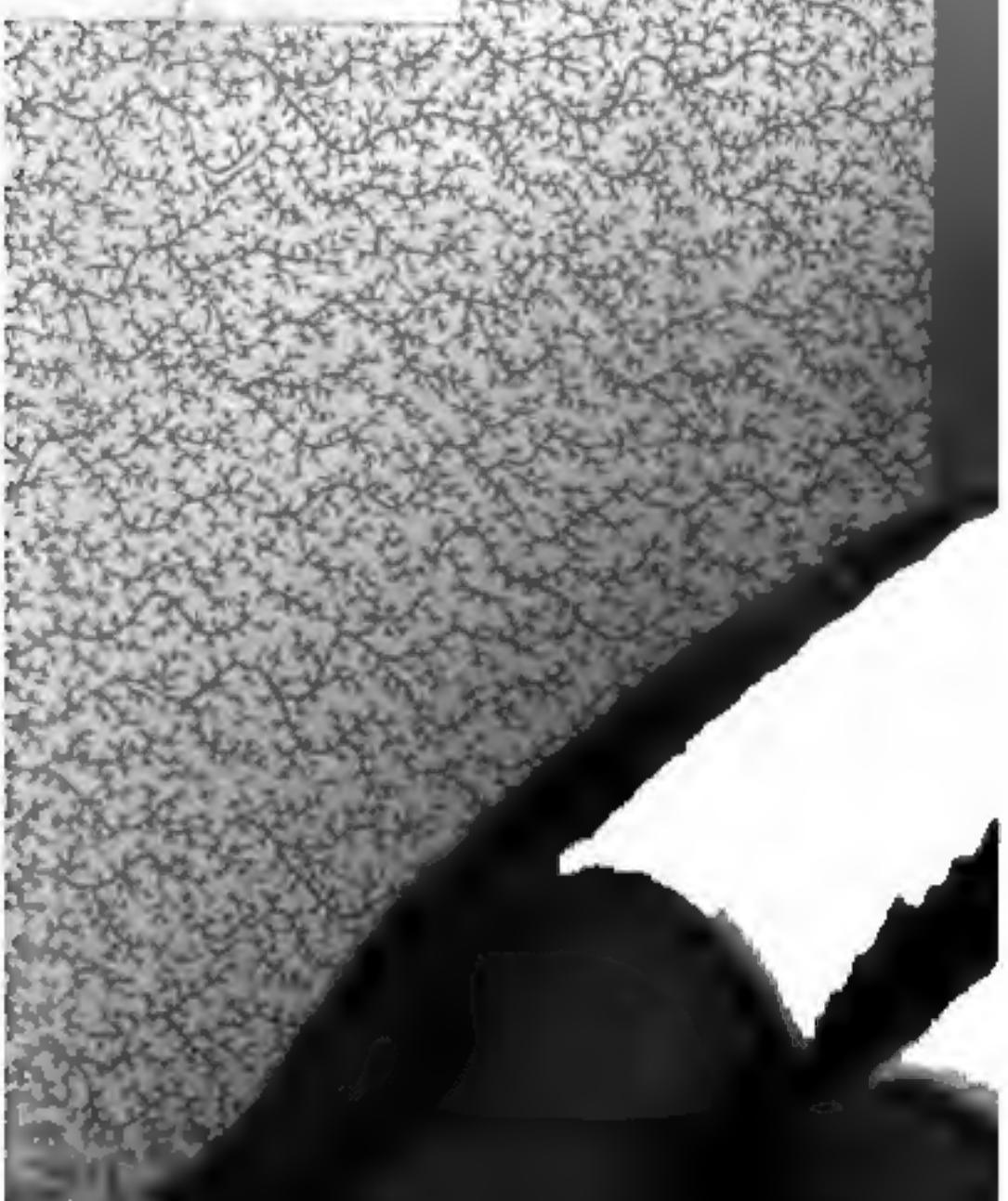
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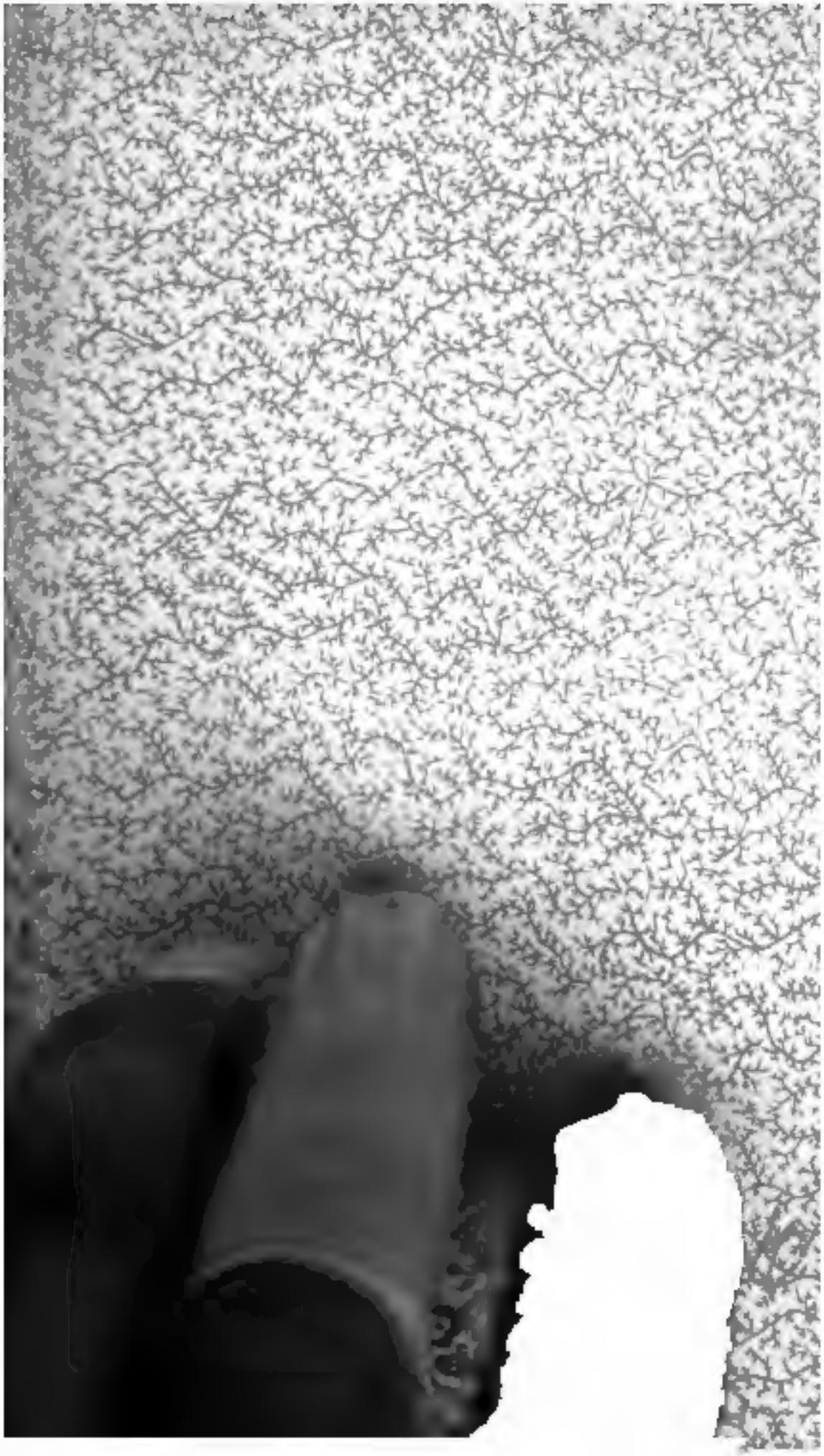
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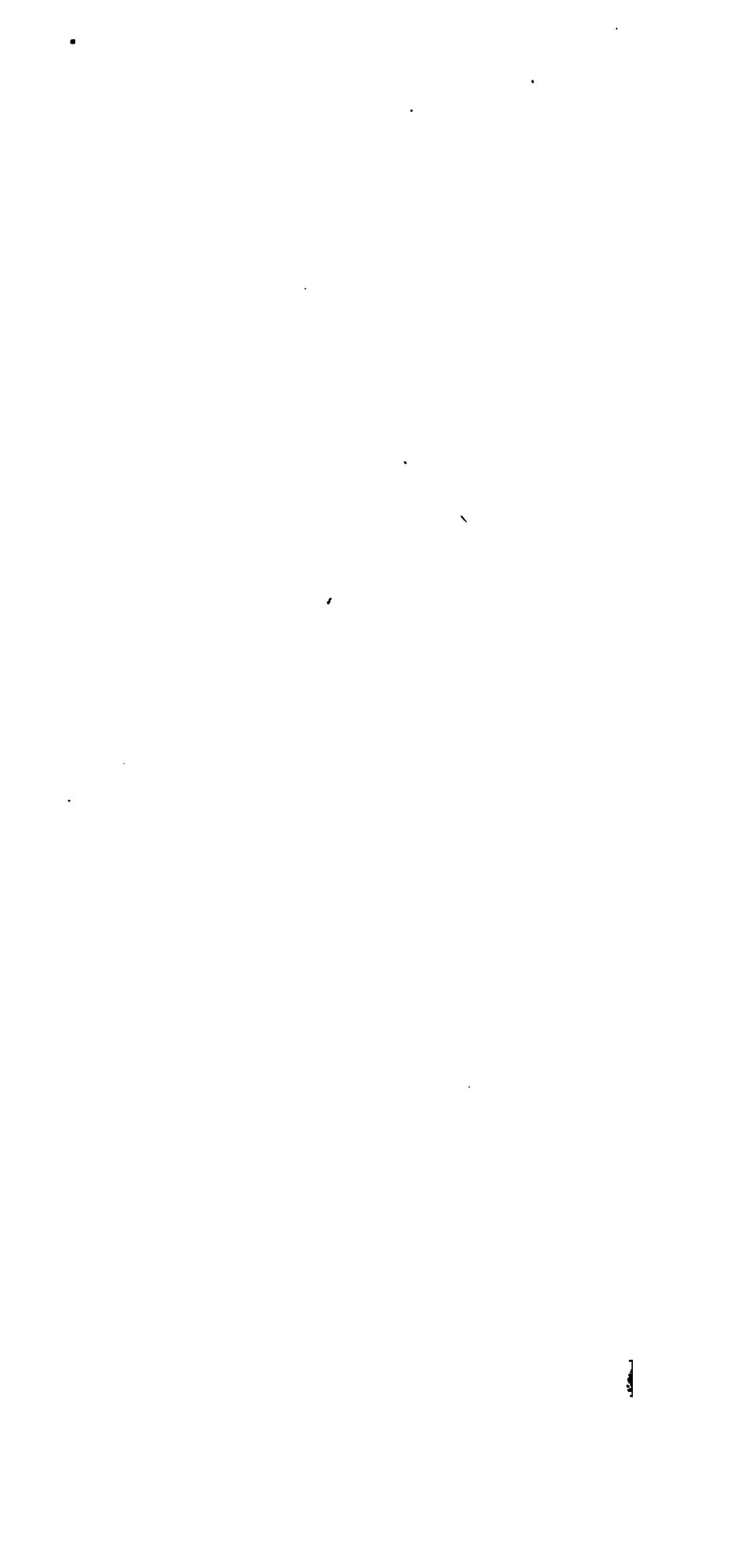


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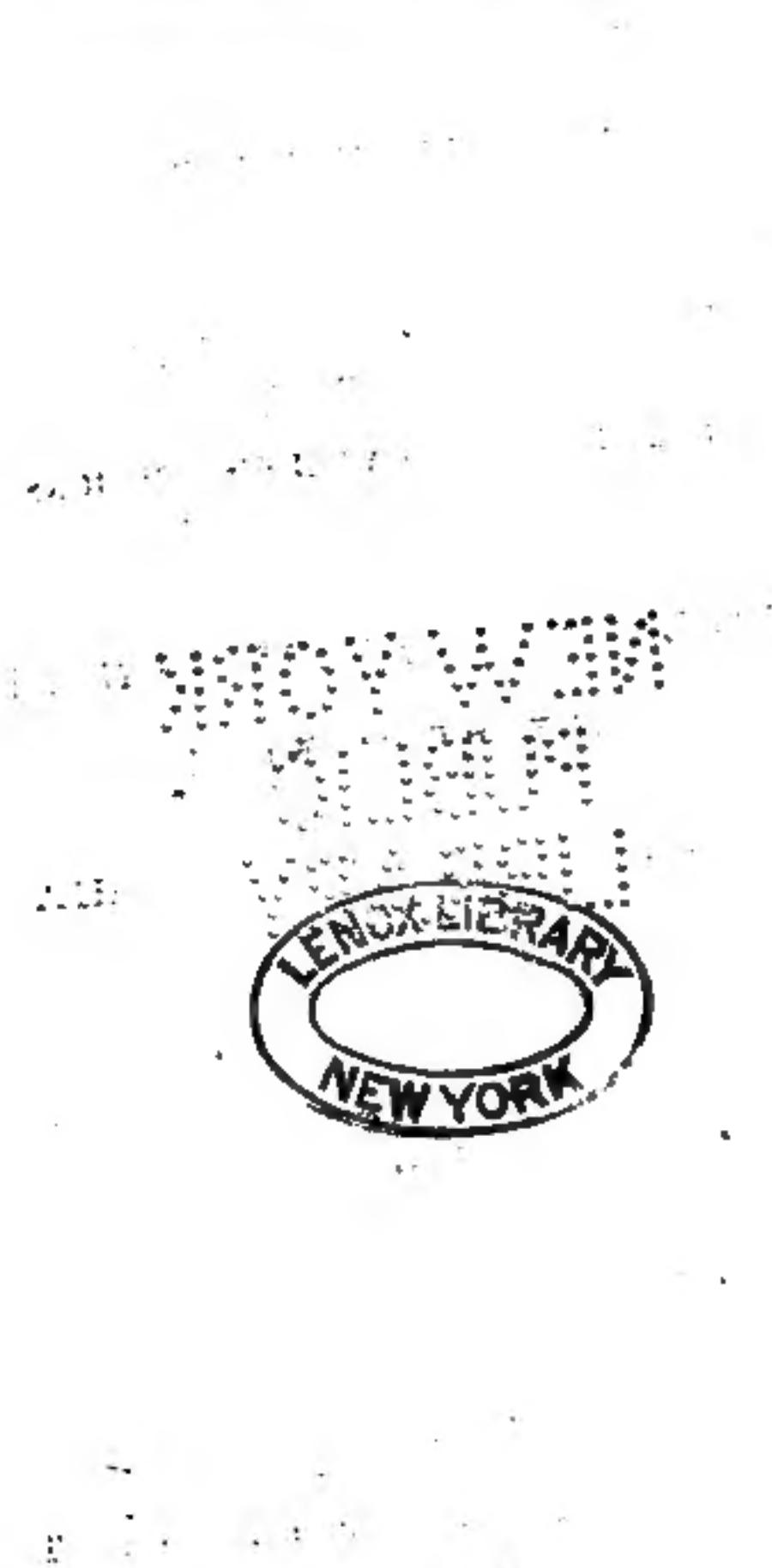
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NOTICES.

CHIEF OBJECTS KEPT IN VIEW, IN FORMING THIS COLLECTION.

1. By means of all the principal Versions of the PSALMS which have appeared to the present time, to give nearly the whole of that Sacred Book, in Portions of proper length for Public Worship, and adapted, in its evangelical sense, to the use of the Christian Church; with such titles to each Portion, and such Introductory Remarks—from Bishop Horne, where not otherwise specified—as might lead to the intelligent use of the Psalter.

2. By selecting those HYMNS, almost exclusively, which are adapted to Public Worship, to furnish a great variety of such compositions as might be used with propriety by mixed Congregations; and as should, at the same time, provide for all occasions of a public nature—such as, Sermons for Schools and other Charities, and Days of National Humiliation and Thanksgiving; with an ample supply on topics to which the attention of the Christian Church begins to be more generally and devoutly drawn—the Influence of the Holy Spirit, and the Propagation of the Gospel. It should be added, *that, by the liberal permission of Mrs. Heber, this Collection is enriched by many of the com-*

positions of the late Bishop Heber; and that Mr. Montgomery, also, has allowed of the free use of his published Hymns, and has had the further kindness to supply a few Originals.

EVANGELICAL APPLICATION AND USE OF THE PSALMS.

The Commentary of the late Bp. Horne on the Book of Psalms greatly strengthened and extended the conviction, that the Evangelical Use of the Psalter was, in a considerable measure, withheld from those Members of the Established Church who were confined in their Psalmody to the Old and New Versions. [1]

That Commentary proceeds on the following principle, laid down by the Bishop in his remarks on the Seventy-eighth Psalm—

The History of Old Israel somewhat resembles the letter of the Gospel Parables; and contains, shadowed out under it, the History of a correspondent state of things in the New Israel, or Church Christian: and, although the Psalm, like a large and capacious palace, be laid out into a multitude of different apartments; yet, perhaps, we may find, that the Scriptures of the New Testament will furnish us with a Key, which will gain us admission into every one of them, and put us in possession of the treasures of Divine Wisdom therein deposited.

Other Denominations of Christians had, in a great degree, long enjoyed, in Dr. Watts's Version, the true savour and spirit of the Psalter; which entirely pervade, with a much closer adherence to the Original, the recent Version of the late Rev. William Goode: by the permission of *the family of his deceased friend*, the Editor has made ample use of the last-mentioned Version.

FIRST LINES OF PSALMS.

[The Hymns are printed in Alphabetical Order.]

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The Psalms are placed in their Numerical Order, but an Alphabetical List of the First Lines is prefixed. The Hymns are printed in Alphabetical Order, and an Index of Texts on which they are chiefly founded is subjoined : the Editor has never been able to satisfy himself with any classification of Hymns ; but conceives that the Alphabetical Order is attended with the advantage of ready reference, while the Index of Subjects with which the Collection closes will furnish an easy direction to every principal topic.

N.B. This Edition varies from the first three thousand copies in the following instance—

The Version of Psalm CXVII, beginning *With cheerful notes let all the earth,* is now omitted ; and that beginning *From all that dwell below the skies* is here printed in its stead.

PSALMS.

PSALM I.

This Psalm, which is generally looked upon as a Preface or Introduction to the rest, describes the blessedness of the Righteous, and the opposite state of the Unbelieving and Ungodly; with the final issue of things, with respect to both good and bad men, at the Great Day.

The Righteous and the Wicked. SEVENS.

- 1 **O**H how blest the man, whose ear
 Impious counsel shuns to hear ;
Who nor loves nor treads the way
 Where the sons of folly stray :
- 2 But, possess'd with sacred awe,
 Meditates, Great God, thy law ;
This by day his fix'd employ,
 This by night his constant joy.
- 3 Like the tree, that taught to grow
 Where the streams refreshing flow,
He his fruitful branch shall spread,
 Prosperous, he no leaf shall shed.
- 4 See, ah ! see a different fate
 God's obdurate foes await !
See them, to his wrath consign'd,
 Fly like chaff before the wind !
- 5 When thy Judge, O Earth, shall come,
 And to each assign his doom ;
Say, shall then the impious band
 With the just assembled stand ?
- 6 *These th' Almighty, these alone,*
Objects of his love shall own ;
While his vengeance who defy,
Whelm'd in endless ruin lie.

PSALM II.

David, seated upon the Throne of Israel, notwithstanding the opposition made against him, and now about to carry his victorious arms among the neighbouring Heathen Nations, may be supposed to have penned this, as a kind of Inauguration Psalm. But, that a Greater than David is here, appears from the citation, Acts iv. 24—28. It treats, therefore, of the opposition raised against the Kingdom of Christ, of his victory and the consequent salvation of his服务区, and of the blessedness of those who accept his mercy. This Psalm is appointed to be read on Easter Day.

FIRST PART. (vv. 1—6.) I. M. *Christ seated on the Throne.*

- 1 **W**HY do the Jews and Gentiles join
To execute a vain design;
Idly their utmost power engage,
And storm with unavailing rage?
- 2 Earth's haughty kings their Lord oppose,
The Rulers list themselves his foes;
To fight against their God agree,
And slay th' Incarnate Deity!—
- 3 As sworn their Maker to dethrone,
And Jesus, his Anointed Son;
To rise, from all subjection freed,
And reign Almighty in his stead!
- 4 The Lord, who calmly sits above
Enthron'd in everlasting love,
Shall all their feeble threats deride,
And laugh to scorn their furious pride.
- 5 Then shall he in his wrath address
And vex his baffled enemies:
" Yet have I glorified my Son,
And plac'd him on his Father's throne:
- 6 " Conq'ror of sin, and death, and hell,
He reigns a Prince invincible:
All power is now to Jesus given,
Triumphant on the hill of Heaven!"

SECOND PART. (vv. 6—8.) P. M. *The Saviour's Exaltation and Reign.*

- 1 **J**ESUS the Saviour reigns!

On Zion is his throne:
The Lord's decree sustains
His Own Begotten Son:

*Up from the grave He bids him rise,
And mount th' skies, With power to save.*

PSALMS II. III.

2 His kingdom is complete,
This day exalts his Name :
Before his Father's seat
He makes his righteous claim :
Gentiles adore, His power confess :
His hands possess From shore to shore.

THIRD PART. (vv. 8—12.) s. m. *Christ interceding and reigning.*

- 1 **C**HIRST is ascended high,
And asks to rule the earth :
The merit of his blood he pleads,
And pleads his heavenly birth.
- 2 He asks, and God bestows
A large inheritance :
Far as the world's remotest ends
His kingdom shall advance.
- 3 The nations that rebel
Must feel his iron rod :
He'll vindicate those honours well
Which he receiv'd from God.
- 4 Be wise, ye Rulers, now,
And worship at his throne :
With trembling joy, ye people, bow
To God's exalted Son.
- 5 If once his wrath arise,
Ye perish on the place :
Then blessed is the soul that flies
For refuge to his grace.

PSALM III.

This Psalm is said to have been composed by David, when he fled from his Son Absalom. Thus circumstanced, he expresses himself in terms well adapted to the parallel case of the Son of David, persecuted by rebellious Israel; as also to that of His Church, suffering tribulation in the world.

First Version. l. m.

A Morning Psalm.

- 1 **O**LORD, how many are my foes !
In this weak state of flesh and blood,
My peace they daily discompose :
Thou my Defence and Hope, O God !
- 2 Tir'd with the burdens of the day,
To Thee I rais'd my evening cry :
Thou heard'st when I began to pray,
And thine Almighty help was nigh.

PSALMS III. IV.

- 3 Supported by thy heavenly aid,
I laid me down, and slept secure;
Not death should make my heart afraid,
Though I should wake and rise no more.
- 4 But God sustain'd me all the night;
Salvation doth to God belong:
He rais'd my head to see the light,
And makes his praise my morning song.

Second Version. c. m.

Doubts and Fears suppressed.

- 1 **M**Y God, how many are my fears!
How fast my foes increase!
Conspiring my eternal death,
They break my present peace.
- 2 But Thou, my Glory and my Strength,
Shalt on the tempter tread;
Shalt silence all my threat'ning guilt,
And raise my drooping head.
- 3 I cried, and from his holy hill
He bow'd a listening ear:
I call'd my Father and my God,
And he subdued my fear.
- 4 He shed soft slumbers on mine eyes,
In spite of all my foes:
I woke, and wonder'd at the grace
Which guarded my repose.
- 5 What though the hosts of death and hell
All arm'd against me stood,
Terrors no more shall shake my soul:
My Refuge is my God!

PSALM IV.

FIRST PART. (vv. 1—3) L.M.

God our Portion, and Christ our Hope.

- 1 **O** GOD of grace and righteousness,
Hear and attend when we complain;
Thou hast enlarg'd us in distress,
Bow down a gracious ear again.
- 2 **Y**e sons of men, in vain ye try
To turn our glory into shame:
How long will scoffers love to lie, . . .

PSALM IV.

- 3 Know that the Lord divides his saints
From all the tribes of men beside :
He hears the cry of penitents,
For the dear sake of Him that died.

SECOND PART. (vv. 4—6.) s. m.

Sinners invited to Christ.

- 1 YE sinners, stand in awe,
And from your sins depart ;
Out of the evil world withdraw,
And commune with your heart.
- 2 In thinking of Christ's love
Be day and night employ'd :
Be still ; nor in his presence move,
But wait upon your God.
- 3 Offer your prayer and praise,
Which he will not despise,
Through Jesus Christ our Righteousness,
Accepted sacrifice.
- 4 Offer your heart's desires ;
But trust in Him alone,
Who gives whatever he requires,
And freely saves his own.
- 5 The world, with fruitless pain,
Seek happiness below ;
What man, they ask, but all in vain,
The long-sought good will show !
- 6 The brightness of thy face
Give us, O Lord, to see ;
Glory on earth begun in grace,
And happiness in Thee !

THIRD PART. (vv. 7, 8.) l. m.

" So He giveth His beloved sleep!"

- 1 THY favour, gracious Lord, impart,
With sacred joy to cheer my heart :
Howe'er the corn and wine increase,
Earth ne'er can yield such heavenly peace.
- 2 With thy protection kindly blest,
I'll lay me down in peace to rest ;
Safe in thy care, from danger free,
To wake on earth, or wake with Thee.

PSALM V.

FIRST PART. (vv. 1—7.) L.M.

Sunday Morning.

- 1 **L**ORD, hear my words, my spirit see,
When wrapt in solemn thoughts of Thee
My King, my God, my cries attend !
To Thee my suppliant prayers ascend.
- 2 Whene'er the morning rays appear,
Thou, Lord, my early voice shall hear :
To Thee my lifted hands shall rise,
And faith look up with longing eyes.
- 3 O God, thy pure unsullied mind
In tents of sin no joy can find :
Far from thy throne shall evil flee,
Nor e'er inhabit, Lord, with Thee.
- 4 Fools, who in vanity delight,
Shall ne'er continue in thy sight ;
And sinners, who thy laws defy,
Are doom'd beneath thy wrath to die.
- 5 But I—by boundless mercies led,
Thy temple's sacred courts will tread;
Up to thy house with joy repair :
Thy mercies shall surround me there.
- 6 Prostrate I'll bow—thy fear impress
With awe profound inspires my breast ;
And faith, while yet my prayers arise,
Firm on the Saviour's Name relies.

SECOND PART. (vv. 7, 8, 11, 12.) C.M.

Divine Grace and Direction implored.

- 1 **B**EHOLD us, Lord, with humble fear
Approach thy temple gate ;
Though most unworthy to draw near,
Or in thy courts to wait.
- 2 But, trusting in thy boundless grace,
To all so freely given,
We worship in thy holy place,
And lift our souls to heaven.
- 3 *Lead us in all thy righteous ways,*
Nor let our footsteps slide :
Make straight thy path before our face,
Our Guide in every way.

PSALMS V. VI.

- 4 No more to sin, Lord, let us yield,
Defended from above,
And kept and cover'd with the shield
Of thy almighty love.

PSALM VI.

This is the first of those Psalms which are styled Penitential.

The Prayer of the Penitent.

First Version. c. m.

- 1 IN mercy, not in wrath, rebuke
Thy feeble worm, my God !
My spirit dreads thine angry look,
And trembles at thy rod.
- 2 Have mercy, Lord, for I am weak ;
Regard my heavy groans :
Oh let thy voice of comfort speak,
And heal my broken bones !
- 3 By day, my busy beating head
Is fill'd with anxious fears ;
By night, upon my restless bed,
I weep a flood of tears.
- 4 Thus I sit desolate and mourn,
Mine eyes grow dull with grief :
How long, my Lord, ere Thou return,
And bring my soul relief !
- 5 Oh come, and shew thy power to save,
And spare my fainting breath ;
For who can praise Thee in the grave,
Or sing thy Name in death ?
- 6 Satan, my cruel envious foe,
Insults me in my pain ;
He smiles to see me brought so low,
And tells me hope is vain :
- 7 But hence, thou Enemy, depart,
Nor tempt me to despair !
My Saviour comes to cheer my heart,
The Lord has heard my prayer.

Second Version. l. m.

- 1 LORD, I can suffer thy rebukes,
When Thou with kindness dost chastise
But thy fierce wrath I cannot bear,
Oh let it not against me rise !

PSALM VI.

- 2 Pity my languishing estate,
And ease the sorrows that I feel:
The wounds thy heavy hand hath made,
Oh let thy gentler touches heal !
- 3 See how I pass my weary days
In sighs and groans; and when 'tis night,
My bed is water'd with my tears:
My grief consumes and dims my sight.
- 4 Look how the powers of nature mourn!
How long, Almighty God, how long?
When shall thine hour of grace return?
When shall I make thy grace my song?
- 5 I feel my flesh so near the grave,
My thoughts are tempted to despair:
But graves can never praise the Lord,
For all is dust and silence there.
- 6 Depart, ye Tempters, from my soul,
And all despairing thoughts depart!
My God, who bears my humble moan,
Will ease my flesh and cheer my heart.

Chor. Verston. F.M.

- 1 O LORD, aside thine anger turn;
Nor let, O Lord, against me burn
Thy fury, fierce and strong:
Spare, heal me, for I faint perplex'd;
My bones are rack'd, my soul vex'd:
But Thou, O Lord, how long!
- 2 Turn Thee, O Lord, my soul release!
With Thee, for liberty and peace,
I plead thy gracious Name:
For who, of Thee, in death shall tell?
And who, within the gates of hell,
Thy glorious works proclaim?
- 3 I pant with groans: all night I weep:
My couch the tears incessant steep,
And o'er my pillow roll:
Mine eye, with premature decay,
Sinks, through my foes, and wastes away
For anguish of my soul.
- 4 Workers of Ill, my presence fly!
Jehovah hears my sorrow's cry;
Jehovah hears my prayer:
Jehovah will accept my vow,

PSALM VII.

David is said to have composed this Psalm concerning the words of Cush the Benjamite. Whether Saul, or Shimei, or any one else be intended under this name, it is clear that David had been maliciously calumniated by such a person—that the Psalm was written to vindicate himself from the imputation, whatever was the nature of it—and, consequently, may be considered as the appeal of the True David and his Disciples against the grand Accuser and his Associates.

FIRST PART. (vv. 1—7.) L. M.

The Appeal of the Upright unto God.

- 1 **O** LORD, my God, my hopes repose
Firm on thy Name: from all my foes,
Who range with persecuting breath,
Rescue my soul, and save from death !
- 2 Like the fierce lion rous'd to rage,
Behold th' unequal war they wage,
On death intent: my dangers see !
For Thou, alone, can'st rescue me.
- 3 O Lord, my God, their censures view:
Say, did I e'er such acts pursue ?
Shall their false charge unnotic'd stand ?
Was e'er such evil in my hand ?
- 4 If e'er my soul, in treach'rous part,
Dealt falsely with the friendly heart—
How base the charge ! I boast to show
Compassion on my causeless foe—
- 5 Then might they hate, pursue, surround,
And tread my life out on the ground ;
Might lay, with indignation just,
My deep-stain'd honour in the dust.
- 6 Rise, then, O Lord, with just disdain
The anger of my foes restrain !
To judgment wake ! on thy command
Justice and Truth securely stand.
- 7 Rise !—and the people round thy seat
In crowds of holy joy shall meet :
And since on Thee our hopes rely,
Return, and fix thy power on high.

SECOND PART. (vv. 8—10.) L. M.

God the righteous Judge of all.

- 1 **T**HE Lord is Judge: before his throne
All nations shall his justice own :
Oh may my soul be found sincere,
And stand approv'd with courage there !

PSALMS VII. VIII.

- 2 The Lord, in righteousness array'd,
Surveys the world his hands have made ;
Pierces the heart, and tries the reins,
And judgment from on high ordains.
- 3 My God, my Shield ! around me place
The shelter of the Saviour's grace :
Then, when thine arm the just shall save,
My life shall triumph o'er the grave.

PSALM VIII.

This is the first of those Psalms which are appointed to be read on Ascension Day. It treats, as appears from Heb. ii. 4—6, of the wonderful love shown by the exaltation of our nature to Manhood, or the Second Adam, right hand of the Majesty on high, and by the subjection of all creatures under the word of His power.

The Love of God shewn in the exaltation of the Second Adam.
First Version. c. m.

- 1 O LORD, our Lord, how wondrous great
Is thine exalted Name !
The glories of thy heavenly state
Let men and babes proclaim.
- 2 Lord, what is man, or all his race,
Who dwells so far below,
That Thou should'st visit him with grace,
And love his nature so ?
- 3 That thine eternal Son should bear
To take a mortal form ;
Made lower than his angels are,
To save a dying worm !
- 4 Let Him be crown'd with majesty,
Who bow'd his head to death ;
And be his honours sounded high,
By all things that have breath !
- 5 Jesus, our Lord, how wondrous great
Is thine exalted Name !
The glories of thy heavenly state
Let the whole earth proclaim.

Second Version. c. m.

- 1 O THOU, to whom all creatures bow
Within this earthly frame,
Through all the world how great art Thou !
How glorious is thy Name !
- 2 In heaven, thy wondrous acts are sung,

PSALMS VIII. IX.

And yet thou mak'st the infant-tongue
Thy boundless praise declare.

- 3 What's man, O Lord, that thus Thou lov'st
To keep him in thy mind ?
Or what his offspring, that Thou prov'st
To them so wondrous kind ?
- 4 O Thou, to whom all creatures bow
Within this earthly frame,
Through all the world how great are Thou !
How glorious is thy Name !

Third Version. L. M.

- 1 O LORD, our Lord, in power divine,
How great is thy illustrious Name !
Through all the earth thy glories shine,
Plac'd high above the heavenly frame.
- 2 Down from his throne thy Son descends,
A little time our form to wear :
Beneath th' angelic hosts he bends,
Our suff'rings and our guilt to bear.
- 3 But, lo ! thy power exalts him high,
In glorious dignity enthron'd !
He bears our nature to the sky,
O'er all thy works the Ruler crown'd.
- 4 Jesus, the Man, in glory sits,
Creation at his feet obeys :
To Him each living tribe submits,
Natives of earth, or air, or seas.
- 5 Jesus, our Lord, in power divine,
How great is thy illustrious Name !
Through all the earth thy glories shine,
Let the whole earth resound thy fame !

PSALM IX.

This Psalm was probably composed to celebrate the victories gained by David over the neighbouring nations, after God had exalted him to be King in Zion : but most certainly it was intended for the use of the Christian Church. The Kingdom of Christ is established, and affords to Believers refuge and salvation : for these blessings Christians are excited to praise their Redeemer.

FIRST PART. (vv. 1—5.) L. M.

Christ subduing his Enemies.

- 1 WITH my whole heart, Eternal Lord !
My lips shall celebrate thy praise ;
The wonders of thy love record,
In all its varied acts of grace.

PSALMS IX. X.

- 2 On Thee, my joys' unfailing spring,
With holy transport I rely :
The praises of thy Name I'll sing,
Saviour, All-gracious ! Lord, Most High !
- 3 Thine arm my humbled foes subdu'd,
On Calv'ry's consecrated ground :
They turn'd—they fled—(thy presence view'd)
And perish'd—scatter'd all around.
- 4 Jesus, thy mighty arm alone
There in thy grace maintain'd my cause ;
The Lord avenging, from his throne,
The injur'd honour of his laws.
- 5 Thro' Heathen Lands thy power has spread,
Beneath thy hands their idols fall :
On their proud necks thy feet shall tread,
Nor time their impious names recall.

SECOND PART. (vv. 7—11.) L.M.

Christ the Refuge of his people.

- 1 BEHOLD the Lord, the Saviour, rise,
Triumphant in his arm alone !
His reign the waste of time defies,
For judgment he prepares his throne.
- 2 Hail, Righteous Judge ! array'd in power,
The world thy righteousness shall prove ;
Thy foes thy justice shall adore,
But saints behold thy richest love.
- 3 In Thee th' oppress'd a Refuge find,
Thou Lord of boundless majesty !
When troubles roll, th' afflicted mind
Still finds its Refuge-Tower in Thee.
- 4 In Thee will all thy people trust,
Who know thy Name, All-gracious Lord !
Since thou hast ne'er forsook the just,
Who seek thy face and love thy Word.
- 5 Sing to the Lord, his glories tell ;
Wide let his fame and praise resound,
In Zion, where his glories dwell ;
And spread through all the nations round !

PSALM X.

Admonish the Sinner of the Fathers and Agitated.

(vv. 16—18.) L.M.

- 1 JEHOVAH reigns—your tribute bring :

PSALMS X. XI. XII.

Crown Him, ye saints, with holy joy,
His arm shall all your foes destroy.

- 2 Thou, Lord, ere yet the humble mind
Had form'd to prayer the wish design'd,
Hast heard the secret sigh arise,
While, swift to aid, thy mercy flies.
- 3 Thy Spirit shall their heart prepare;
Thine ear shall listen to their prayer:
Thou, Righteous Judge! Thou Power Divine!
On Thee the fatherless recline.
- 4 The Lord shall save th' afflicted breast,
His arm shall vindicate th' opprest;
Earth's mightiest tyrant feel His power,
Nor Sin nor Satan grieve them more.

PSALM XI.

God loves the Righteous, and hates the Wicked. L. M.

- 1 **M**Y refuge is the God of Love,
Why do my foes insult and cry,
“Fly, like a timorous trembling dove,
To distant woods or mountains fly?”
- 2 The Lord in heaven has fix'd his throne,
His eyes survey the world below:
To Him all mortal things are known,
His eyelids search our spirits through.
- 3 If he afflict his saints so far,
To prove their love and try their grace,
What must the bold transgressors fear!
His very soul abhors their ways.
- 4 The righteous Lord loves righteous souls,
Whose thoughts and actions are sincere;
And with a gracious eye beholds
The men that his own image bear.

PSALM XII.

FIRST PART. (vv. 1—5.) L. M.

God will rebuke the deceitful and boasting Tongue.

- 1 **L**ORD, if Thou dost not soon appear,
Virtue and truth will flee away:
A faithful man among us here
Will scarce be found, if Thou delay.
- 2 The whole discourse when neighbours meet
Is fill'd with trifles loose and vain:
Their lips are flattery and deceit,
And their proud language is profane.

PSALMS XII. XIII.

- 3 But lips that with deceit abound
Shall not maintain their triumph long :
The God of Vengeance will confound
The flattering and blaspheming tongue.
- 4 " Yet shall our words be free," they cry :
" Our tongues shall be control'd by none :
Where is the lord will ask us why ?
Or say our lips are not our own ? "
- 5 The Lord, who sees the poor opprest,
And hears th' oppressor's haughty strain,
Will rise to give his children rest,
Nor shall they trust his Word in vain.

SECOND PART. (vv. 5—8.) L. M.

Truth of the Divine Promises.

- 1 **T**HY Word, O Lord, though often tried,
 Void of deceit shall still appear ;
Not silver, seven times purified
From dross and mixture, shines so clear.
- 2 Thy grace shall in the darkest hour
Defend the holy soul from harm ;
Though when the vilest men have power,
On every side will sinners swarm.

PSALM XIII.

Faith wrestling and prevailing.

First Version. c. m.

- 1 **H**OW long wilt thou conceal thy face,
 My God, how long delay ?
When shall I feel those heavenly rays,
 That chase my fears away ?
- 2 How long shall my poor lab'ring soul
 Wrestle and toil in vain ?
Thy Word can all my foes controul,
 And ease my raging pain.
- 3 See how the Prince of Darkness tries
 All his malicious arts :
He spreads a mist around my eyes,
 And throws his fiery darts.
- 4 Be Thou my Sun ; be Thou my Shield :
 My soul in safety keep :
Make haste, before mine eyes are shal'd

PSALM XIII.

- 5 How would the tempter boast aloud,
If I became his prey !
Behold, the sons of hell grow proud
At thy so long delay.
- 6 But they shall fly at thy rebuke,
And Satan hide his head :
He knows the terrors of thy look,
And hears thy voice with dread.
- 7 Thou wilt display that sov'reign grace,
Where all my hopes have hung :
I shall employ my lips in praise,
And vict'ry shall be sung.

Second Version. SEVENS.

- 1 **L**ORD of Mercy, just and kind,
Wilt thou ne'er my guilt forgive ?
Never shall my troubled mind
In thy kind remembrance live ?
Still I wait thy wonted grace,
Still thy favour is denied :
Oh ! how long, withdrawn his face,
Will my God his mercies hide ?
- 2 Lord, how long with sorrows vex'd
Daily shall my heart complain ;
While my anxious soul, perplex'd,
Counsel takes, but takes in vain ?
Lord, how long shall Satan's art
Tempt my harass'd soul to sin,
Triumph o'er my humbled heart,
Fears without and guilt within ?
- 3 Lord, my God, thine ear incline,
Bending to the prayer of faith ;
Cheer my eyes with light divine,
Lest I sleep the sleep of death !
How will all my foes rejoice,
If my sinking spirit fails ;
Boasting, with triumphant voice,
“ See, our arm of power prevails ! ”
- 4 **B**ut on mercy I rely—
Mercy, Heavenly Lord, impart !
Mercy brings salvation nigh ;
Mercy shall rejoice my heart.

PSALMS XIII. XIV.

Lord, I lift my voice in praise,
All thy bounty to adore ;
From eternity thy grace
Flows, increasing evermore.

Third Version. seven.

- 1 **L**ORD, my God, how long by Thee
Shall I quite forgotten be ?
Lord, how long ? for ever, say,
Wilt Thou turn thy face away ?
- 2 Ceaseless thoughts my soul perplex ;
Daily grieves my spirit vex :
O'er me, lo ! my foes bear sway :
Lord, how long ? for ever ? say.
- 3 Lord, my God, at length arise ;
Mark my sorrows, hear my cries :
Lighten Thou my eyes that weep,
Lest the sleep of death I sleep :
- 4 Lest my foe, exulting, rail—
“ See, against him I prevail ! ”
And the persecuting crew
Triumph, as my fall they view.
- 5 On thy mercy I repose :
Thee my heart her Saviour knows ;
Leaps for joy ; and hymns Thee, Lord,
Thee her Shield and great Reward.

PSALM XIV. L. M.

Depravity and Salvation of Man.

- 1 “ **N**O God ! ”—the foolish sinner cries,
And sends his gloomy fears away :
His heart, corrupt, the Law defies,
In sin's delusive paths to stray.
- 2 From heaven the Mighty Lord directs
His eye the guilty race around :
Not one but sin's vile stain infects !
Not one who loves His will is found !
- 3 But ah ! when earthly hopes have fail'd,
Where can the trembling soul confide ?
Guilt frights the troubled mind, assail'd
With numerous causeless fears beside.
- 4 Who, then, shall save the impious race,
So stain'd with guilt, so sunk in woe !
On Calv'ry's mount behold the grace !
From Zion see Salvation flow !

PSALM XV.

- 5 Our ransom'd souls, our joyful voice,
The great Deliv'r shall proclaim:
Let Jacob's tents aloud rejoice,
And Israel shout the Saviour's Name.

PSALM XV.

THE prophet alludes to the Hill of Zion in the earthly Jerusalem, to the tabernacle of God which was thereon, and the character of the priest who should officiate in that tabernacle. But all these were figures of a celestial Jerusalem, a spiritual Zion, a true tabernacle, and an eternal priest. To the great originals, therefore, we must transfer our ideas, and consider the inquiry as made after Him who should fix his resting-place on the heavenly mount, and exercise his unchangeable priesthood in the temple not made with hands. And since the disciples of this new and great High Priest become righteous in him, and are by the Spirit conformed to his image, the character which essentially and inherently belongs only to Him will derivatively belong to them also; who must follow his steps below, if they would reign with him above.

Whoever shall survey and copy these virtues and graces, as they present themselves in his life, will, it is humbly apprehended, take the best and shortest way to the heavenly Zion; and will make that use of the Psalm which, it may be supposed, led to its appointment, as one of the Proper Psalms for Ascension Day.

The Citizen of Zion. P. M.

- 1 JEHOVAH!—who, in bliss supreme,
Shall his eternal dwelling claim
Within th' ethereal dome?
Who fix with Thee, beyond the skies,
Where Zion's sacred hills arise,
His everlasting home?
- 2 The man who, fill'd with sacred awe,
Directs his conduct by thy Law,
His heart and words sincere:
His soul abhors the sland'rous joy
That dares a neighbour's fame destroy,
Nor lends th' indulgent ear.
- 3 Though arm'd with power, or cloth'd in state,
Ungodly deeds provoke his hate,
He scorns the scorner's smile:
But loves to seek the humble cot,
Of pious poverty the lot,
Its sorrows to beguile.
- 4 He swears—nor shall his word be broke:
His promise stands—'twas truth that spoke,
Though dangers spread the way:
He loathes the gold which av'rice gains,
Nor—for his hand the bribe disdains—
Will innocence betray.

PSALMS XV. XVI.

5 The man who thus thy Law obeys,
Secur'd, my God, in all his ways,
Thy holy hill shall see :
'Tis Jesus—spotless and divine !
My Saviour, thus thy glories shine !
Conform my soul to Thee.

PSALM XVI.

Open whatever occasion, or in whatever distress, David might compose this Psalm, we are taught, Acts ii. 25 and xiii. 34, to consider him as speaking in the person of Christ; of whom, alone, the latter part of the Psalm is true.

FIRST PART. (vv. 1—3.) L. M.

Saints unprofitable to God, but beneficial to one another.

1 **PRESERVE** me, Lord, in time of need !
For succour to thy throne I flee ;
But have no merits there to plead :
My goodness cannot reach to Thee.

2 Oft have my heart and tongue confest
How empty and how poor I am :
My praise can never make Thee blest,
Nor add new glories to thy Name.

3 Yet, Lord, thy saints on earth may reap
Some profit by the good we do :
These are the company I keep,
These are the choicest friends I know.

4 Let others choose the sons of mirth,
To give a relish to their wine ;
I love the men of heavenly birth,
Whose thoughts and language are divine.

SECOND PART. (vv. 4—7.) L. M.

Christ's All-sufficiency.

1 **H**OW fast their guilt and sorrows rise,
Who haste to seek some idol-god !
I will not taste their sacrifice,
Their off'rings of forbidden blood.

2 My God provides a richer cup,
And nobler food to live upon :
He, for my life, has offer'd up
Jesus, his best-beloved Son.

3 *T*is He maintains my happy lot ;
What pleasures round my dwelling spring !
His line has mark'd the favour'd spot :
His guardian providence I'll sing.

PSALMS XVI. XVII.

- 4 His love is my perpetual feast ;
By day his counsels guide me right :
And be his Name for ever blest,
Who gives me sweet advice by night.
- 5 I set Him still before mine eyes :
At my right-hand he stands prepar'd,
To keep my soul from all surprise,
And be my everlasting guard.

THIRD PART. (vv. 8—11.) c. m. *Confidence in Death.*

- 1 “ **I** SET the Lord before my sight,”
The dying Saviour said :
“ Near my right-hand my Guardian stands,
When sinking midst the dead.
- 2 “ My heart is glad, my soul exults,
My flesh in hope shall rest :
Soon shall my frame triumphant wake,
With life and glory blest !
- 3 “ Not hell detains my raptur'd soul,
His love shall set me free :
Thy Just, thy Holy One shall rise,
Nor e'er corruption see.
- 4 “ Up from the tomb, the path of life
My faithful God shall show :
At thy right-hand, before thy face,
Eternal pleasures flow !”

PSALM XVII.

FIRST PART. (vv. 5—9.) c. m. *Prayer for Divine Protection.*

- 1 **L**ORD, on thine arm my hopes confide :
Uphold me in thy ways,
Lest my deluded footsteps slide,
Unaided by thy grace.
- 2 Up to thy throne my prayer ascends,
For Thou my prayer wilt hear :
There will I wait, whence Mercy bends
Its oft indulgent ear.
- 3 *O Thou, my God, exalted high !*
The men who fear thy name,
Amidst their foes on Thee rely,
And Thee their Refuge claim.

PSALMS XVII. XVIII.

4 How wide, how vast, thy mercies flow :
Thy promis'd grace is sure :
To me thy wond'rous kindness show,
And fix my hopes secure.

5 To me such watchful care afford,
As quickly guards the eye :
Extend thy wings, all-gracious Lord !
Safe in their shade I'll lie.

6 By foes encompass'd and oppress'd,
Malignant to destroy,
On Thee, with stedfast hope, I'll rest,
Till vict'ry crown my joy.

SECOND PART. (vv. 13—15.) L.M. *Forsaking the World, and hoping for Glory.*

1 **L**ORD, I am thine ; but Thou wilt prove
My faith, my patience, and my love :
When spiteful men against me join,
They are the sword, the hand is thine.

2 Their hope and portion lie below ;
'Tis all the happiness they know ;
'Tis all they seek : they take their share,
And leave the rest among their heirs.

3 What sinners value, I resign :
Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine :
I shall behold thy blissful face,
And stand complete in righteousness.

4 This life's a dream, an empty show ;
But the bright world to which I go
Hath joys substantial and sincere :
When shall I wake, and find me there ?

5 O glorious hour ! O blest abode !
I shall be near and like my God ;
And flesh and sin no more controul
The sacred pleasures of the soul.

6 My flesh shall slumber in the ground,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound ;
Then burst the chains, with sweet surprise,
And in my Saviour's image rise.

PSALM XVIII.

This Psalm, as we are informed by the Sacred Writers, was composed and sung by David, "in the day that the Lord had

PSALM XVIII.

Made from it in the New Testament shew that the Kingdom of Messiah is now
pointed at, under that of David. It is a Triumphal Hymn, to be sung by the
Church, risen and victorious in Christ her Head.

FIRST PART. (vv. 1—3.) L. M.

The Power and Grace of God.

- 1 **W**ITH my whole heart I'll love thy Name,
Jehovah! Thee my Strength I claim;
My Rock, my Fortress, where I fly;
My great Deliv'rer, always nigh.
- 2 **M**y God! thy names of grace impart
The Strength that animates my heart:
In Thee I trust, nor danger dread,
Thine arm the Buckler o'er my head.
- 3 **W**hat can thy Horn of Power controul,
Which wrought Salvation for my soul?
Thou the High Tower of my defence;
Nor earth nor hell shall pluck me thence.
- 4 **T**hou, gracious Lord, hast heard my cries;
Beyond our praise thy glories rise:
And still shall prayer my lips employ,
Till Thou shalt every foe destroy.

SECOND PART. (vv. 9—11.) C. M.

God appearing in Majesty.

- 1 **T**HE Lord descended from above,
And bow'd the heavens most high,
And underneath his feet he cast
The darkness of the sky.
- 2 **O**n Cherubim and Seraphim
Full royally he rode,
And on the wings of mighty winds
Came flying all abroad.
- 3 **H**e sat serene upon the floods,
Their fury to restrain;
And He, as Sovereign Lord and King,
For evermore shall reign.

THIRD PART. (vv. 16—19.) P. M.

Deliverance of Messiah from his Enemies and the Grave.

- 1 **D**ESCENDING from above,
The Lord his Servant saves:
Messiah, wond'rous love!
Surmounts the num'rous waves:
From the deep floods, Where sorrows roll,
Th' Almighty arm Withdrew his soul.

PSALM XVIII.

2 The great Deliv'rer rose,
His grief, benignant, view'd ;
Oppress'd by powerful foes,
By hellish hate pursu'd :

Where life declines, And nature fails,
There, on the Cross, His arm prevails.

3 From earth with griefs opprest,
Afflicted from on High,
They wound the stricken breast,
Where all our sorrows lie :

Yet, sunk to death, Beneath the grave,
Still doth the Lord His Servant save.

4 Behold the Saviour rise,
To life, to freedom, brought !
He seeks th' unbounded skies,
His God deliv'rance wrought :

There fix'd his throne, In endless might,
In Him we trust, The Lord's delight.

FOURTH PART. (vv. 30—32.) L. M. *Rejoicing in God.*

1 JUST are thy ways and true thy Word,
Great Rock of my secure abode !
Who is a God beside the Lord,
Or where's a Refuge like our God ?

2 'Tis He that girds me with his might,
Gives me his holy sword to wield ;
And, while with sin and hell I fight,
Spreads his Salvation for my shield.

FIFTH PART. (vv. 43—45.) C. M. *Submission of the Heathen to Messiah.*

1 THRO' earth the Saviour's Name shall spread,
His foes resist no more ;
O'er Heathen Lands proclaim'd the Head,
Let Heathen Lands adore.

2 Nations, through distant climes, unknown,
Their service shall afford ;
Shall hear his name, his glory own,
And haste t' obey their Lord.

3 The Strangers of the Gentile race
Shall with his Church attend ;
Shall bow submissive to his grace,
And in his temples bend.

PSALMS XVIII. XIX.

SIXTH PART. (vv. 46—50.) R. M.

The Church triumphing in Christ's Victory.

- 1 **L**O! the Lord Jehovah liveth!
He's my Rock, I bless his Name:
He, my God, Salvation giveth;
All ye Lands exalt his fame.
- 2 God, Messiah's cause maintaining,
Shall his righteous throne extend:
O'er the world the Saviour reigning,
Earth shall at his footstool bend.
- 3 O'er his enemies exalted,
Great Redeemer!—see him rise!
Though by Powers of Hell assaulted,
God supports him to the skies.
- 4 Vict'ry hath his arm appointed
To his Christ: (let all adore!)
Mercy to his King Anointed,
To his seed for evermore!

PSALM XIX.

From a citation which St. Paul has made, Rom. x. 18, of the 4th verse of this Psalm, it appears, that, in expounding it, we are to raise our thoughts from things natural to things spiritual—we are to contemplate the publication of the Gospel, the manifestation of the Light of Life, the Sun of Righteousness, and the efficacy of Evangelical Doctrine. In this view it has been appointed to be read on Christmas Day.

FIRST PART. (vv. 1—3.) L. M.

The Heavens declaring the Glory of God.

- 1 **T**HE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great original proclaim.
- 2 Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an almighty hand.
- 3 Soon as the evening shades prevail
The moon takes up the wond'rous tale,
And nightly, to the list'ning earth,
Repeats the story of her birth;
- 4 While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets, in their turn,
Confirm the tidings, as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.



PSALM XIX.

- 5 What! though in solemn silence all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball—
What! though nor real voice nor sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found—
- 6 In Reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice ;
For ever singing, as they shine,
“The hand that made us is Divine.”

SECOND PART. (vv. 4—9.) L. M.

The Works and the Word of God.

- 1 THE heavens declare thy glory, Lord,
In ev'ry star thy wisdom shines ;
But when our eyes behold thy Word,
We read thy name in fairer lines.
- 2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
And nights and days, thy power confess ;
But the Blest Volume thou hast writ
Reveals thy justice and thy grace.
- 3 Sun, moon, and stars convey thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never stand ;
So when thy Truth began its race,
It touch'd and glanc'd on every land.
- 4 Nor shall thy spreading Gospel rest,
Till through the world thy Truth has run ;
‘Till Christ has all the nations blest,
Which see the light or feel the sun.
- 5 Great Sun of Righteousness, arise !
Bless the dark world with heavenly light !
Thy Gospel makes the simple wise :
Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.
- 6 Thy noblest wonders here we view,
In souls renew'd and sins forgiven :
Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,
And make thy Word my guide to heaven !

THIRD PART. (vv. 10, 11.) C. M.

Inestimable Value of the Word.

- 1 WHEN all the glories of thy Word
My wond'ring eyes behold,
Not honey from the comb's so sweet,
Nor amber in its value.

PSALMS XIX. XX.

2 Lord, by thy Word thy servant stands
Enlighten'd and reprov'd ;
Sure the reward, and great the peace
When practis'd and belov'd.

FOURTH PART. (vv. 12—14.) P. M.

Prayer for Grace and Acceptance.

1 LORD, who can all his errors learn,
Or his first wand'ring thoughts discern ;
Can search through ev'ry sin's disguise,
Or trace the mazes where it lies ?
Its power destroy, its snare release,
And cleanse my soul, Thou Fount of Grace !

2 From each presumptuous way restrain,
Nor on my heart let guilt remain :
Why should my soul, absurdly bold,
With sin deceitful dalliance hold ?
Then shall my spirit stand sincere,
From guilt's allow'd dominion clear.

3 Lord, let my words and thoughts arise
To meet the approval of thine eyes :
Jesus, my Rock, my Strength, bestow
The grace whence holy actions flow :
While all my hopes and humble claim
Rest, Great Redeemer, on thy Name.

PSALM XX.

The Church prayeth for the prosperity of King Messiah, going forth to the battle, as her Champion and Deliverer; for his acceptance by the Father, and for the accomplishment of his will. She declareth her full assurance of faith; and her resolution to trust in Him alone, and not in an arm of flesh. She reareth the fall of her enemies, and her own exaltation: and concludeth with a prayer to the God of her strength.

FIRST PART. (vv. 1—4.) L. M.

Victory of Messiah.

1 MESSIAH's prayer the Lord attends,
When all our guilt afflicts his soul :
The Name of Jacob's God defends,
When o'er his head the billows roll..

2 Lo ! from his sanct'ry in the skies,
His strength the suff'ring Lord sustains :
Though on the Cross the Saviour dies,
His cause from Zion he maintains.

3 On Calv'ry's mount, consuming fire
Th' accepted sacrifice declares :
There he completes his heart's desire,
And to his throne the glory bears.

PSALMS XX. XXI.

4 Messiah reigns on Zion's hill,
There shall his Church his triumphs prove :
He reigns—his purpose to fulfil,
His counsels of eternal love.

SECOND PART. (vv. 5—9.) L. M.

The Saints' Confidence in Messiah's Victory.

1 JESUS, with thy salvation blest,
We yield the glory to thy Name :
Fix'd in thy strength, our banners rest,
With joy thy vict'ry we proclaim.

2 Jehovah hears—he hears thy prayer,
The prayer on which our hope relies :
Thy Cross salvation shall prepare,
From his right-hand thy vict'ries rise.

3 Vain is the fiery steed for trust,
The rattling chariot, or the sword :
In Thee our confidence we boast,
Jesus, Messiah, conq'ring Lord !

4 Safe shall we stand, nor yield to fear,
When sinners with their bopes shall fall :
Save, Lord ! O King Messiah, hear !
Hear, Mighty Saviour, when we call !

PSALM XXI.

This is one of the Prayer Psalms appointed to be used on Ascension Day, and wherein the Church celebrates the victory of her Redeemer, and the glory consequent thereupon—proclaiming the stability of his kingdom, and the destruction of his enemies—and concludes with a prayer for his final triumph and exaltation; the celebration of which, with thanksgiving and praises, will be her employment in heaven.

FIRST PART. (vv. 1—6.) L. M.

Christ exalted to His Throne.

1 BEHOLD the King of Zion rise,
To endless glory in the skies !
Thy strength and thy salvation, Lord,
His joy, his triumph, his reward !

2 The Lord his heart's desires completes,
From Heaven his prayer acceptance meets :
Though bow'd to death, (intent to save,)
He lifts him from the cross and grave.

3 He asks—th' Eternal Lord bestows—
Life from th' unchanging Fountain flows !
O'er death the victory he gives,
Jesus, the Lord, for ever lives !

PSALMS XXI. XXII.

- 4 Hail, Fount of Blessings ! plac'd in Thee,
Our Life, our Strength, our All, we see :
While in thy God thy joys endure,
In Thee our blessings rest secure.

SECOND PART. (vv. 7—13.) L.M.

Destruction of the Church's Enemies.

- 1 EXALTED Prince, thy vengeance rais'd,
Fierce as the fiery furnace blaz'd :
Thy wrath consum'd—thy fire devour'd,
And o'er thy foes in judgment pour'd.
- 2 Behold the desolated race
Swept from the earth, which spurn'd thy grace !
Against thy throne their threats conspire,
But impotent the bold desire.
- 3 Arise, Exalted Saviour, rise,
In thine own strength ascend the skies :
So shall our songs thy power proclaim,
And spread the honour of thy Name.

PSALM XXII.

This Psalm, the first verse of which our Lord uttered while hanging on the Cross, is appointed to be used on Good Friday. It treats of the Passion of Christ; and celebrates His Resurrection, with its effects.

FIRST PART. (vv. 11—19.) C. M.

The Sufferings of Christ.

- 1 " O H do not Thou, my God, forbear
To spread thy shelt'ring shade !
For see ! distress approaches near,
And none to save or aid !
- 2 " Pour'd forth like water, sinks My frame,
My bones asunder start ;
As wax, that feels the scorching flame.
Within me melts my heart.
- 3 " My wither'd sinews shrink, unstrung,
Like potsherd dried and dead ;
Cleaves to my jaws my burning tongue,
The dust of death my bed.
- 4 " Fierce dogs, insulting, round me meet,
Ungodly crowds infold ;
They pierce my hands, they pierce my feet,
My bones may all be told.
- 5 " They gaze, they stare, they mark my woe,
Intent my end to see :
They part my cloak, and lots they throw
Whose shall my vesture be.

PSALMS XXII. XXIII.

6 "Then do not Thou, my God, forbear
To spread thy sheltering shade ;
Thou art my Strength ! Jehovah, hear !
Oh hasten Thou, and aid !"

SECOND PART. (vv. 26—51.) L. M.

Christ's Victory and Reign.

- 1 **B**LEST Saviour ! by thy Spirit taught,
Thy grace in sweet remembrance brot
Earth's utmost coasts shall hear, and flee
In holy ecstasy to Thee.
- 2 Soon shall they worship at thy throne ;
Thine is the Kingdom, thine alone :
Thou Lord of All ! by grant divine,
The world's high sov'reignty is thine.
- 3 Earth's mightiest sons thy Name shall ble
Her sceptred kings thy right confess :
Thy voice alone from dust can raise ;
My soul shall live to speak thy praise.
- 4 Thus, while thy Spirit life supplies,
Through earth a num'rous seed shall rise,
Their willing tribute to afford ;
Known as the servants of the Lord.
- 5 From age to age, their joyful tongues
Shall praise thy righteousness in songs ;
Transmit to distant times thy Name,
Till earth's last sons thy work proclaim.

PSALM XXIII.

In this Psalm, the "sheep of God's pasture" address themselves to the kind good "Shepherd." John x. 11—18, 27—30. Isaiah xl. 10, 11.
xxxii. 12—16.

Jehovah the Shepherd of his People.

First Version. C. M.

- 1 **T**HE Lord himself, the mighty Lord,
Vouchsafes to be my guide,
The Shepherd by whose constant care
My wants are all supplied.
- 2 In tender grass he makes me feed,
And gently there repose,
Then leads me to cool shades, and where
Refreshing water flows.
- 3 He does my wand'ring soul reclaim ;
And, to his endless praise,
Instruct with humble zeal to walk

P S A L M XXIII.

- 4 I pass the gloomy vale of death,
From fear and danger free ;
For there his aiding rod and staff
Defend and comfort me.
- 5 In presence of my spiteful foes
He does my table spread ;
He crowns my cup with cheerful wine,
With oil anoints my head.
- 6 Since God doth thus his wond'rous love
Through all my life extend,
That life to Him I will devote,
And in his temple spend

Second Version. p. m.

- 1 JEHOVAH, my Shepherd and Guide,
In want shall his bounty bestow :
His pastures my soul have supply'd,
Where rivers so peacefully flow.
My soul he restores when I stray,
And bids me to wander no more :
His Righteousness marks out my way ;
His Name and his Grace I adore.
- 2 When walking through death's gloomy vale,
Amidst its dark shades I descend,
No terrors my soul shall assail,
For there shall Jehovah befriend :
My Saviour the passage hath trod,
And He shall my comforts renew ;
His Presence, His Staff, and His Rod,
Shall lead me triumphantly through.
- 3 My table Jehovah hath spread,
And fed me in sight of my foes :
His oil hath anointed my head,
My cup with his bounty o'erflows.
His Goodness and Mercy I trust,
My life has been crown'd with his Love ;
And, for ever, when rais'd from the dust,
I shall dwell in his temple above.

Third Version. p. m.

- 1 THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a Shepherd's care :
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye :
My noon-day walks He shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

PSALM XXIII.

- 2 When in the saltry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary wand'ring steps He leads ;
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.
- 3 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For Thou, O Lord, art with me still :
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.
- 4 Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile :
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,
And streams shall murmur all around.

Fourth Version. seven.

- 1 TO thy pastures fair and large,
Heavenly Shepherd, lead thy charge ;
And my couch, with tend'rest care,
Midst the springing grass prepare.
- 2 When I faint with summer's heat,
Thou shalt guide my weary feet
To the streams, that, still and slow,
Through the verdant meadows flow.
- 3 Thou my soul anew shalt frame ;
And, thy mercy to proclaim,
When through devious paths I stray,
Teach my steps the better way.
- 4 Safe the dreary vale I tread,
By the shades of death o'erspread ;
With thy Rod and Staff supply'd,
This my Guard, and that my Guide.
- 5 Thou my plenteous board hast spread ;
Thou with oil refresh'd my head :
Fill'd by Thee, my cup o'erflows,
For thy love no limit knows.
- 6 Constant to my latest end,
Thou my footsteps shalt attend ;
And shalt bid thy hallow'd dome

PSALM XXIV.

The Ark of God is supposed to be moving, in a grand and solemn procession of the whole Israelitish Nation, toward the place of its future residence, on Mount Zion. See 1 Chron. xv. On ascending the mountain, the Psalm is sung. It is by us to be applied to the Christian Church, and the Ascension of our Lord into heaven; for which reason, the Psalm is one of those appointed to be used on Ascension-Day.

FIRST PART. (vv. 1—6.) L. M.

The Character of Accepted Worshippers.

1 THE earth, Thou Majesty Divine !

Its fields, its floods, its stores, are thine :
Thine is the world, and thine the race
Whose dwellings fill its ample space.

2 Where the deep seas retiring fled, Thy hands its arch'd foundations spread : O'er liquid floods thy high command Bade its firm base unshaken stand.

3 But who shall e'er ascend the hill, Great God ! which all thy glories fill ? Who, in thy temple's hallow'd dome, Secure his everlasting home ?

4 Whose hands are clean, whose heart sincere, Whose purpose pure, whose actions clear, Whose soul no vanity allures, And truth his plighted vow secures—

5 This man the blessing shall receive, The blessing which the Lord will give : Salvation from his God shall flow, And righteousness His hand bestow.

6 These are the men, the chosen seed, Like Jacob, wrestling as they plead : They seek, My God, they seek thy face, And wait and find the promis'd grace.

SECOND PART. (vv. 7—10.) L. M.

Ascension of Christ.

1 OUR Lord is risen from the dead, Our Jesus is gone up on high : The Powers of Hell are captive led, Dragg'd to the portals of the sky.

2 There His triumphal chariot waits, And angels chaunt the solemn lay : “Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates ! Ye everlasting doors, give way !”

PSALMS XXIV. XXV.

- 3 Loose all your bars of measy light,
And wide unfold th' ethereal scene ;
He claims the mansions as his right,
Receive the King of Glory in.
- 4 "Who is the King of Glory, who ?"
The Lord that all his foes o'ercame,
The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew ;
And Jesus is the Conqueror's name.
- 5 Lo ! His triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chaunt the solemn lay :
"Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates !
Ye everlasting doors, give way !"
- 6 "Who is the King of Glory, who ?"
The Lord, of glorious power possest,
The King of saints and angels too,
God over all, for ever blest.

PSALM XXV. S. M.

FIRST PART. (vv. 6—10.)

Pardon and Direction sought.

- 1 **T**HY mercies and thy love,
O Lord, recall to mind ;
And graciously continue still,
As Thou wert ever, kind.
- 2 Let all my youthful crimes
Be blotted out by Thee ;
And, for thy wond'rous goodness' sake,
In mercy think on me.
- 3 His mercy and His truth
The righteous Lord displays,
In bringing wand'ring sinners home,
And teaching them his ways.
- 4 He those in justice guides,
Who His direction seek ;
And in His sacred paths shall lead
The humble and the meek.
- 5 Through all the ways of God
Both truth and mercy shine,
To such as, with religious hearts,
To His blest will incline.

SECOND PART. (vv. 13—22. S. M.)

Distress of Soul.

- 1 **M**INE eyes and my desire

PSALMS XXV. XXVI.

- I love to plead his promises,
And rest upon his Word.
- 2 Lord, turn Thee to my soul,
Bring thy Salvation near :
When will thy hand release my feet
Out of the deadly snare ?
- 3 When shall the sov'reign grace
Of my forgiving God
Restore me from those dangerous ways,
My wand'ring feet have trod ?
- 4 Oh keep my soul from death,
Nor put my hope to shame !
For I have placed my only trust
In my Redeemer's Name.
- 5 With humble feet I wait
To see thy face again :
Of Israel it shall ne'er be said,
“ He sought the Lord in vain.”

PSALM XXVI.

The party speaking in this Psalm, whether we suppose it to be the typical
the true David, the Church or any member thereof, lying under the
accusations of calumny, appealeth to God.

Conscious Integrity. L.M.

- 1 JUDGE me, O Lord, and prove my way :
And try my reins, and try my heart :
My faith upon thy promise stays,
Nor from thy Law my feet depart.
- 2 I hate to walk, I hate to sit,
With men of vanity and lies :
The scoffer and the hypocrite
Are the abhorrence of mine eyes.
- 3 Among thy saints will I appear,
With hands well wash'd in innocence ;
But when I stand before thy bar,
The blood of Christ is my defence.
- 4 I love thy habitation, Lord,
The temple where thine honours dwell :
There shall I hear thy Holy Word,
And there thy works of wonder tell.
- 5 Let not my soul be join'd at last
With men of treachery and blood,
Since I my days on earth have past
Among the saints and near my God.

PSALM XXVII.

FIRST PART. (vv. 1—6.) C. M.

The Church our Delight and Safety.

- 1 **T**HE Lord of Glory is my Light,
And my Salvation too :
God is my Strength, nor will I fear
What all my foes can do.
- 2 One privilege my heart desires—
Oh grant me an abode
Among the churches of thy saints,
The temples of my God !
- 3 There shall I offer my requests,
And see thy beauty still ;
Shall hear thy messages of love,
And there inquire thy will.
- 4 When troubles rise and storms appear,
There may His children hide :
God has a strong pavilion, where
He makes my soul abide.
- 5 Now shall my head be lifted high
Above my foes around,
And songs of joy and victory
Within thy temple sound.

SECOND PART. (vv. 7—10.) SEVEN.

Refuge in God.

- 1 **W**HEN my cries ascend to Thee,
Hear, Jehovah, from afar ;
Let thy tender mercies be
Still propitious to my prayer !
- 2 When Thou bads't me seek thy face,
Quickly did my heart reply,
Resting on thy Word of Grace,
“Thee I'll seek, O Lord, Most High !”
- 3 Glory in thy presence dwells,
Hide no more th' enliv'ning ray ;
Nor, while frowning wrath repels,
Cast thy servant far away.
- 4 Sweet the hours, to memory dear,
When thy hand its help display'd :
God, my Saviour, still be near,
Nor withdraw thy wonted aid !

PSALMS XXVII. XXVIII.

- 5 Should the world deceitful prove,
When no more its help I share ;
Though decay'd a mother's love,
Though withdrawn a father's care ;
- 6 Then Jehovah's guardian eye
Shall my orphan state defend,
Shall a parent's place supply,
He my Guardian, Father, Friend !

THIRD PART. (vv. 11—14.) SEVENS.

Prayer and Hope.

- 1 GRACIOUS Lord, disclose thy way,
In thy path my feet sustain :
While my foes my steps survey,
Make the path of duty plain :
- 2 Nor my fainting spirit yield
To the foes which round me rise ;
From the Great Accuser shield,
Cruel power, or sland'rous lies.
- 3 Had not faith reviv'd my breast,
Oft my soul had sunk in woe ;
Now, through life, assur'd I rest,
All thy goodness, Lord, to know.
- 4 Wait, then, Israel, on the Lord ;
Still with courage cheer thy heart :
Wait—for faithful is his Word,
He will grace and strength impart.

PSALM XXVIII.

FIRST PART. (vv. 1—3.) P. M.

Prayer for Deliverance.

- 1 GOD, my Rock, to Thee complaining,
Suppliant at thy throne I'll pray :
Never, Lord, my prayer disdaining,
Turn with silent scorn away :
Lest, if silent while I cry,
Sinking, 'midst the dead I lie.
- 2 Hear my cries, to Thee ascending,
While I lift my suppliant hands,
Where, my humble suit defending,
Near thy throne my Saviour stands :
Nor 'midst sinners fix my part,
Speaking peace with hostile heart.

PSALMS XXVIII. XXX.

SECOND PART. P. M.

Triumph and Intercession.

- 1 NOW my soul its triumph raises,
 Bless Jehovah's guardian care!
 He will not disdain my praises,
 For his grace hath heard my prayer:
 He hath all his power reveal'd,
 He my Strength and He my Shield!
- 2 When in faith on Him I waited,
 Then the Lord to help me fled:
 Now my heart, with joy elated,
 Now my tongue his praise shall spread:
 He their Strength, his Church to save,
 rais'd th' Anointed from the grave!
- 3 Bless thy Church, Almighty Saviour!
 Let thy Saints salvation know:
 In the pastures of thy favour,
 Feed them near thy fold below:
 Till thy love thy Church shall own,
 Placed for ever near thy throne!

PSALM XXIX.

In this Psalm, the Prophet exhorts the Kings of the earth to give glory to Jehovah, and to the VOICE, or WORD of His power; the effects of which, in the World and in the Church, are most magnificently described—the same things being true of Thunder or Lightning in Nature, and of the Word of God in the Church; so each of them is styled the "Voice of the Lord."

First Version. P. M.

The Power of the Word in the Kingdom of Providence.

- 1 THE Voice of the Lord the waters controls;
 T Of glory the God, the thunders he forms:
 As willeth Jehovah the mighty sea rolls;
 He speaks, and the billows are blacken'd with storms.
- 2 The Voice of the Lord, resistless its sway!
 The Voice of the Lord in majesty speaks:
 The Voice of Jehovah the cedars obey;
 Jehovah the cedars of Lebanon breaks.
- 3 The Voice of the Lord the darkness divides,
 And deals forth his arrows in fiery flakes;
 The Voice of Jehovah the wilderness chides,
 Jehovah of Kadesh the wilderness shakes.
- 4 The Voice of the Lord speeds hinds to their throats,
 The Voice of the Lord smites oaks to the ground;
 The forest dismantled his majesty shows,
 And all in his temple his praises resound!

P S A L M XXIX.

- 5 Jehovah is set o'er waterfloods high ;
 His kingdom is fix'd, and never shall cease :
 Jehovah His people with strength shall supply,
 Jehovah shall visit His people with peace.

Second Version. L. M.

The Power of the Word in the Kingdom of Grace.

- 1 SONS of the Mighty ! rise, and bring
 Your off'rings to th' Eternal King :
 Own 'tis Jehovah, while you rise,
 Your glory and your strength supplies.
- 2 The glory His—confess the claim,
 And yield due honours to his Name :
 And, while his holy courts ye throng,
 Swear to Jehovah in your song.
- 3 Though rough as waves which sweep the main,
 His Voice the people can restrain :
 The God of Glory ! o'er our souls
 His Word, like solemn thunders, rolls.
- 4 His Word, all powerful to fulfil
 Th' eternal counsels of his will,
 With awful Majesty array'd,
 Subdues the world His hand has made.
- 5 The mountains bow, the cedars rend,
 Lo ! at His high command they bend !
 So through the world his Gospel ran,
 And bow'd the rebel heart of man.
- 6 His Word, like lightning from the skies,
 Strikes deep—and quick conviction flies :
 The Gentiles tremble and adore,
 Through earth, to its remotest shore.
- 7 Stript of his glory, when He calls,
 Man's towering pride reluctant falls :
 His Word, with piercing search, reveals
 Where guilt its secret haunt conceals.
- 8 Now in his temple, round his throne,
 His prostrate Church their Lord shall own :
 Though sinners rage against his Name,
 High o'er the floods He sits supreme.
- 9 Jesus is King ! enthron'd on high,
 He reigns through all eternity !
 His glory shall his Church increase,
 With strength divine and endless peace !

PSALM XXX.

This devout hymn was composed probably by David, on his revisiting the sanctuary, after a joyful recovery from some dangerous sickness. It is also adapted to the case of the true David; and of Christians. His Disciples and followers.

FIRST PART. (vv. 1—5.) L. M.

Sickness healed, and Sorrow removed.

- 1 **I** WILL extol Thee, Lord, on high!
At thy command diseases fly:
Who but a God can speak and save
From the dark borders of the grave?
- 2 Sing to the Lord, ye saints of His,
And tell how large his goodness is;
Let all your powers rejoice and bless,
While you record his holiness.
- 3 His anger but a moment stays,
His love is life and length of days;
Though grief and tears the night employ,
The Morning-star restores the joy.

SECOND PART. (vv. 6—12.) L. M.

Health, Sickness, and Recovery.

- 1 **FIRM** was my health, my day was bright,
And I presum'd 'twould ne'er be night:
Fondly I said within my heart,
"Pleasure and peace shall ne'er depart!"
- 2 But I forgot thine arm was strong,
Which made my mountain stand so long:
Soon as thy face began to hide,
My health was gone, my comforts died.
- 3 I cried aloud to Thee, my God,
"What caust Thou profit by my blood?
Deep in the dust can I declare
Thy truth, or sing thy goodness there?"
- 4 "Hear me, O God of Grace," I said,
"And bring me from among the dead!"
Thy word rebuk'd the pains I felt,
Thy pard'ning love remov'd my guilt.
- 5 My groans, and tears, and forms of woe,
Are turn'd to joy and praises now:
I throw my sackcloth on the ground,
And ease and gladness gird me round.
- 6 My tongue, the glory of my frame,
Shall ne'er be silent of thy Name:
Thy praise shall sound thro' earth and heaven
For evermore hallelujah evermore.

PSALM XXXI.

In this Psalm, with one sentence of which in His mouth Christ expired on the cross, Luke xxiii. 46, we hear the True David, like his representative of old—applying for deliverance, and rejoicing in the Divine favour and assistance—describing His afflicted state, but returning again to prayer—celebrating the mercies of God to the children of men—and exhorting His saints to courage and perseverance, under their troubles in the world.

FIRST PART. (vv. 1—8.) S. M.

Christ supplicating and obtaining deliverance in His Sufferings.

1 IN Thee, O Lord, I trust:
My hope is in thy Name:
In righteousness deliver me,
Nor put my soul to shame.

2 From heaven bow down thine ear,
My cause in mercy plead:
My Rock, my Fortress, my Defence,
Vouchsafe my soul to lead.

3 From every snare preserve,
From every foe defend:
For thy Name's sake, O God, my Strength,
Divine protection send!

4 Into thy hands, O Lord,
My spirit I commend:
Thou hast redeem'd me, God of Truth,
In death be Thou my friend.

5 I will be glad and praise,
And in thy Name rejoice:
In sorrow Thou hast known my soul,
And heard my suppliant voice.

SECOND PART. (vv. 9—16.) S. M.

The Afflictions and the Support of Christ.

1 MY trouble, Lord, regard:
My God, my fears controul:
My eye consumes, my spirit faints,
My body and my soul.

2 My life is spent with grief,
In sighing pass my years:
My strength consumes, because of sin,
In grief, distress, and tears.

3 Reproach'd, cast out, despis'd;
By friends, by foes oppress'd;
Harass'd with fears, on every side,
Forsaken, and distress'd—

PSALM XXXI.

- 4 Yet still Thou art my God,
Although by man abhor'd :
Thou art the Refuge of my soul,
My trust is in thy Word.
- 5 My times are in thy hand,
My great, Almighty Friend :
When persecuting foes combine,
Do Thou my soul defend.
- 6 Oh, grant me to behold
Thy power, thy truth, thy grace !
Lord, for thy mercy's sake, display
The brightness of thy face !

THIRD PART. (vv. 19—22.) a. m.

Christ celebrates Divine Mercy.

- 1 **T**HY goodness, Lord, how great!
Eternally the same !
Before the sons of men laid up
For those who fear thy Name.
- 2 Thy presence shall protect,
Thy watchful care shall hide :
In the pavilion of thy love
Secure thy saints abide.
- 3 For ever bless the Lord,
His great Salvation tell:
His marv'lous loving-kindness keeps
The city where we dwell.
- 4 Despond not of his truth,
Nor yield to anxious grief:
God heard my voice, when in distress
I sought and found relief.

FOURTH PART. (vv. 23, 24.) a. m.

Christ exhorts to courage.

- 1 **O** ALL ye Saints, the Lord
With eager love pursue :
Who to the just will help afford,
And give the proud their due.
- 2 Ye who on God rely,
Courageously proceed ;
For He will still your hearts supply
With strength in time of need.

PSALM XXXII.

This Psalm is the Second of those styled Penitential.

FIRST PART. (vv. 1, 2.) L. M.

Justification and Sanctification.

- 1 **B**LESS'D is the man, for ever bless'd,
Whose guilt is pardon'd by his God ;
Whose sins with sorrow are confess'd,
And cover'd with his Saviour's blood.
- 2 Bless'd is the man to whom the Lord
Imputes not his iniquities :
He pleads no merit of reward,
And not on works, but grace relies.
- 3 From guile his heart and lips are free :
His humble joy, his holy fear,
With deep repentance well agree,
And join to prove his faith sincere.
- 4 How glorious is that righteousness,
Which hides and cancels all his sins !
While a bright evidence of grace
Through his whole life appears and shines.

SECOND PART. (vv. 5—8.) L. M.

Confession and Pardon.

- 1 **W**HILE I keep silence, and conceal
My heavy guilt within my heart,
What torments doth my conscience feel !
What agonies of inward smart !
- 2 I spread my sins before the Lord,
And all my secret faults confess ;
Thy Gospel speaks a pard'ning word,
Thy Holy Spirit seals the grace.
- 3 For this shall every humble soul
Make swift addresses to thy seat :
When floods of huge temptations roll,
There shall they find a blest retreat.
- 4 How safe beneath thy wings I lie,
When days grow dark, and storms appear !
And when I walk, thy watchful eye
Shall guide me safe from every snare.

PSALM XXXIII.

Creatures vain, and God all-sufficient.

(vv. 12—22.) R. M.

- 1 **O**H happy nation, where the Lord
Reveals the treasure of his Word,
And builds his Church, his earthly throne !

PSALMS XXXIII. XXXIV.

His eye the Heathen World surveys,
He form'd their hearts, he knows their ways ;
But God their Maker is unknown.

- 2 Let kings rely upon their host,
And of his strength the champion boast ;
In vain they boast, in vain rely :
In vain we trust the brutal force,
Or speed, or courage, of a horse,
To guard his rider, or to fly.
- 3 The eye of thy compassion, Lord,
Shall more secure defence afford,
When deaths or dangers threat'ning stand :
Thy watchful eye preserves the just,
Who make thy Name their fear and trust,
When wars or famine waste the land.
- 4 In sickness, or the bloody field,
Thou our Physician, Thou our Shield !
Send us Salvation from thy throne :
We wait to see thy goodness shine,
Let us rejoice in help divine,
For all our hope Thou art alone.

PSALM XXXIV.

The Prophet, escaped out of the hands of his enemies, uttered a song of praise, in words which the Christian now employs to celebrate the far greater deliverance of His Servant, and of himself by Him, from the power of more formidable adversaries.

Praise for Deliverance from Trouble.

(vv. 1—4, 8, 9.) c.m.

- 1 **T**HROUGH all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.
- 2 Of his deliverance I will boast,
Till all that are distressed,
From my example comfort take,
And charm their griefs to rest.
- 3 Oh magnify the Lord with me,
With me exalt his Name ;
When in distress to Him I call'd,
He to my rescue came.
- 4 Oh make but trial of his love,
Experience will decide
How blest they are, and only they,
Who in his truth confide.

PSALMS XXXIV. XXXV.

5 **F**ear Him, ye saints ; and you will then
 Have nothing else to fear :
Make you His service your delight,
 He'll make your wants His care.

PSALM XXXV.

The prophet, in this Psalm, as in the Twenty-second, which it resembles, personates Messiah in his state of humiliation, and foretells his exaltation.

FIRST PART. (vv. 7—10.) P.M.

Christ dying and rising.

1 **T**HIE Priests and Scribes, with causeless hate,
 Around the dying Saviour wait,
 And vent their impious joys :
Their ruin hastens unawares ;
Their deep device themselves ensnares,
 And the whole race destroys.

2 Nor Priests, nor Scribes, amidst the slain,
Nor Powers of Hell, his soul detain,
 Which throng the Cross around :
Joyful in God, the Saviour cries,
“ ‘Tis finish’d !”—and ascends the skies,
 With God’s Salvation crown’d !

3 **J**ehovah, Majesty Divine !
Who shall compare his arm with Thine ?
 Omnipotent to save !
Though earth and hell his soul opprest,
By **THEIR** he rises to his rest,
 And triumphs o’er the grave !

SECOND PART. (vv. 12—14.) C.M.

Christ's Love to his Enemies.

1 **B**EHOLD the love, the generous love,
 Which holy David shows !
Hark ! how his sounding bowels move
 To his afflicted foes !

2 When they are sick, his soul complains,
 And seems to feel the smart ;
The spirit of the Gospel reigns,
 And melts his pious heart.

3 How did his flowing tears condole
 As for a brother dead !
And fasting mortified his soul,
 While for their life he prayed.



PSALMS XXXV. XXXVI.

- 4 They groan'd, and curs'd him on their bed,
 Yet still he pleads and mourns ;
And double blessings on his head
 The righteous God returns.
- 5 O glorious type of heavenly grace !
 Thus Christ the Lord appears :
While sinners curse, the Saviour prays,
 And pities them with tears.
- 6 He, the True David, Israel's King,
 Blest and belov'd of God,
To save us rebels, dead in sin,
 Paid His own precious blood !

THIRD PART. (vv. 96—98.) L. M.

Christ exalted to his glory.

- 1 **L**O ! the Lord, the Mighty Saviour,
 Quits the grave, the throne to claim ;
Object of his endless favour,
 God o'er all exalts his Name ;
Those who hate him—
 Cloth'd with everlasting shame.
- 2 Shout for joy, with songs of praises,
 Ye who in his Name delight :
Shout—for God our Saviour raises
 To his throne, in endless might !
"Tis Jehovah—
 Crows our Lord in realms of light !
- 3 God his Servant lifts to glory,
 Bids him all His honours share :
Now, Jehovah, we adore Thee,
 And thy righteousness declare :
Endless praises—
 Shall thy ransom'd Church prepare.

PSALM XXXVI.

Perfections and Providence of God. (vv. 5—9.)

First Version. L. M.

- 1 **O** LORD, thy Mercy, my sure hope,
 The highest orb of heaven transcends ;
Thy sacred Truth's unmeasur'd scope
 Beyond the spreading skies extends.

PSALM XXXVI.

- 2 Thy Justice like the hills remains ;
Unfathom'd depths thy Judgments are :
Thy Providence the world sustains ;
The whole creation is thy care.
- 3 Since of thy Goodness all partake,
With what assurance should the just
Thy shelt'ring wings their refuge make,
And saints to thy protection trust !
- 4 Such guests shall to thy courts be led,
To banquet on thy love's repast ;
And drink, as from a fountain head,
Of joys that shall for ever last.
- 5 With Thee the springs of life remain,
Thy presence is eternal day ;
Oh let thy saints thy favour gain !
To upright hearts thy Truth display.

Second Version. L. M.

- 1 HIGH in the heavens, Eternal God,
Thy Goodness in full glory shines :
Thy Truth shall break through every cloud,
Which vails and darkens thy designs.
- 2 For ever firm thy Justice stands,
As mountains their foundations keep :
Wise are the wonders of thy hands,
Thy Judgments are a mighty deep.
- 3 Thy Providence is kind and large,
Both man and beast thy bounty share :
The whole creation is thy charge,
But saints are thy peculiar care.
- 4 O God ! how excellent thy Grace,
Whence all our hope and comfort springs !
The sons of Adam in distress
Fly to the shadow of thy wings.
- 5 From the provisions of thy house
We shall be fed with sweet repast ;
There mercy like a river flows,
And brings salvation to our taste.
- 6 Life, like a fountain rich and free,
*Spring*s from the presence of the Lord ;
And in thy light our souls shall see
The glories promis'd in thy Word.

PSALM XXXVII.

From the beginning to the end of this Psalm, the Holy Spirit, by the pro-
administers advice and consolation to the Church and People of the Lord
pressed and afflicted in the world, by prosperous and triumphant wicked
Faith and patience are therefore recommended, on the double considerati-
that sure reward which awaiteth the righteous, and that certain punish-
which shall be inflicted on the wicked: these two events are set before us
variety of expressions, and under many lively and affecting images.

FIRST PART. (vv. 1—4, 11.) C. M.

The Cure of Envy and Unbelief.

- 1 **W**HY should I vex my soul, and fret,
To see the wicked rise ;
Or envy sinners waxing great
By violence and lies ?
- 2 As flowery grass cut down at noon
Before the evening fades,
So shall their glories vanish soon,
In everlasting shades.
- 3 Then let me make the Lord my trust,
And practise all that's good ;
So shall I dwell among the just,
And He'll provide me food.
- 4 I to my God my ways commit,
And cheerful wait his will :
Thy hand, which guides my doubtful feet,
Shall my desires fulfil.
- 5 The meek at last the earth possess,
And are the heirs of heaven :
True riches, with abundant peace,
To humble souls are given.

SECOND PART. (vv. 16, 21, 26, 30, 31, 34.) C. M.

Charity to the Poor.

- 1 **W**HY do the wealthy wicked boast,
And grow profanely bold ?
The meanest portion of the just
Excels the sinner's gold.
- 2 The wicked borrows of his friends,
But ne'er designs to pay :
The saint is merciful and lends,
Nor turns the poor away.
- 3 *His* alms with liberal heart he gives
Among the sons of need :
His memory to long ages lives,
And blessed is his seed.

PSALM XXXVII.

His lips abhor all talk profane,
To slander or defraud :
His ready tongue declares to men
What he has learnt of God.

The Law and Gospel of the Lord
Deep in his heart abide :
Led by the Spirit and the Word,
His feet shall never slide.

When sinners fall, the righteous stand,
Preserv'd from every snare :
They shall possess the Promis'd Land,
And dwell for ever there.

THIRD PART. (vv. 23, 29, 35—37.) C. M. *The Way and End of the Righteous and the Wicked.*

- 1 MY God, the steps of pious men
Are order'd by thy will :
Though they shall fall, they rise again ;
Thy hand supports them still.
- 2 The heavenly heritage is their's,
Their portion and their home :
He feeds them now, and makes them heirs
Of blessings long to come.
- 3 The haughty sinner have I seen,
Nor fearing man nor God ;
Like a tall bay-tree, fair and green,
Spreading his arms abroad :
- 4 And lo, he vanish'd from the ground,
Destroy'd by hands unseen !
Nor root, nor branch, nor leaf was found,
Where all that pride had been.
- 5 But mark the man of righteousness,
His several steps attend :
True pleasure runs through all his ways,
And peaceful is his end.

FOURTH PART. (vv. 37—40.) P. M. *Safety and End of the Righteous.*

- 1 OBSERVE the perfect man with care,
And mark all such as upright are ;
Their roughest days in peace shall end
While on the latter end of those,
Who dare God's sacred will oppose,
A common ruin shall attend.

PSALMS XXXVII. XXXVIII.

God to the just will aid afford,
Their only safeguard is the Lord ;
Their strength, in time of need, is He :
Because on Him they still depend,
The Lord will timely succour send,
And from the wicked set them free.

PSALM XXXVIII.

This Psalm is the third of those styled Penitential. As our Lord took to Him the guilt and suffered the punishment of sin, and as there are some eages in the latter part of the Psalm literally predictive of His passion, sinner should be led by his own sorrows to reflect on those of his Redeem

First Version. c. m.

Penitential Prayer.

- 1 **A** MIDST thy wrath remember love :
Restore thy servant, Lord ;
Nor let a Father's chast'ning prove
Like an avenger's sword.
- 2 My sins a heavy burden are,
And o'er my head are gone ;
Too heavy they for me to bear,
Too hard for me t' atone.
- 3 My thoughts are like a troubled sea,
My head still bending down ;
And I go mourning all the day,
Beneath my Father's frown.
- 4 All my desire to Thee is known :
Thine eye counts every tear ;
And every sigh and every groan
Are notic'd by thine ear.
- 5 Thou art my God, my only hope :
My God will hear my cry :
My God will bear my spirit up,
When Satan bids me die.
- 6 My God ! forgive my follies past,
And be for ever nigh :
O Lord of my Salvation, haste,
And save me, or I die !

Second Version. l. m.

Meditation on the Passion.

(vv. 1—9.)

- 1 **R**EBUK'D, chastis'd, thy wrath
What griefs the Saviour's so
Thine arrows in his heart remain
Thy hand, O Lord, afflictive la

PSALM XXXVIII.

- 2 His bones within his tortur'd frame,
Rack'd with continu'd anguish, fail'd :
Thine anger waked the burning flame,
When guilt, but not His Own, prevail'd.
- 3 Beneath our numerous sins he stood,
Their burden rolling o'er his head :
How great the weight ! how vast the load !
The God sustain'd—the Manhood bled !
- 4 Deep were the wounds our folly gave,
The wounds the dying Saviour bore,
When, bow'd in agonies to save,
Life flowed from every bleeding pore.
- 5 Beneath our guilt his loins opprest,
His flesh the dreadful torment bare ;
Feeble and broke, his anguish'd breast,
Pour'd to thine ear the dying prayer.
- 6 Thy throne receives his earnest cries,
His groans thy kind compassion move :
Now on his Cross thy Church relies,
And through his death implores thy love.

(vv. 10—15.)

- 7 With panting heart, and vigour flown,
Light from his failing eyes withdrew :
His friends th' endearing bonds disown,
Nor 'midst his griefs the Saviour knew.
- 8 No friendly sympathy prepares
Its aid—when foes around him meet ;
When hatred spreads its fatal snares,
In mischiefs speaks or plans deceit.
- 9 But, silent 'midst the foul disdain,
Deaf are his ears and dumb his tongue :
His lips no base reproaches stain ;
Nor censures to his heart belong.
- 10 On Thee, O Lord, his hopes reclin'd,
To hear ; to vindicate his Name :
Thy hand sustain'd his sinking mind :
Then hear, through ~~HIM~~, our humble claim.

(vv. 16—22.)

- 11 “*Oh hear My prayer,*” the Saviour cried,
“*Lest o'er my soul my foes rejoice :*
“*Behold, behold, his footsteps slide !*”
His foes exclaim, with boasting voice.

PSALMS XXXVIII. XXXIX.

- 12 Sorrow and guilt their load prepare,
And o'er his breast unceasing roll ;
Nor did my Lord refuse to bear
The sins and burdens of my soul !
- 13 Behold his powerful foes arise,
With causeless malice round him throng :
They evil for his good devise,
And his kind love repay with wrong.
- 14 He asks—Jehovah's pity flows ;
Swift to uphold, his God appears :
His great Salvation he bestows,
His Church with joy his victory hears.

PSALM XXXIX.

This Psalm is, with the utmost propriety, appointed by the Church to be
at the Burial of the Dead ; or a Funeral is the best comment upon it.

FIRST PART. (vv. 4—7.) C. M.

Mortality of Man.

- 1 TEACH me the measure of my days,
Thou Maker of my frame :
I would survey life's narrow space,
And learn how frail I am.
- 2 A span is all that we can boast,
An inch or two of time :
Man is but vanity and dust,
In all his flower and prime.
- 3 Some walk in honour's gaudy show,
Some dig for golden ore :
They toil for heirs they know not who,
And straight are seen no more.
- 4 What should I wish or wait for, then,
From creatures, earth and dust ?
They make our expectations vain,
And disappoint our trust.
- 5 Now I forbid my carnal hope,
My fond desires recall :
I give my mortal interest up,
And make my God my All.

SECOND PART. (vv. 9—13.) C. M.

Prayer and Resignation in Sickness.

- 1 GOD of my life, look gently down,
Behold the pains I feel ;
But I am dumb before thy throne,
Nor dare dispute thy will.

PSALMS XXXIX. XL.

- 2 Diseases are thy servants, Lord,
They come at thy command :
I'll not attempt a murmur'ring word
Against thy chast'ning hand.
- 3 Yet I may plead, with humble cries,
" Remove thy sharp rebukes :"
My strength consumes, my spirit dies,
Through thy repeated strokes.
- 4 Crush'd as a moth beneath thy hand,
We moulder to the dust :
Our feeble powers can ne'er withstand,
And all our beauty's lost.
- 5 I'm but a sojourner below,
As all my fathers were :
May I be well prepar'd to go,
When I the summons hear !
- 6 But if my life be spared awhile,
Before my last remove,
Thy praise shall be my business still,
And I'll declare thy love.

PSALM XL.

It is plain, from Heb. x. 5—7, that the prophet is speaking, in this Psalm, in the person of Christ.

FIRST PART. (vv. 1—3.) C. M.

Christ's Deliverance from His Sufferings.

- 1 I WAITED meekly for the Lord ;
He bow'd to hear my cry :
He saw me resting on his Word,
And brought Salvation nigh.
- 2 He rais'd me from a horrid pit,
Where mourning long I lay ;
And from my bonds releas'd my feet,
Deep bonds of miry clay.
- 3 Firm on a rock he made me stand ;
And taught my cheerful tongue
To praise the wondrous of his hand,
In a new thankful song.
- 4 I'll spread his works of grace abroad,
The saints with joy shall hear,
And sinners learn to make my God
Their only hope and fear.

PSALM XL.

SECOND PART. (vv. 4, 5.) L.M.

The Church's Blessings through Christ.

- 1 **B**LESS'D is the man, whose hopes divine
Firm on Jehovah's strength confide ;
Nor, vainly confident, recline
On men of falsehood and of pride.
- 2 O Lord our God, with glad surprise,
We view creative power display'd :
Thy works in numerous forms arise,
The wonders which thy hands have made.
- 3 But who can search the glorious plan !
Who to its boundless heights can trace
Thy purpos'd love to ruin'd man ?
Thy thoughts of everlasting grace !
- 4 In vain our finite powers combine ;
O'er all, thy ways of grace prevail :
In vain thy praises we design ;
Numbers, and time, and language fail !

THIRD PART. (vv. 6—8.) C. M.

Incoronation of Christ.

- 1 **T**HUS saith the Lord, " Your work is vain :
Give your burnt-offerings o'er ;
In dying goats, and bullocks slain,
My soul delights no more."
- 2 Then spake the Saviour, " Lo, I'm here,
My God, to do thy will :
Whate'er thy Sacred Books declare,
Thy Servant will fulfil.
- 3 " Thy Law is ever in my sight,
I keep it near my heart :
Mine ears are open with delight
To what thy lips impart."
- 4 And see, the Blest Redeemer comes !
Th' Eternal Son appears !
And at th' appointed time assumes
The body God prepares.

FOURTH PART. (vv. 9—10.) L.M.

Salvation by Christ.

- 1 "**B**EHOLD, I come," the Saviour cries,
With love and duty in his eyes :
" I come to bear the heavy load
Of sin : and do thy will, my God !

PSALMS XL. XLI.

- 2 " 'Tis written in thy great decree,
'Tis in thy book foretold of Me,
I must fulfil the Saviour's part,
And, lo ! thy Law is in my heart.
- 3 " I'll magnify thy Holy Law,
And rebels to obedience draw ;
When on my Cross I'm lifted high,
Or to my Crown above the sky.
- 4 " The Spirit shall descend, and show
What Thou hast done, and what I do :
The wond'ring world shall learn thy grace,
Thy wisdom, and thy righteousness."

FIFTH PART. (vv. 11—17.) L.M.

Christ's Prayer while bearing our Sins.

- 1 " MY God, thy tender mercies show,
Though vast transgressions o'er Me roll ;
Thy loving-kindnesses bestow,
And let thy truth preserve My soul.
- 2 " Unnumber'd sorrows round Me spread ;
By sins, by countless sins, opprest !
More than the hairs which shade My head,
They melt my heart within My breast.
- 3 " Indulgent Lord, o'er all My foes,
Haste, as my great Deliverer, near :
Oh let thy strength My soul enclose,
And instant for My help appear !
- 4 " Then all who seek and wait My fall,
Turn'd backward, shall their shame display :
They laugh—reproach—for vengeance call,
And vengeance shall the Lord repay.
- 5 " Now let the men who seek thy face
With joy thy faithfulness record ;
And all who love the Saviour's grace
Proclaim aloud, Exalt the Lord !
- 6 " But I—a needy suppliant stand,
Yet will the Lord regard My cry :
My God, My Help, Thy aid command,
Swift on the wings of mercy fly !"

PSALM XLI.

The application made of the 9th verse of this Psalm, in John xxi. 18, shows that the prophet is speaking in the person of Messiah. As Christ consider us, in our state of poverty; so ought we most attentively to consider Him.

PSALM XLI.

To consider what he suffered in His own person—to discern His worth by His poor afflicted creatures—and to extend to them the mercy which I intended to us.

FIRST PART. (vv. 1—8.) v. m.

The Blessedness of considering the Poor.

- 1 **B**LEST who with generous pity glows,
Who learns to feel another's woes;
Bows to the poor man's wants his ear,
And wipes the helpless orphan's tear!
In every want, in every woe,
Himself thy pity, Lord, shall know
- 2 Thy love his life shall guard, thy hand
Give to his lot the chosen land;
Nor leave him, in the dreadful day,
To unrelenting foes a prey.
In sickness Thou shalt raise his head,
And make with tenderest care his bed.

SECOND PART. (vv. 5—9.) seventh.

Christ's Complaint of the Treachery of his Foes.

- 1 “**S**EE, My foes in malice cry,
‘When shall he deserted die?
When his Name’ (ah! wanton mirth!)
‘Perish—blotted from the earth?’
- 2 “If his treacherous heart pretend
Courteous visit to a friend;
Still he aims some crime to find,
To the voice of fame consign’d.
- 3 “Lord, behold My foes arise,
How My injury they devise!
Deeply fix’d their treacherous hate,
Near My soul they whispering wait.
- 4 “‘Some detested crime,’ they cry,
‘Bids the darts of vengeance fly:
Hence around afflictions pour;
Sinking, he shall rise no more!’
- 5 “He who all My counsels led,
Shared My heart, and shared My bread,
Lifts his heel, (ah base returns!)
And My love with treachery spurns.”

THIRD PART. (vv. 10—12.) c. m.

Prayer of Christ in the midst of His enemies.

- 1 “**T**HOU gracious God, when Satan’s

PSALMS XLI. XLII.

Around Me, in the gloomy hour,
With beams of mercy shine !

- 2 " From scenes of sorrow and distress,
 My soul triumphant raise ;
Then shall My foes thy power confess,
 And hear Me shout thy praise.
- 3 " Now let My joyful hopes abound !
 That mercy ne'er shall fail,
Which yet has spread its wings around :
 Nor let My foes prevail.
- 4 " Then still I'll trust thy power and grace,
 Deliverance to command ;
Till, 'midst thy saints, before thy face,
 In endless bliss I stand."

FOURTH PART. (v. 13.) P. M.

Thanksgiving.

OH ! thankful, bless th' Almighty Lord,
The God by Jacob's sons ador'd !
His fame, ere time its course began,
O'er heaven's wide region echoing ran.
To Him, through endless ages, raise
One song of oft-repeated praise.

PSALM XLII.

David, by Absalom's rebellion, driven from Jerusalem to the country beyond Jordan, is supposed to have indited this Psalm : which, as it is applicable to the case of our Lord, in His state of sojourning and suffering on earth, for our sins ; as also, to that of the Church, under persecution, or that of any Member thereof, when deprived of the opportunities of Public Worship ; so doth it, in the most beautiful and pathetic strains, describe the vicissitudes of joy and sorrow, of hope and despondency, which succeed each other in the mind of the Christian Pilgrim, while, exiled from the Jerusalem above, he suffereth affliction and tribulation in this valley of tears.

Hope in Sorrow.

FIRST PART. (vv. 1, 2, 5.) C. M.

- 1 **A**S pants the hart for cooling streams,
When heated in the chace,
So longs my sou' O God, for Thee,
 And thy refreshing grace.
- 2 *For Thee, my God, the Living God,*
My thirsty soul doth pine ;
Oh, when shall I behold thy face,
Thou Majesty Divine !

PSALM XLII.

- 3 Why restless, why cast down, my soul ?
 Trust God, and he'll employ
 His aid for thee ; and change these sighs
 To thankful hymns of joy.
- 4 Why restless, why cast down, my soul ?
 Hope still, and thou shalt sing
 The praise of Him, who is thy God,
 Thy health's eternal spring.

SECOND PART. (vv. 6—8.) p. m.

- 1 **O** MY God, by Thee forsaken,
 Prostrate in the dust I lie ;
 Faith by gloomy terrors shaken,
 All my hopes within me die :
 Yet, my soul, in Thee confiding,
 Meditates thy mercy still ;
 Though, on earth's dark coasts abiding,
 Distant far from Zion's hill.
- 2 Deep to deep responsive calling,
 Thunders roar, the torrents roll ;
 Bursting clouds around me falling,
 Wave on wave o'erwhelms my soul :
 Yet the Lord, his grace commanding,
 Will with mercies crown my days :
 He my Guardian, near me standing,
 Cheers my nights with prayer and praise.

THIRD PART. (vv. 9—11.) p. m.

- 1 **G**OD, my Rock ! thy grace restraining,
 Why forget my troubled breast ?
 While, in hopeless griefs complaining,
 By the Powers of Hell opprest ?
 Sharp as swords, my spirit wounding,
 Words of deep reproach they aim ;
 While, with envious joy surrounding,
 “ Where's thy God ? ” my foes exclaim.
- 2 But my soul, with fears distressing,
 Why to anxious thoughts resign'd ?
 Why, disquietude oppressing,
 Whelm'd in grief my downcast mind ?
 Hope in God—His light and favour
 Shall my lips to praise recall :
 He my Everlasting Saviour !
 God my Health ! my God ! my All !

PSALM XLIII. P.M.

Continuation of the Forty-second Psalm.

Hope in Sorrow.

- 1 **J**JUDGE me, Lord, in righteousness ;
Plead for me in my distress :
Good and merciful Thou art,
Bind this bleeding broken heart :
Cast me not despairing hence ;
Be my love, my confidence.
- 2 Send thy light and truth, to guide
Me, too prone to turn aside ;
On thy holy hill to rest,
In thy tabernacles blest :
There to God, my chiefest joy,
Praise shall all my powers employ.
- 3 Why, my soul, art thou dismay'd,
Why of earth or hell afraid ?
Trust in God, disdain to yield
While o'er thee he casts his shield ;
And his countenance divine
Sheds the light of heaven on thine.

PSALM XLIV.

In this Psalm we hear the voice of the Church under persecution. St. Paul, Rom. viii. 36, cites the 22d verse as predictive of the persecutions then beginning to be raised against the Christians. All may apply the Psalm to themselves, who are in circumstances of the same nature.

The Church's Prayers and Vows under Persecution.

FIRST PART. (vv. 1—8.) L. M.

- 1 **O**FT have our ears, Great God, been taught
What for our fathers Thou hast wrought .
While, with adoring minds, they told
The wonders of thy works of old.
- 2 Still, we disclaim our bow or sword,
And wait from Thee salvation, Lord !
On Thee we trust, thy mercies claim,
Whose presence puts all foes to shame.
- 3 From morning dawn to evening close,
Still firm on Thee our hopes repose :
Our Saviour, to thy Name we'll raise
The tribute of eternal praise.

SECOND PART. (vv. 9—19.) L. M.

- 1 **O**LORD, forsaken of thy aid,
Cast from thy care, with shame dismay'd,
Like sheep, beneath the slaught'ring hand,
Destin'd for food, we trembling stand.

PSALMS XLIV. XLV.

- 2 Confusion rushes o'er our heads,
And fierce derision round us spreads ;
Yet will not we forget thy Name,
Nor e'er thy covenant-oath disclaim.
3 Ne'er shall our hearts rebellious stray,
Nor wander from thy sacred way ;
Though 'midst th' oppressor's fiery breath,
Or cover'd with the gloom of death.

THIRD PART. (vv. 23—26.) L. M.

- 1 **W**HY should thy face, where mercies dwelt,
Its beams of majesty conceal ;
Regardless of the woes that wait
Around our long-afflicted state ?
2 Behold ! our soul with sorrow bends
And down to dust our life descends ;
And, while thine arm its aid denies,
Prostrate on earth deserted lies.
3 Rise for our help, Eternal Lord !
Salvation shall attend thy Word :
Thy Mercy, Lord, alone we claim ;
Redeem us, and exalt thy Name.

PSALM XLV.

In this Psalm, which is applied to Christ, Matt. i. 8, and to one of those pointed to be used on Coronation Day, the prophet celebrates King Jesus for his spiritual beauty, eloquence, power, and victories ; and the praises of the Church to him, as His Spouse.

FIRST PART. (vv. 1—7.) L. M.

The Glory of Christ, and Power of his Gospel.

- 1 **N**Ow be my heart inspir'd to sing
The glories of my Saviour King !
Jesus the Lord ! how heavenly fair
His form ! how bright his beauties are !
2 O'er all the sons of human race
He shines with a superior grace ;
Love from his lips divinely flows,
And blessings all his state compose.
3 Dress thee in arms, Most Mighty Lord,
Gird on the terror of thy sword !
In majesty and glory ride,
With truth and meekness at thy side.
4 Thine anger, like a pointed dart,
Shall pierce the fœn of stubborn heart ;
Or words of mercy, kind and sweet,
Shall ——————

PSALMS XLV. XLVI.

- 5 Thy throne, O God, for ever stands ;
Grace is the sceptre in thy hands :
Thy laws and works are just and right,
Justice and grace are thy delight.
- 6 God, thine own God, has richly shed
His oil of gladness on thy head,
And with his Sacred Spirit blest
His First-born Son above the rest.

SECOND PART. (vv. 8—17.) L. M.

The Church glorious in Christ.

- 1 THE King of Saints, how fair his face,
 Adorn'd with majesty and grace !
He comes with blessings from above,
And wins the nations to his love.
- 2 At his right-hand our eyes behold
The Queen array'd in purest gold :
The world admires her heavenly dress,
Her robe of joy and righteousness.
- 3 He forms her beauties like his own,
He calls and seats her near his throne :
Fair stranger, let thy heart forget
The idols of thy native seat.
- 4 So shall the King the more rejoice
In thee, the favourite of his choice :
Let Him be lov'd and yet ador'd,
For He's thy Maker and thy Lord.
- 5 Oh happy hour, when thou shalt rise
To his fair palace in the skies ;
And all thy sons, a numerous train,
Each like a prince in glory reign !
- 6 Let endless honours crown his head !
Let every age his praises spread !
While we with cheerful songs approve
The condescensions of his love.

PSALM XLVI.

The Church, in time of trouble, declares her confidence to be in God : enjoying, even in the most stormy seasons, the comforts of the Spirit and the presence of Christ, she exults in the power and might of her victorious Lord.

FIRST PART. (vv. 1—5.) L. M.

The Church's Safety in Times of Trouble.

- 1 GOD is the refuge of his saints,
 When storms of sharp distress invade :
Ere we can offer our complaints,
Behold him present with his aid.

PSALM XLVI.

- 2 Let mountains from their seats be hurl'd
Down to the deep and buried there,
Convulsions shake the solid world,
Our faith shall never yield to fear.
- 3 Loud may the troubled ocean roar,
In sacred peace our souls abide ;
While every nation, every shore,
Trembles, and dreads the swelling tide
- 4 There is a stream, whose gentle flow
Supplies the City of our God ;
Life, love, and joy still gliding through
And watering our divine abode.
- 5 That sacred stream, thy Holy Word,
Still all our raging fear controuls :
Sweet peace thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.
- 6 Sion enjoys her Monarch's love,
Secure against a threat'ning hour ;
Nor can her firm foundations move,
Built on His truth, and arm'd with power.

SECOND PART. (vv. 4—7.) P. M.

The God of Jacob the Refuge of the Church.

- 1 **T**HE City of our God below
No desolating storms shall know,
Rivers of love glide gently by :
There streams of everlasting grace
Flow from his throne, and bless the place,
Thy holy temples, God Most High !
- 2 Still in the midst her God resides,
His glory o'er her courts abides,
Nor shall her firm foundations move :
Quick for her aid her God shall rise,
Nor all her enemies surprise,
Surrounded by Eternal Love.
- 3 The Heathen rag'd—her foes rejoice,
To tumult stirr'd—before His voice
Earth trembles and dissolves away :
With us the Lord of Hosts we claim,
The God of Jacob is his name!

PSALMS XLVI. XLVII.

THIRD PART. (vv. 8—11.) P. M.

Messiah speaking Peace to the Nations.

- 1 COME, see the wonders God hath wrought,
On earth what desolation brought ;
How he hath calm'd the jarring world !
He broke the warlike spear and bow ;
With them the thund'ring chariots, too,
Into devouring flames were hurl'd.
- 2 Submit to his Almighty sway ;
For Him the Heathen shall obey,
And earth her Sov'reign Lord confess—
The Lord of Hosts for us in arms !
Our Tower of Refuge in alarms,
As to our fathers in distress.

PSALM XLVII.

In this Psalm, appointed to be used on Ascension Day, the Prophet calls the nations to celebrate so glorious a festival, and predicts the conversion of the Gentile Kings and nations to the Faith.

First Version. C. M.

Christ ascending and reigning.

- 1 OH for a shout of sacred joy
To God the Sovereign King !
Let all the lands their tongues employ
And hymns of triumph sing.
- 2 Jesus our God ascends on high !
His heavenly guards around
Attend him, rising through the sky
With trumpet's joyful sound.
- 3 While angels shout and praise their King,
Let mortals learn their strains :
Let all the earth his honours sing ;
O'er all the earth he reigns.
- 4 Rehearse his praise with awe profound ;
Let knowledge lead the song ;
Nor mock him with a solemn sound,
Upon a thoughtless tongue.
- 5 In Israel stood his ancient throne ;
He loved that chosen race :
But now he calls the world his own,
And Heathens taste his grace.
- 6 The British Islands are the Lord's ;
There Abraham's God is known :
While powers and princes, shields and swords,
Submit before his throne.



PSALMS XLVII. XLVIII.

Second Version. s. m.

The Universal Reign of Christ.

- 1 **J**ESUS the Lord ascends on high !
He reigns in glory o'er the sky !
Let the whole earth its offerings bring,
Exalt his Name—proclaim him King !
 Jesus ascends !
- 2 Wide through the world he spreads his sway
And bids the Heathen Lands obey,
His Church with willing offerings greet,
And bend submissive at her feet :
 He rules the world
- 3 His reign the Heathen Lands shall own :
His holiness secures his throne ;
And earthly princes gather round,
Where Abr'ham's race and God are found
 O'er all He reigns
- 4 Princes by Him their power extend,
Earth's mighty shields to Jesus bend :
He bids them rule—He bids them die,
Himself o'er all exalted high !
 The Prince Supreme

PSALM XLVIII.

This Psalm is one of those appointed to be used on Whitsunday ;
under images taken from the earthly Jerusalem, newly raised ;
consecrated by Him who resided in the material temple on Mount Zion ;
celebrated the strength and beauty of the Church.

FIRST PART. (vv. 1—8.) s. m.

The Church is the Honour and Safety of a Nation.

- 1 **G**REAT is the Lord our God,
And let his praise be great :
He makes his Churches his abode,
His most delightful seat.
- 2 In Zion God is known,
A Refuge in distress ;
How bright has his Salvation shone
Through all her palaces !
- 3 When kings against her join'd,
And saw the Lord was there ;
In wild confusion of the mind,
They fled with hasty fear.

PSALMS XLVIII. XLIX.

- 4 Oft have our fathers told,
Our eyes have often seen,
How well our God secures the fold
Where his own sheep have been.
- 5 In every new distress
We'll to his house repair,
We'll think upon his wondrous grace,
And seek deliverance there.

SECOND PART. (vv. 10—14.) s. m.

The Beauty of the Church.

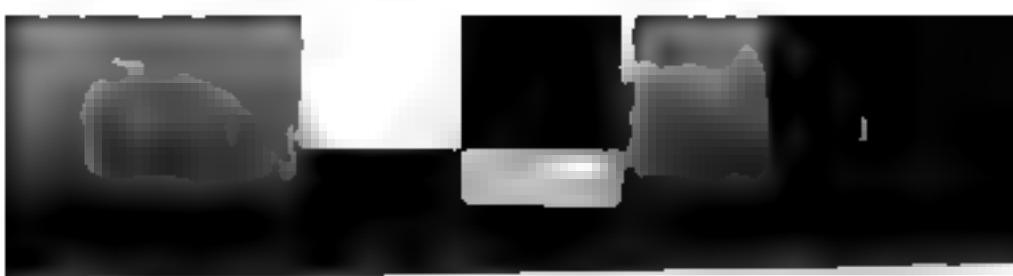
- 1 FAR as thy Name is known
The world declares thy praise :
Thy saints, O Lord, before thy throne,
Their songs of honour raise.
- 2 With joy let Judah stand
On Zion's chosen hill,
Proclaim the wonders of thy hand
And counsels of thy will.
- 3 Let strangers walk around
The city where we dwell,
Compass and view thy holy ground,
And mark the building well ;
- 4 The order of thy house,
The worship of thy court,
The cheerful songs, the solemn vows ;
And make a fair report.
- 5 How decent and how wise !
How glorious to behold !
Beyond the pomp that charms the eyes,
And rites adorn'd with gold.
- 6 The God we worship now
Will guide us till we die,
Will be our God while here below,
And through eternity.

PSALM XLIX.

(vv. 6—9, 14, 15.) l. m.

The Death of the Wicked and of the Righteous.

- 1 WHY do the proud insult the poor,
And boast the large estates they have ?
How vain are riches, to secure
Their haughty owners from the grave !



PSALMS XLIX. L.

- 2 They can't redeem one hour from death,
With all the wealth in which they trust;
Nor give a dying brother breath,
When God commands him down to dust.
- 3 There the dark earth and dismal shade
Shall clasp their naked bodies round:
That flesh, so delicately fed,
Lies cold, and moulders in the ground.
- 4 Like thoughtless sheep the sinner dies,
Laid in the grave for worms to eat:
The saints shall in the morning rise,
And find th' oppressor at their feet.
- 5 His honours perish in the dust,
And pomp and beauty, birth and blood:
That glorious day exalts the just
To full dominion o'er the proud.
- 6 My Saviour shall my life restore,
And raise me from my dark abode:
My flesh and soul shall part no more,
But dwell for ever with my God.

PSALM L.

This Psalm presents us with a magnificent description of the prophecies in the Gospel, followed by a prediction of the terrible manner of God's own Judge His apostate people Israel. In this Psalm, as in our Lord's Discourse on the same subject, the particular judgment of Jerusalem is a figure of the last General Judgment. Hypocritical and wicked Christians, therefore, to apply to themselves what is previously addressed to other nations, the unfeeling and rebellious sons of Israel and other Abrahamites.

The Last Judgment. (vv. 1—7.) P. M.

- 1 **L**O! the Mighty God appearing,
From on high Jehovah speaketh!
Eastern Lands the summons bearing,
O'er the West his thunder breaks:
Earth beholds him!—
Universal nature shakes!
- 2 Zion all its light unfolding,
God in glory shall display:
Lo! He comes! nor silence holding,
Fire and clouds prepare his way:
Tempests round him!—
Hasten on the dreadful day!
- 3 To the heavens his voice ascending,
To the earth beneath he crieth:

PSALMS L. LI.

- “Souls immortal now descending,
Let the sleeping dust arise !
Rise to judgment—
Let My throne adorn the skies !
- 4 “Gather first My saints around Me,
Those who to My covenant stood ;
Those who humbly sought and found Me,
Through the dying Saviour’s blood :
Bless’d Redeemer !—
Sweetest sacrifice to God !”
- 5 Now the heavens on high adore him,
And his righteousness declare :
Sinners perish from before him,
But his saints his mercies share :
Just his judgment—
God, Himself the Judge, is there !

PSALM LI.

In this Psalm, composed upon a sad occasion, but too well known, we have a perfect model of Penitential Devotion.

FIRST PART. (vv. 1—4.) L. M.

A Penitent pleading for Pardon.

- 1 SHEW pity, Lord ! O Lord, forgive !
Let a repenting rebel live :
Are not thy mercies large and free ?
May not a sinner trust in Thee ?
- 2 My crimes are great, but don’t surpass
The power and glory of thy grace.
Great God ! thy nature hath no bound,
So let thy pard’ning love be found.
- 3 Oh wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean :
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain my eyes.
- 4 My lips with shame my sins confess,
Against thy Law, against thy Grace :
Lord, should thy judgments grow severe,
I am condemn’d, but Thou art clear.
- 5 Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,
I must pronounce Thee just in death ;
And if my soul were sent to hell,
Thy righteous Law approves it well.

PSALM L.

- 6 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hovering round thy Word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

SECOND PART. (vv. 5—8.) L.M.

Confession of Sin.

- 1 LORD, I am vile, conceiv'd in sin,
And born unholy and unclean ;
Sprung from the man, whose guilty fall
Corrupts his race and taints us all.
- 2 Soon as we draw our infant breath
The seeds of sin grow up for death :
The law demands a perfect heart,
But we're defil'd in every part.
- 3 Great God, create my heart anew,
And form my spirit pure and true :
Oh make me wise, betimes to spy
My danger and my remedy.
- 4 Behold, I fall before thy face !
My only refuge is thy grace :
No outward forms can make me clean,
The leprosy lies deep within.
- 5 Jesus, my God ! thy blood alone
Hath power sufficient to atone !
Thy blood can make me white as snow,
No Jewish types could cleanse me so.
- 6 While guilt disturbs and breaks my peace,
Nor flesh nor soul hath rest or ease :
Lord, let me hear thy pard'ning voice,
And make my broken bones rejoice.

THIRD PART. (vv. 9—11.) L.M.

Prayer for Pardon, Purity, and Joy.

- 1 O THOU that hear'st when sinners cry,
Though all my crimes before thee lie.
Behold them not with angry look,
But blot their memory from thy book.
- 2 Create my nature pure within,
And form my soul averse to sin :
Let thy Good Spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide thy presence from my heart.

PSALM LI.

- 3 I cannot live without thy light,
Cast out and banish'd from thy sight :
Thy holy joys, my God, restore ;
And guard me that I fall no more.

FOURTH PART. (vv. 11—15.) L. M.

The Backslider restored.

- 1 **T**HOUGH I have griev'd thy Spirit, Lord,
His help and comfort still afford ;
And let a wretch come near thy throne,
To plead the merits of thy Son.
- 2 **A** broken heart, my God, my King,
Is all the sacrifice I bring :
The God of Grace will ne'er despise
A broken heart for sacrifice.
- 3 **M**y soul lies humbled in the dust,
And owns thy dreadful sentence just :
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
And save the soul condemn'd to die !
- 4 **T**hen will I teach the world thy ways ;
Sinners shall learn thy sov'reign Grace :
I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,
And they shall praise a pard'ning God.
- 5 **O**h may thy love inspire my tongue !
Salvation shall be all my song ;
And all my powers shall join to bless
The Lord, my Strength and Righteousness.

FIFTH PART. (vv. 16—19.) s. m.

The Penitent accepted through Christ.

- 1 **N**o offering God requires,
Nor victims please His eye ;
Else should his altars blaze with fires,
And flocks and herds should die.
- 2 **T**he humble contrite breast,
The spirit's broken sighs,
Are gifts on which his love can rest,
Nor will the Lord despise. †
- 3 **T**hy mercies from above
To Zion, Lord, extend :
Built by thy power and watch'd with love,
Now let her walls ascend.

PSALMS LI. LII. LIII.

- 4 Well bless'd, Thou then shalt see
Her prayers and praise arise,
Presented at the throne to Thee,
With Jesu's sacrifice.

PSALM LII.

In the person of Doeg, the Edomite, the persecutor of David and the son of the priests, are described the enemies of the Church and their doom while the righteous exist in God.

The Wicked and the Righteous. L. M.

- 1 BEHOLD the man of impious mind,
The man who ne'er on God reclin'd;
Whose heart on treasur'd stores relied,
In the vain confidence of pride.
2 While high in wealth and state he grew
He bade his heart its way pursue;
Vainly secure—for God shall rise,
And, lo ! the fated victim dies !
3 But I shall in his courts be seen
Fresh as the olive, ever green;
While there, on his unchanging grace,
My everlasting hopes I place.
4 Now I'll proclaim thy praise abroad :
Thine arm has conquer'd, Mighty God !
Thy Name I'll trust, its power confess,
Thy saints delight that Name to bless.

PSALM LIII.

Prayer for the Salvation of the Wicked World. L. M.

- 1 FROM heaven the Mighty Lord look'd down
From heaven, his high exalted throne,
To search, throughout this world's abode,
Who understand and seek their God.
2 From His appointed righteous way,
All, all, alas ! are gone astray !
The way of peace they have not known,
And none is righteous ; no, not one !
3 Guilty, condemn'd, deprav'd, and lost,
Who before God hath ought to boast ?
Arise, O King of Zion, rise,
And bring Salvation from the skies !
4 Then shall thy saints rejoice to sing,
And each glad heart its tribute bring :
Pardon and peace shall then be given,
And myriads rise from earth to heaven.

PSALM LIV.

David, as it has been supposed, when betrayed by the Ziphites and surrounded by Saul, commits his cause to God and praises Him for deliverance. See the history, 1 Sam. xxiii. The application to Christ and Christians is plain and easy; for which reason, our Church has appointed this Psalm to be read on Good Friday.

Help in God. P. M.

- 1 **P**RESERVE me, O Lord ! My God, in thy Name
I fix all my trust, and mercy I claim ;
Thy mercies in Jesus, that Name all divine !
That Strength of Salvation, on whom I recline.
- 2 My prayer, O my God ! and sorrows, attend ;
Thine ear to my cries in faithfulness bend :
For strangers are risen, their arts they employ,
And Satan and Hell watch my soul to destroy.
- 3 Lo ! God is my Help ! Jehovah is nigh !
He'll save, and with strength my helpers supply :
My God is Almighty, His truth is my stay ;
My foes shall all perish, He'll cast them away.
- 4 My God, all thy praise I'll freely proclaim :
My Saviour, 'tis sweet t' exalt thy great Name :
Redeem'd from all trouble, thy grace I'll adore ;
Mine eyes shall behold till my foes are no more.

PSALM LV.

David, as it is supposed, when driven out of Jerusalem by the rebellion of Absalom, and in danger of being suddenly cut off, maketh his prayer to God, and foretelleth his own re-establishment.

FIRST PART. (vv. 1—8.) c.m.

The Believer desiring his Everlasting Rest.

- 1 **M**Y God, thine ear indulgent bend,
Nor turn thy face away :
From heaven my earnest cries attend,
While in distress I pray.
- 2 My soul, on waves of trouble borne,
Pours out its deep complaint :
Loud as the noisy storm I mourn,
And midst the conflict faint.
- 3 By earth dismay'd, by hell opprest ;
My foes with malice blame :
They load with guilt my anxious breast,
And their mad rage proclaim.
- 4 *My heart is pain'd : the shades of death
Their terrors round me spread ;
While fearful tremblings seize my breath,
And horrors whelm my head.*

PSALMS LV. LVI.

- 5 Thus from within the bursting sigh
Mounts to the throne above—
“ Oh that my soul on wings could fly,
And emulate the dove !
- 6 “ Swift I'd escape : I'd flee afar,
Some secret place to find,
Hid from the world's wide scene of care,
And rest my troubled mind.
- 7 “ I'd stretch my everlasting flight,
And bid the world farewell,
From sin and strife, to realms of light,
Where peace and quiet dwell.”

SECOND PART. (vv. 17, 18.) c. m.

Faith under Austerities.

- 1 BY morning light I'll seek thy face,
At noon repeat my cry :
The night shall hear me ask thy grace,
Nor wilt Thou long deny.
- 2 God shall preserve my soul from fear,
Or shield me when afraid ;
Ten thousand angels must appear,
If He command their aid.

THIRD PART. (vv. 22, 23.) c. m.

Confidence in Divine Power.

- 1 STILL on the Lord thy burden roll,
Nor let a care remain :
His mighty arm shall bear thy soul,
And all thy griefs sustain.
- 2 Ne'er will the Lord his aid deny,
To those who trust his love :
The men, who on his grace rely,
Nor earth nor hell shall move.
- 3 But Thou, my God, shalt crush my foes,
Slain by thine arm divine :
Half spent the sinner's days shall close,
While I on Thee recline.

PSALM LVI.

David, in danger from the Philistines among whom he was driven, as well as from Saul and his associates, places his hope and confidence in God. Who David was in Philistine, the despots of the Son of David are in the world.

Refuge in God under Oppression and Falsehood. c. m.

- 1 O THOU, whose justice reigns on high,
And makes th' oppressor cease,
Behold how ev'rynow sinners try,

PSALMS LVI. LVII.

- 2 The sons of violence and lies
Join to devour me, Lord ;
But, as my hourly dangers rise,
My refuge is thy Word.
- 3 Thou count'st the sorrows of thy saints,
Their groans affect thine ears :
Thou hast a book for my complaints,
A bottle for my tears.
- 4 In Thee, most holy, just, and true,
I have repos'd my trust ;
Nor will I fear what man can do,
The offspring of the dust.
- 5 Thy solemn vows are on me, Lord ;
Thou shalt receive my praise :
I'll sing, "How faithful is thy Word !
How righteous all thy ways !"
- 6 Thou hast secur'd my soul from death :
Oh set thy prisoner free,
That heart and hand, and life and breath,
May be employ'd for Thee !

PSALM LVII.

This Psalm is said to have been composed by David, on occasion of his escape from Saul, in the cave of Engedi : see 1 Sam. xxiv. 3. Its appointment as one of the Proper Psalms for Easter Day instructs us to transfer the ideas to the Resurrection of Christ from the grave.

FIRST PART. (vv. 1—5.) L. M. *Refuge in God under Trouble.*

- 1 WHEN gathering storms around me spread,
My gracious God, command thy aid :
Let Mercy's guardian care inclose,
Since on thy mercy I repose.
- 2 Beneath thy shade my troubled mind
Its Refuge and its Rest would find :
Beneath thy wings my soul I'll cast,
Till life's last gloomy hour be past.
- 3 Up to Jehovah, God Most High !
Through earth's dark clouds I urge my cry ;
Whose mercy can assuage the storm,
And all I want or wish perform.
- 4 From heaven my God his aid shall send,
From every enemy defend ;
His mercy and his truth display,
Nor let my fiercest foes dismay.

PSALMS LVII. LVIII.

5 Be thou exalted, O my God,
Above the heavens, thy high abode !
O'er all the glories earth can claim
Extend the honours of thy Name !

SECOND PART. (vv. 5—10.) v. m.
God exalted.

- 1 BE thou exalted, O my God,
Above the heavens where angels dwell !
Thy power on earth be known abroad,
And land to land thy wonders tell !
- 2 My heart is fix'd : my song shall raise
Immortal honours to thy Name :
Awake, my tongue, to sound His praise,
My tongue, the glory of my frame.
- 3 High o'er the earth thy mercy reigns,
And reaches to the utmost sky :
Thy truth to endless years remains,
When lower worlds dissolve and die.
- 4 Be thou exalted, O my God,
Above the heavens where angels dwell !
Thy power on earth be known abroad,
And land to land thy wonders tell !

THIRD PART. (vv. 9—11.) v. m.
Praise to the risen Saviour.

- 1 THEE, Lord, we praise among thine own
Thee will we to the world extol ;
And make thy truth and goodness known :
Thy goodness, Lord, is over all.
Thy truth and grace the heavens transcend,
Thy faithful mercies never end.
- 2 Be Thou exalted, Lord, above
The highest names in earth and heaven !
Let angels sing thy glorious love,
And bless the Name to sinners given.
All earth and heaven their King proclaim,
Bow every knee to Jesu's Name !

PSALM LVIII.

Rulers reminded of the Final Judgment. v. m.

- 1 YE Kings and Judges of the earth,
Adore the God who gave you birth :
Hear and maintain his sacred law.
Your daily aim, his holy will,
As his vicegerents, to fulfil ;
Prompt to assert his righteous cause.

PSALMS LVIII. LIX. LX.

2 Ere long the Mighty Judge shall come !
Transgressors then shall hear their doom :
 The just his mercy shall record.
Then, in that dread tremendous day,
Th' astonish'd world, convinc'd, shall say
 That God the righteous will reward.

PSALM LIX.

This Psalm is said to have been composed on occasion of David's escape, when Saul sent, and they watched the house to kill him. See 1 Sam. xix. 11—18. David, in these, as in many other circumstances of his life, may be considered as the representative of Messiah.

God a Sure Defence. L. M.

- 1 **S**AVE me, O God, thine arm display,
 And bid my foes thy power obey :
When hosts of hell my soul invade,
Rise, rise, my all-sufficient Aid.
- 2 Their strength my dread, I trembling flee,
And rest in humble faith on Thee ;
I'll call the Lord my Sure Defence,
And draw my holy triumph thence.
- 3 Thou God, whose mercies round me flow,
Thy presence shall before me go,
Prepare my way, and bid me rise
To view my conquer'd enemies.
- 4 Now to thy power the song I'll raise,
My God ! thy Mercy claims my praise.
I'll lift on high my early voice,
While in thy Mercy I rejoice.
- 5 In the dark day when troubles rose,
I bade my soul on Thee repose ;
Thine arm of everlasting power
My Sure Defence, my Refuge Tower !
- 6 To Thee, my Strength, the song I'll frame ;
Thee still my Sure Defence I'll claim ;
And, while thy mercies endless flow,
My God, thy endless praise I'll show.

PSALM LX.

Humiliation under the Fear of Enemies. C. M.

- 1 **L**ORD, hast Thou cast thy servants off ?
 Must we for ever mourn ?
Wilt Thou retain thy righteous wrath ?
 Shall mercy ne'er return ?

PSALMS LX. LXI.

- 2 The terrors of one frown of thine
 Melt all our strength away :
 Like men that totter, drunk with wine,
 We tremble in dismay.
- 3 Our country shakes beneath thy stroke,
 And dreads thy threat'ning hand :
 Oh heal the kingdom Thou hast broke !
 Confirm the wavering land.
- 4 Lift up a banner in the field,
 For those who fear thy Name :
 Oh save thy servants with thy shield,
 And put our foes to shame.

PSALM LXI.

In the person of David, for a while driven into exile and then restored to his kingdom, we here behold the Church, or any member thereof, expressing faith and hope in God, and exalting in the prosperity and perpetuity of Messiah's kingdom.

FIRST PART. (vv. 1—5.) P. M.

Faith and Hope in God.

- 1 WHEN, overwhelm'd with grief,
 My heart within me dies,
 Helpless, and far from all relief,
 To Heaven I lift mine eyes.
- 2 Oh lead me to the Rock,
 That's high above my head,
 And make the covert of thy wings
 My Shelter and my Shade !
- 3 Within thy presence, Lord,
 For ever I'll abide :
 Thou art the Tower of my Defence,
 The Refuge where I hide.
- 4 Thou givest me the lot
 Of those that fear thy Name ;
 If endless life be their reward,
 I shall possess the same.

SECOND PART. (vv. 5—8.) P. M.

Prosperity and Perpetuity of Messiah's Kingdom.

- 1 THOU, gracious Lord, my vows didst hear
 — And, midst the men who own thy fear,
 My heritage ordain :
 Thine arm has rais'd my Saviour high,
 Enthron'd Him King o'er earth and sky,
 And bid his years remain.

PSALMS LXI. LXII. LXIII.

- 2 Eternal shall his throne endure ;
Mercy and Truth his reign secure,
In the bright realms of day :
My God, my lips exalt thy Name,
Salvation from his grace I claim,
And daily vows repay.

PSALM LXII.

Trust in God. (vv. 5—8.) c. m.

- 1 **O**N God, my soul, with patient hope,
Resign'd in silence wait :
He bears my sinking spirit up,
Then let thy hopes be great.
- 2 My Rock ! my Saviour ! my Defence !
My Everlasting Stay !
Not all my foes shall pluck me thence,
Nor move my soul away.
- 3 God my salvation shall complete ;
From Him my glory springs :
Rock of my Strength ! my soul shall wait
Its Refuge in his wings.
- 4 Ye saints, whene'er with griefs oppress,
Recline upon his power ;
Disclose to Him your anxious breast :
God is our Refuge Tower.

PSALM LXIII.

David, when in the wilderness of Judah, expresses his longing desire after God. The Psalm is applicable to the circumstances of Christ in the flesh, and to those of His people in the world.

Longing after God.

First Version. s. m.

- 1 **M**Y God, permit my tongue
This joy—to call Thee mine ;
And let my early cries prevail,
To taste thy love divine.
- 2 My thirsty fainting soul
Thy mercy doth implore ;
Not travellers in desert lands
Can pant for water more.
- 3 *For life without thy love*
No relish can afford :
No joy can be compar'd to this—
To serve and please the Lord.

PSALM LXIII.

- 4 In wakeful hours of night
I call my God to mind ;
I think how wise thy counsels are,
Thy dealings all how kind.
- 5 Since Thou hast been my help
To Thee my spirit flies ;
And on thy watchful providence
My cheerful hope relies.
- 6 The shadow of thy wings
My soul in safety keeps :
I follow where my FATHER leads,
And He supports my steps.

Second Version. L.M.

- 1 GREAT God ! indulge my humble claim !
Thou art my Hope, my Joy, my Rest :
The glories, that compose thy Name,
Stand all engag'd to make me blest.
- 2 Thou Great and Good, thou Just and Wise,
Thou art my Father and my God !
And I am thine by sacred ties—
Thy son, thy servant, bought with blood.
- 3 With heart, and eyes, and lifted hands,
For Thee I long, to Thee I look ;
As travellers, in thirsty lands,
Pant for the cooling water-brook.
- 4 With early feet I love t' appear
Among thy saints, and seek thy face :
Oft have I seen thy glory there,
And felt the power of sov'reign grace.
- 5 Not fruits, nor wines, that tempt our taste,
Nor all the joys our senses know,
Could make me so divinely blest,
Or raise my cheerful passions so.
- 6 My life itself, without thy love,
No taste of pleasure could afford ;
'Twould but a tiresome burden prove,
If I were banish'd from the Lord.
- 7 Amidst the wakeful hours of night,
When busy cares afflict my head,
One thought of Thee gives new delight,
And adds refreshment to my bed.

PSALM LXIII.

- 8 I'll lift my hands, I'll raise my voice,
While I have breath to pray or praise :
This work shall make my heart rejoice,
And spend the remnant of my days.

Third Version. L. M.

- 1 O GOD, Thou art my God alone,
Early to Thee my soul shall cry,
A pilgrim in a land unknown,
A thirsty land whose springs are dry.
- 2 Oh that it were as it hath been,
When, praying in the holy place,
Thy power and glory I have seen,
And mark'd the footsteps of thy grace !
- 3 Yet, through this rough and thorny maze,
I follow hard on Thee, my God :
Thy hand, unseen, upholds my ways,
I safely tread where Thou hast trod.
- 4 Thee, in the watches of the night,
When I remember on my bed,
Thy presence makes the darkness light,
Thy guardian wings are round my head.
- 5 Better than life itself thy love,
Dearer than all beside to me ;
For whom have I in heaven above,
Or what on earth, compar'd with Thee !

Fourth Version. P. M.

- 1 O GOD, my gracious God, to Thee
My early prayers shall offer'd be ;
For Thee my thirsty soul doth pant !
My fainting flesh implores thy grace,
Within this dry and barren place,
Where I refreshing waters want.
- 2 Oh to my longing eyes once more
That view of glorious power restore,
Which thy majestic house displays !
Because to me thy wondrous love
Than life itself does dearer prove,
My lips shall always speak thy praise.
- 3 When down I lie, sweet sleep to find,
Thou, Lord, art present to my mind,
And when I wake in dead of night :
Because Thou still dost succour bring,
th the shadow of thy wing
I rest with safety and delight.

PSALM LXIV.

David, in the power of Absalom, prays to be delivered from his enemies; and predicts their fall, with the salvation of the Church in God the King.

Prayer against Absalom, in Confidence of Deliverance. L. 10

- 1 HEAR me, O God ! thy voice attend,
While at thy throne in prayer I stand !
Preserve my life, when danger's near,
From every foe, from every fear !
- 2 Oh hide me from the secret snare,
When sin and death their arts prepare :
From Powers of Earth and Hell combin'd,
Let me in Thee my refuge find !
- 3 Like murderous swords, of sharpen'd steel,
Their tongues their sland'rous thoughts reveal
As arrows from the banded bow.
Their words, their bitter words, they throw.
- 4 Swift at the just their arrows fly ;
Around the fated victim die ,
Nor yields their senseless heart to fear,
Though destin'd vengeance hasten near.
- 5 Bold in their crimes, their hands unite,
Their impious counsels abun the light :
Their arts the social band unfold,
" For who," they cry, " our thought beholds ? "
- 6 They search, to wickedness inclin'd,
Search deep, the impious plan to find .
Their bands th' insidious purpose keep,
Deep are their thoughts, their heart is deep.
- 7 But God, his arrows on the string,
Shall mighty vengeance round him fling :
Their sharpen'd tongues themselves shall slay,
While men behold and haste away
- 8 Then shall the world thy justice fear,
And tremble while thy judgment's near ;
Shall speak thy wondrous works, my God,
And weigh thy acts, and fear thy rod.
- 9 But glory shall adore the just,
While in Jehovah's arm they trust :
Eternal songs their joys proclaim,
Who love his Word, and fear his Name.

PSALM LXV.

In this very lovely Song of Zion, the Prophet paints of the vision of Jehovah for His many — upon the various things which God would do in the salvation of man — the most wondrous work, establishing the world

PSALM LXV.

confined the sea within its bounds—foretells the conversion of the nations : and describes the blessed effects of the Spirit, poured out upon the Church, under the figure of rain descending upon a dry ground.

FIRST PART. (vv. 1—4.) L. M.

Praise for Mercy.

- 1 **F**OR Thee, O God, our constant praise
In Zion waits, thy chosen seat:
Our promis'd altars there we'll raise,
And all our zealous vows complete.
- 2 O Thou, who to our humble prayer
Didst always bend Thy listening ear,
To Thee shall all mankind repair,
And at thy gracious throne appear.
- 3 Our sins, though numberless, in vain
To stop thy flowing mercy try ;
Whilst Thou o'erlook'st the guilty stain,
And washest out the crimson dye.
- 4 Blest is the man, who, near Thee placed,
Within thy heavenly dwelling lives ;
While we, at humbler distance, taste
The vast delights thy temple gives.

SECOND PART. (vv. 5—8.) L. M.

Display of Divine Power for the Conversion of the Nations.

- 1 **I**N righteousness, O Lord, array'd,
Thy terrors oft have stood display'd ;
And, while Salvation cloth'd Thee round,
Our prayers an awful answer found.
- 2 Yet still the earth, with well-placed trust,
On Thee shall rest, the Good ! the Just !
The distant seas thy Name shall hear,
And Isles remote thy praise declare.
- 3 Girded with power, thy mighty hand
Bids on their base the mountains stand :
By Thee the swelling seas, supprest,
Resign their noisy waves to rest.
- 4 Like them, by mad'ning fury seiz'd,
See the blind crowds in tumult rais'd ;
Again, submissive and resign'd,
Thy secret power controuls each mind.
- 5 Through all the earth thy tokens spread,
And fill th' astonish'd world with dread :
The rising East obeys thy voice,
And Western climes in Thee rejoice.

PSALMS LXV. LXVI.

THIRD PART. (vv. 9—13.) C. M.

Divine Goodness in the Seasons and their Fruitfulness.

- 1 **G**OOD is the Lord, the Heavenly King,
Who makes the earth His care ;
Visits the pastures every spring,
And bids the grass appear.
- 2 **S**easons and times, all days and hours,
Heaven, earth, and air are thine :
When clouds distil in fruitful showers,
The Author is Divine.
- 3 **T**he softened ridges of the field
Permit the corn to spring ;
The valleys rich provision yield,
And the poor labourers sing.
- 4 **T**he various months thy goodness crowns ;
How bounteous are thy ways !
The bleating flocks spread o'er the downs,
And shepherds shout thy praise.

PSALM LXVI.

"An Exhortation to praise Christ our Redeemer, for all His wonderful works toward His Church, similar to those wrought for Israel."—GODBEY.

FIRST PART. (vv. 1—5.) L. M.

Victory of the Cross.

- 1 **J**ESUS demands the voice of joy,
Loud through the land let triumph ring ;
His honours should your songs employ,
Let glorious praises hail the King.
- 2 Shout to the Lord, adoring own,
"Thy works thy wondrous might disclose,
Thine arm victorious power has shown,
Thus did thy Cross confound thy foes."
- 3 "Low at that Cross the world shall bow,
All nations shall its blessings prove ;
While grateful strains in concert flow,
To sing thy power and praise thy love."
- 4 Oh bless our God, ye nations round,
People and lands rehearse his Name :
Let the glad voice through earth resound,
Which speaks his praise and spreads his fame.

SECOND PART. (vv. 13—20.) C. M.

Praise for hearing Prayer.

- 1 **N**OW shall my solemn vows be paid,
To that Almighty Power

PSALMS LXVI. LXVII.

Which heard the long requests I made,
In my distressful hour.

- 2 My lips and cheerful heart prepare
To make his mercies known;
Come, ye that fear my God, and hear
What wonders he hath done !
- 3 When on my head huge sorrows fell,
I sought his heavenly aid :
He saved my sinking soul from hell,
And death's eternal shade.
- 4 If sin lay cover'd in my heart,
While prayer employ'd my tongue,
The Lord had shewn me no regard,
Nor I his praises sung.
- 5 But God—his Name be ever blest!—
Hath set my spirit free,
Nor turn'd from Him my poor request,
Nor turn'd His heart from me.

PSALM LXVII.

In this Evangelical Psalm, the Israelitish Church is introduced, as partly praying for and partly foretelling the Advent of Christ and the conversion of the nations, with the joy and gladness that should be consequent thereupon. The Christian Church now uses, and will continue to use, this Psalm, with propriety, until the fulness of the Gentiles shall be come in, the conversion of the Jews effected, and Christ shall appear the second time, finally to accomplish the salvation of His people.

Prayer for the Conversion of the World.

First Version. S. M.

- 1 TO bless thy chosen race,
In mercy, Lord, incline ;
And cause the brightness of thy face
On all thy saints to shine :
- 2 That so thy wondrous way
May through the world be known ;
While distant lands their tribute pay,
And thy Salvation own.
- 3 Let differing nations join
To celebrate thy fame ;
Let all the world, O Lord, combine
To praise thy glorious Name.
- 4 Oh let them shout and sing,
Dissolv'd in pious mirth ;
For Thou, the Righteous Judge and King,
Shalt govern all the earth.

PSALM LXVII.

- 5 Let differing nations join
To celebrate thy fame ;
Let all the world, O Lord, combine
To praise thy glorious Name.
- 6 Then God upon our land
Shall constant blessings shower ;
And all the world in awe shall stand
Of his resistless power.

Second Version. a. m.

- 1 O GOD, to earth incline,
With mercies from above ;
And let thy presence round us shine,
With beams of heavenly love.
- 2 Through all the earth below,
Thy ways of grace proclaim,
Till distant nations hear and know
The Saviour's blessed Name.
- 3 Now let the world agree
One general voice to raise ;
Till all mankind present to Thee
Their songs of grateful praise !
- 4 Oh let the nations round
Their cheerful powers employ,
And earth's far-distant coasts resound
With shouts of sacred joy.
- 5 In justice Thou shalt reign,
By all the lands ador'd ;
O'er the whole earth thy throne maintain,
Jesus, Eternal Lord !
- 6 Oh let the world agree
One general voice to raise ;
Till all mankind present to Thee
Their songs of grateful praise !
- 7 Then earth, thy grace confess,
Shall pour its fruits abroad ;
By Thee thy numerous Church be blest,
O God, our gracious God !
- 8 Thy blessing shall extend,
Thy saving grace appear,
And all, to earth's remotest end,
The Lord our Saviour fear !

PSALM LXVIII.

This Psalm is one of those appointed to be used on Whitsunday. It seems to have been composed on occasion of the removal of the ark to Mount Zion: see 2 Sam. vi. 1 Chron. xv.

FIRST PART. (vv. 17, 18.) I. M.

Christ's Ascension, and Gift of the Spirit.

- 1 **L**ORD, when Thou didst ascend on high,
Ten thousand angels fill'd the sky:
Those heavenly guards around Thee wait,
Like chariots that attend thy state.
- 2 Not Sinai's mountain could appear
More glorious when the Lord was there;
While he pronounc'd his dreadful Law,
And struck the chosen tribes with awe.
- 3 How bright the triumph none can tell,
When the rebellious Powers of Hell,
That thousand souls had captive made,
Were all, in chains, like captives led.
- 4 Rais'd by his Father to the throne,
He sent the promis'd Spirit down,
With gifts and grace for rebel men,
That God might dwell on earth again.

SECOND PART. (vv. 19—22.) P. M.

Messiah conquering His Enemies.

- 1 **B**LESS our God, his grace confessing,
Whom his Church above adores;
Who, with daily loads of blessing,
From on high his Spirit pours:
God our Saviour——
For his Church salvation stores!
- 2 Him in whom, as God, we glory,
God our Saviour we proclaim;
Life and death, O Lord, adore Thee,
Yielding at thy awful Name:
Thou shalt triumph——
And th' eternal victory claim!
- 3 At His feet, while prostrate falling,
Jesus breaks the serpent's head;
He, for mighty vengeance calling,
On his stoutest foe shall tread:
Thou, the Conqu'ror——
Shalt thy Church to victory lead.

PSALM LXVIII.

1 As of old, from Bashan guiding,
So their Saviour leads their way :
His high arm, the waves dividing,
Still conducts them through the sea,
More than conqu'rors—
All our foes thy Word obey.

THIRD PART. (vv. 24, 29.) seven. *Praise to the Ascended Saviour.*

- 1 **L**ORD, thy Church hath seen Thee rise,
To thy temple in the skies :
God my Saviour ! God my King !
Still thy ransom'd round Thee sing.
- 2 When, in glories all divine,
Through the earth thy Church shall shine,
Kings in prayer and praise shall wait,
Bending at thy temple's gate.

FOURTH PART. (vv. 30, 31.) l. m.

Prayer for the Heathen.

- 1 **J**ESUS, thy mighty arm display,
Rebuke the foe, the Dragon slay :
In pity view a fallen race,
Whose arms their Idol-gods embrace.
- 2 See the vain race—alas ! how blind !
What folly holds the human mind !
Let grace renew, or scatter far
The people that delight in war.
- 3 Let Egypt's sons thy glory own,
Her princes bending at thy throne :
Thy grace let Ethiopia see,
And stretch her willing hands to Thee.

FIFTH PART. (vv. 32—35.) l. m.

The Universal King.

- 1 **K**INGDOMS and thrones to God belong ;
Crown Him, ye nations, in your song :
His wondrous names and powers rehearse ;
His honours shall enrich your verse.
- 2 He shakes the heavens with loud alarms ;
How terrible is God in arms !
In Israel are his mercies known,
Israel is his peculiar throne.

PSALMS LXVIII. LXIX.

3 Proclaim him King, pronounce him Blest ;
He's your Defence, your Joy, your Rest :
When terrors rise, and nations faint,
God is the Strength of every saint.

PSALM LXIX.

The application of many passages in this Psalm, to our Lord, made by Himself and his Apostles, directs us to consider it as uttered by the Son of God in the day of his Passion. It is appointed to be used on Good Friday.

FIRST PART. (vv. 1—6.) L. M.

Sufferings of the Redeemer.

- 1 **D**EEP in our hearts let us record
The deeper sorrows of our Lord :
Behold ! the rising billows roll,
To overwhelm his holy soul.
- 2 In long complaints he spends his breath,
While hosts of hell, and powers of death,
And all the sons of malice, join,
To execute their base design.
- 3 Yet, gracious God, thy power and love
Have made the curse a blessing prove ;
Those dreadful sufferings of thy Son
Aton'd for sins which we had done.
- 4 The pangs of our expiring Lord
The honours of thy Law restor'd :
His sorrows made thy justice known,
And paid for follies not his own.
- 5 Oh for his sake our guilt forgive,
And let the mourning sinner live !
The Lord will hear us in his Name,
Nor shall our hope be turn'd to shame.

SECOND PART. (vv. 30—32.) C. M.

Salvation through Christ's Sufferings.

- 1 **F**AATHER, I sing thy wondrous grace,
I bless my Saviour's Name ;
He bought Salvation for the poor,
And bore the sinner's shame.
- 2 **H**is deep distress has rais'd us high,
His duty and his zeal
Fulfill'd the Law which mortals broke,
And finish'd all thy will.

PSALMS LXIX. LXX.

- 3 His dying groans, his living songs,
Shall better please my God
Than harp's or trumpet's solemn sound,
Than goats' or bullocks' blood.
- 4 This shall his humble followers see,
And set their hearts at rest ;
They by his death draw near to Thee,
And live for ever blest.

PSALM LXX.

"This Psalm is a repetition of the concluding part of the Forty-fifth Psalm, which represents the Victory and Triumph of the Redeemer, after his sufferings. Let the Believer adopt the same triumphant language ; and confidently follow the steps of his Redeemer, through sufferings to Glory."—GODDELL.

FIRST PART. (vv. 1—5.) P. M.

Pleading for Deliverance from Enemies.

- 1 **H**ASTE, baste, O my God, to my aid,
My sins and my sorrows controul ;
Let those be dismay'd and afraid,
Who wait but to ruin my soul :
Command, and my foes shall retreat,
And turn with confusion away ;
Thine arm shall their malice defeat,
Thy hand shall deliver the prey.
- 2 What malice my foes can inflame,
Who long my destruction to prove ?
Oh ! backward return them with shame,
But let me rejoice in thy love :
From earth and from hell they are nigh,
And vaunt with the voice of disdain ;
But speak, and my foes shall all fly,
And their glory and boast shall be vain.

SECOND PART. (vv. 4, 5.) P. M.

Refuge in God against Enemies.

- 1 **L**ET all in thy favour rejoice,
Who seek Thee with diligent prayer ;
Thy servants shall lift the glad voice,
And anthems of triumph prepare :
Let those who the Saviour adore,
Who love his salvation still cry,
"Exalt ye his grace and his power,
Let God be exalted on high!"

PSALMS LXX. LXXI.

2 But I am afflicted and poor,
With sin and with sorrow opprest ;
Then haste, O my God, and secure
My Refuge, where sorrow may rest !
Thou, Thou art my Helper alone,
O Thou, my Deliverer, be near :
Jehovah, now bow from thy throne,
And quick for salvation appear !

PSALM LXXI.

“The language of this Psalm is peculiarly suited to the wants and desires of the Believer, when under oppression, in temptation, or labouring under the debility of old age. He, who, in such circumstances, trusting only in the Lord, presents before His throne the petitions here recorded, shall, in the end, have reason to join the Psalmist’s Song of Praise to the truth of God, and to unite with Him in celebrating His faithfulness to His promise.”—GOODE.

FIRST PART. (vv. 1—4.) s. m.

Prayer for Deliverance.

- 1 **I**N Thee, Thou gracious Lord,
 I My confidence I place ;
Then let Thy hand its aid afford,
Nor sink me in disgrace.
- 2 Thy righteousness prepare,
 And set my spirit free ;
Oh save ! indulgent to my prayer,
And bow thine ear to me !
- 3 Be Thou my Strong Abode,
 Where I may safety find :
To Thee I’ll fly, Almighty God,
And rest my troubled mind.
- 4 Has not thy faithful Word
 Made my salvation sure ?
And Thou, my Rock, my Fortress, Lord,
My Refuge shalt secure.
- 5 Deliverance now command,
 For Thee, my God, I claim ;
From Powers of Hell, who round me stand,
And snares destructive frame.

SECOND PART. (vv. 5—9.) c. m.

The Aged Saint’s Reflection and Hope.

- 1 **M**Y God, my Everlasting Hope,
 I live upon thy truth ;
Thy hands have held my childhood up,
And strengthen’d all my youth.

PSALM LXXI.

- 2 My flesh was fashion'd by thy power,
With all these limbs of mine;
And, from my mother's painful hour,
I've been entirely thine.
- 3 Still has my life new wonders seen
Repeated every year;
Behold my days that yet remain,
I trust them to thy care.
- 4 Cast me not off when strength declines,
When hoary hairs arise;
And round me let thy glory shine,
Whene'er thy servant dies.
- 5 Then in the history of my age,
When men review my days,
They'll read thy love in every page,
In every line thy praise.

THIRD PART. (vv. 10—14.) a. m.
Refuge in God against Enemies.

- 1 **M**Y foes, with envious hate,
Enraged against me speak;
While watching for my soul they wait,
And murderous counsels take.
- 2 "His God withdraws," they cry,
"None can his soul defend!
Pursue—o'ertake—oppress—destroy!
Deliverance none shall send."
- 3 O God, my constant prayer
To Thee, my God, is made;
Then leave me not, nor stand afar,
But haste with present aid.
- 4 Then shall my foes retire,
Thy power shall all confound,
And they, who still my hurt conspire,
With shame be cover'd round.
- 5 But my unchanging hope
On Thee, my God, relies;
My praises still ascending up,
Increasing as they rise.

FOURTH PART. (vv. 15, 16.) c. m.

The Believer glorying in Christ's Righteousness.

- 1 **M**Y Saviour, my Almighty Friend,
When I begin thy praise,
Where will the growing numbers end,
The numbers of thy grace?

PSALM LXXI.

- 2 Thou art my everlasting trust,
Thy goodness I adore ;
And since I knew thy graces first
I speak thy glories more.
- 3 My feet shall travel all the length
Of the celestial road,
And march with courage in thy strength,
To see my Father, God,
- 4 When I am fill'd with sore distress,
Under my load of sin,
I'll plead thy perfect righteousness,
And mention none but Thine.

FIFTH PART. (vv. 17, 18.) c. m.

The Aged Believer's Prayer.

- 1 GOD of my childhood and my youth,
The Guide of all my days,
I have declar'd thy heavenly truth,
And told thy wondrous ways.
- 2 Wilt thou forsake my hoary hairs,
And leave my fainting heart ?
Who shall sustain my sinking years
If God, my Strength, depart ?
- 3 Let me thy power and truth proclaim
To the surviving age,
And leave a savour of thy Name
When I shall quit the stage.
- 4 The land of silence and of death
Attends my next remove ;
Oh may these poor remains of breath
Teach the wide world thy love !

SIXTH PART. (vv. 20—24.) r. m.

Hope inspiring Praise.

- 1 DEEP with sin and sorrow stricken,
Troubles overwhelm my heart ;
But thy grace my soul can quicken,
And again calm peace impart :
Thou to honour canst restore me,
Though amidst the dust I lie ;
Thou canst raise to life and glory,
Comforts all around supply.

PSALMS LXXI. LXXII.

- 2 Now, with instruments combining,
I'll the grateful tribute raise ;
With the choir in concert joining,
'Tis thy truth, my God, I praise :
Sweetest sounds in concert framing,
To thy Name my gifts I'll bring ;
Thee, my Saviour, Thee proclaiming,
Israel's Holy One and King !
- 3 Sacred joys my heart inspiring,
Bid my lips in triumph move ;
All my soul with rapture firing,
Ransom'd by thy boundless love !
Through the day thy truth enjoying,
I'll thy righteousness declare ;
While thine arm my foes destroying,
Makes my soul thy triumphs share.

PSALM LXXII.

DAVID, praying for Solomon, foretells his peaceful and glorious reign ; and, under that figure, portrays, in most lively and beautiful colours, the Kingdom of Messiah.

The Kingdom of Christ.

FIRST PART. (vv. 1—9.) L. M.

- 1 **G**REAT God ! whose universal sway
The known and unknown worlds obey,
Now give the Kingdom to thy Son,
Extend his power, exalt his throne.
- 2 Thy sceptre well becomes His hands,
All heaven submits to His commands :
His justice shall avenge the poor,
And pride and rage prevail no more.
- 3 With power he vindicates the just,
And treads th' oppressor in the dust :
His worship and his fear shall last
Till hours, and years, and time be past.
- 4 As rain on meadows newly mown,
So shall he send his influence down :
His grace on fainting souls distil,
Like heavenly dew on thirsty hills.
- 5 The Heathen Lands, that lie beneath
The shades of overspreading death,
Revive at His first dawning light,
And deserts blossom at the sight.

PSALM LXXII.

6 The saints shall flourish in his days,
Dress'd in the robes of joy and praise ;
Peace, like a river, from his throne
Shall flow to nations yet unknown.

SECOND PART. (vv. 10—14.) P. M.

- 1 **F**AR as the Isles extend
To the vast Ocean's bound,
Let Kings to Jesus bend,
And pour their offerings round :
Arabia raise The song divine,
And Afric join T' exalt his praise.
- 2 All Princes shall adore,
And gifts and honours bring ;
To hail the Saviour's power,
To crown Immanuel King :
Remotest lands Shall homage pay,
And earth obey His high commands.
- 3 He bows his throne on high
Whene'er his Church complains ;
The needy suppliant's cry
His richest grace obtains :
The poor, consign'd To helpless woe,
Whom none will know, His help shall find.
- 4 His eye with pity spares
Th' afflicted and th' opprest ;
The humble sinner shares
His Mercy's sweetest rest :
He from on high Salvation sends,
Their soul defends, And hears their cry.
- 5 'Twas He their ransom gave,
And still redeems their soul ;
From all deceit He'll save,
And Satan's power controul :
Dear is their blood, For which His Own,
Their guilt t' atone, Abundant flow'd.

THIRD PART. (vv. 15, 16.) S. M.

- 1 **J**ESUS, the King, shall live,
Shall reign for evermore ;
To him her gold shall Sheba give,
And all her treasures pour.
- 2 *For them his ceaseless prayer,*
Like sweet perfume, shall rise ;
While every day his praise shall bear
Above the lofty skies.

PSALMS. LXXII. LXXIII.

- 3 As seed on mountains sown,
His rising Church shall grow ;
Like trees on Lebanon's high head,
Its plenteous harvests show.
4 Her sons, a numerous train,
In Zion's gates shall spread ;
As grass which fills the verdant plains,
And clothes the flowery mead.

FOURTH PART. (vv. 17—19.) a. m.

- 1 JESUS the Saviour's Name
For ever shall endure,
Long as the sun his matchless fame
Shall ever stand secure :
2 Through earth Man's general race
His glory shall confess,
And, bless'd with all his richest grace,
His Holy Name shall bless.
3 Jehovah, God Most High !
We spread thy praise abroad ;
Through the whole world thy fame shall fly,
O God, thine Israel's God !
4 Wonders of grace and power
To Thee alone belong ;
Thy Church those wonders shall adore,
In everlasting song.
5 O Israel bless him still,
His Name to honours raise ;
Let the whole earth his glory fill,
Midst songs of grateful praise :
6 Amen our lips repeat,
Amen we shout again :
Here all our wishes are complete,
Let God our Saviour reign !

PSALM LXXIII.

The person speaking in this Psalm relates the process of a temptation experienced by him beholding the prosperity of the wicked, and closes with expressions of his full trust and confidence in the Divine Mercy and Goodness. No temptation is more common or more formidable, nor can a more powerful and effectual antidote to it be derived, than this most instructive Psalm affords.

FIRST PART. (vv. 1—23.) a. m.

Afflicted Saints happy, and prosperous Sinners accounted.

- 1 SURE there's a righteous God,
Nor is religion vain ;
Though men of vice may boast aloud,

PSALM LXXIII.

- 2 I saw the wicked rise,
And felt my heart repine,
While haughty fools, with scornful eyes,
In robes of honour shine.
- 3 The tumult of my thoughts
Held me in hard suspense,
Till to thy house my feet were brought,
To learn thy justice thence.
- 4 Thy Word with light and power
Shall my mistakes amend :
I view'd the sinners' life before,
But here I learn their end.
- 5 Lord, at thy feet I bow,
Let me no more repine ;
But call Thee all my portion now,
While all my powers are thine.

SECOND PART. (vv. 23—28.) c. m.

God our present and everlasting Portion.

- 1 GOD, my Supporter and my Hope,
My Help for ever near,
Thine arm of mercy held me up,
When sinking in despair.
- 2 Thy counsels, Lord, shall guide my feet
Through this dark wilderness :
Thy hand conduct me near thy seat,
To dwell before thy face.
- 3 Were I in heaven without my God,
'Twould be no joy to me ;
And while this earth is my abode,
I long for none but Thee.
- 4 What if the springs of life were broke,
And flesh and heart should faint ?
God is my soul's Eternal Rock,
The Strength of every saint !
- 5 Behold ! the sinners that remove
Far from thy presence, die :
Not all the idol-gods they love
Can save them when they cry.
- 6 But to draw near to Thee, my God,
Shall be my sweet employ ;
My tongue shall sound thy works abroad,
And tell the world my joy.

PSALM LXXIV.

On whatever occasion this Psalm might have been composed, it is probably intended for the use of the Church in time of persecution.

The Pleading of the Church under Oppression.
(vv. 10—22.) c. m.

- 1 **H**OW long, Eternal God, how long
Shall men of pride blaspheme?
Shall saints be made their endless song,
And bear immortal shame?
- 2 Canst Thou for ever sit and hear
Thy Holy Name profan'd?
And still thy jealousy forbear,
And still withhold thy hand?
- 3 What strange deliverance hast Thou shown
In ages long before?
And now no other God we own,
No other God adore.
- 4 Is not the world of nature thine,
The darkness and the day?
Didst not Thou bid the morning shine,
And mark the sun his way?
- 5 Hath not thy power form'd every coast,
And set the earth its bounds;
With summer's heat and winter's frost,
In their perpetual rounds?
- 6 And shall the sons of earth and dust
That sacred power blaspheme?
Will not thy hand, which form'd them first,
Avenge thine injured Name?
- 7 Think on the covenant Thou hast made,
And all thy words of love;
Nor let the birds of prey invade,
And vex thy mourning dove.
- 8 Our foes would triumph in our blood,
And make our hope their jest;
Plead thy own cause, Almighty God,
And give thy children rest.

PSALM LXXV.

"The justice and security of the Government of Messiah are here shadowed forth by that of David; in which the wicked shall be destroyed, and the righteous triumph: applied to David's Son, King Messiah."—GODBE.

Triumph of Christ the King. (vv. 1—5, 9, 10.) l. m.

- 1 **T**O Thee, Eternal God, we raise
The tribute of repeated praise:
Our lips thy wonders shall proclaim,
And spread the glories of thy Name!

PSALMS LXXV. LXXVI.

- 2 Jesus, Immanuel, David's Son,
Is seated on his Father's throne !
To his own care his Church consign'd,
His justice and his truth shall find.
- 3 Earth trembles to its utmost bound,
And guilt dissolves the nations round :
His arm alone, his people's hope,
Bears the world's mighty pillars up !
- 4 Let not the fool his power defy,
Nor sinners lift their horn on high,
Against his just dominion speak,
With lofty and unbending neck.
- 5 But Jesus, Zion's King alone,
Shall triumph on his heavenly throne,
Shall break the rebel horn of power,
While saints on high his grace adore !

PSALM LXXVI.

This Psalm was composed, as a Thanksgiving Hymn, on account of some great deliverance (usually considered to be the destruction of the Assyrian Army by the Angel) wrought for His people, by the immediate hand of God: the ideas are to be transferred to the salvation of the Church, by the destruction of sin and Satan, and the overthrow of the persecuting Powers.

God glorified in overruling and destroying the Wicked.

(vv. 7, 10—12.) P. M.

- 1 **T**HY glories, Mighty God !
 Alone our reverence claim :
 Thy terrors spread abroad ;
 How awful is thy Name !
Thine anger shown, Thy judgments near,
Who dares appear Before thy throne ?
- 2 Let man his anger raise,
With persecuting rage,
His wrath shall work thy praise,
The rest thy hands assuage :
Then still obey Th' Eternal King ;
Your offerings bring, And vows repay.
- 3 Let all, who round his throne
With holy gifts draw near,
There lay their offerings down,
Jehovah claims their fear :
Before his Word The world shall bow,
And Princes know Thy terrors, Lord !

PSALM LXXVII.

As the foregoing Psalm was evidently composed when the Church had obtained deliverance from her enemies, this Psalm, so low plainly, to have been written at a time when she was in captivity under them : It contains a complaint of sufferings, and a description of the struggle between distrust and faith : which prevails, by having recourse to the consideration of ancient mercies ; particularly, that of redemption from Egypt. The Psalm is admirably calculated for the use and consolation of any Church or soul, when in affliction and distress.

FIRST PART. (vv. 1—12.) C. M.

Faith prevailing against Despondency.

- 1 **T**O God I cried with mournful voice,
 I sought his gracious ear,
 In the sad day when troubles rose,
 And fill'd the night with fear.
- 2 Sad were my days and dark my nights,
 My soul refus'd relief ;
 I thought on God, the just and wise,
 But thought increas'd my grief.
- 3 Still I complain'd, and, still oppress'd,
 My heart began to break ;
 My God, thy wrath forbade me rest,
 And kept my eyes awake.
- 4 My overwhelming sorrows grew,
 Till I could speak no more ;
 Then I within myself withdrew,
 And call'd thy judgments o'er.
- 5 I call'd back years and ancient times,
 When I beheld thy face ;
 My spirit search'd for secret crimes
 That might withhold thy grace.
- 6 I call'd thy mercies to my mind,
 Which I enjoyed before :
 And will the Lord no more be kind ?
 His face appear no more ?
- 7 Will he for ever cast me off ?
 His promise ever fail ?
 Has he forgot his tender love ?
 Shall anger still prevail ?
- 8 But I forbid this hopeless thought,
 This dark, despairing frame,
 Rememb'ring what thy hand hath wrought :
 Thy hand is still the same.
- 9 I'll think again of all thy ways,
 And talk thy wonders o'er :
 Thy wonders of recov'ring grace,
 When flesh could hope no more.

PSALMS LXXVII. LXXVIII.

SECOND PART. (vv. 13—20.) P. M.

Faith exulting in past Deliverances.

- 1 **I**N all thy ways of power or grace,
Great God ! thy holiness we trace :
Who can compare his state with Thee ?
Thou God, for mighty wonders known,
Oft to thy Church thy strength hast shown,
And made th' astonish'd nations see.
- 2 Once did thine arm, with power supreme,
The sons of Jacob's race redeem,
When mighty waters saw their God :
The mighty waters saw Thee near,
The depths, precipitate, in fear,
Fled in confusion at thy nod.
- 3 Clouds pour'd in torrents from on high,
The noisy tempests fill'd the sky,
Thy flaming arrows fled around :
O'er heaven thy voice in thunder rolls,
The lightnings blaze around the poles,
And tremblings shake the solid ground.
- 4 Through the deep channels of the sea
Thine arm prepares thine Israel's way ;
Thy steps pursue the path unknown :
And still, through dark and searchless deeps,
Thy providence its tenor keeps,
Unveil'd but to Thyselv alone.
- 5 As thus thy flock to Canaan's land,
By Moses' and by Aaron's hand,
Thy power of old thy people led ;
Thy Church shall now thy wonders know,
While to their heavenly rest they go,
Secure, with Jesus at their head !

PSALM LXXVIII.

Instruction of Children. (vv. 1—7.) C. M.

- 1 **L**E'T children hear the mighty deeds
Which God perform'd of old ;
Which in our younger years we saw,
And which our fathers told.
- 2 **H**e bids us make his glories known,
His works of power and grace ;
And we'll convey his wonders down,
Through every rising race.

PSALMS LXXIX. LXXX.

- 3 Our lips shall tell them to our sons,
And they again to theirs ;
That generations, yet unborn,
May teach them to their heirs.
- 4 Thus shall they learn in God alone
Their hope securely stands ;
That they may ne'er forget his works,
But practise his commands.

PSALM LXXIX.

Prayer for Mercy. (vv. 8, 9.) s. m.

- 1 **T**HOU gracious God and kind,
Oh cast our sins away ;
Nor call our former guilt to mind,
Thy justice to display.
- 2 Thy tenderest mercies show,
Thy richest grace prepare,
Ere yet, with guilty fears laid low,
We perish in despair.
- 3 Save us from guilt and shame,
Thy glory to display ;
And, for the great Redeemer's Name,
Wash all our sins away.

PSALM LXXX.

* This Psalm begins with a prayer for Deliverance against opposition and
gives : pleading with God His character of the Church's Shepherd, and intru-
ing Him to remember the Branch of Promise, the exalted Saviour." —GOD

FIRST PART. (vv. 1—7.) l. m.

The Church's Prayer under Affliction.

- 1 **G**REAT Shepherd of thine Israel,
Who didst between the cherubs dwell
And led'st the tribes, thy chosen sheep,
Safe through the desert and the deep :
- 2 Thy Church is in the desert now ;
Shine from on high, and guide us through
Turn us to Thee, thy love restore ;
We shall be sav'd, and sigh no more.
- 3 Great God ! whom heavenly hosts obey
How long shall we lament and pray,
And wait in vain thy kind return ?
How long shall thy fierce anger burn ?

PSALMS LXXX. LXXXI.

- 4 Instead of wine and cheerful bread,
Thy saints with their own tears are fed :
Turn us to Thee, thy love restore ;
We shall be sav'd, and sigh no more.

SECOND PART. (vv. 14—17.) L. M.

The Church pleading for Grace in the Name of Christ.

- 1 **T**HY Church, thy Vineyard, Lord, behold,
Planted by thy right-hand of old :
Strong in thy strength it rais'd its head,
And through the lands thy glory spread.
- 2 Hence did thy power command to rise
The Branch most glorious in thine eyes,
Jesus, the Son of David's race !
The Branch of Promise and of Grace !
- 3 But now, afflicted and opprest,
Thy gathering fires around it rest :
Thy Churches fall—by Thee forsook,
And perish at thy fierce rebuke.
- 4 Yet, Lord, behold, at thy right-hand
Jesus the Mighty Saviour stand,
Of David's race, but own'd Thy Son,
Thy power has raised **HIM** to the throne !
- 5 Now let thine arm his throne sustain,
And fix his everlasting reign ;
Then in His Name we'll venture nigh,
Nor dread thy wrath, nor shun thine eye.

PSALM LXXXI.

Praise on the Sacred Festivals. (vv. 1—4.) C. M.

- 1 **T**O God, our Strength, your voice, aloud,
In strains of glory raise ;
High to Jehovah, Jacob's God,
Exalt the notes of praise.
- 2 With psalms of honour and of joy,
Let all his temples ring ;
Your various instruments employ,
And songs of triumph sing.
- 3 Now let the Gospel Trumpet blow,
On each appointed feast,
And teach his waiting Church to know
The Sabbath's sacred rest.
- 4 *This was the statute of the Lord,*
To Israel's favour'd race :
And yet his courts preserve his Word,
And there we wait his grace.

PSALMS LXXXI.—LXXXIV.

PSALM LXXXII.

Warning to Sinners. L. M.

- 1 AMONG th' assemblies of the great,
A greater Ruler takes his seat ;
The God of Heaven, as Judge, surveys
Those gods on earth, and all their ways.
- 2 Why will ye then frame wicked laws ?
Or why support th' unrighteous cause ?
When will ye once defend the poor,
That sinners vex the saints no more ?
- 3 They know not, Lord, nor will they know,
Dark are the ways in which they go :
Their name of Earthly Gods is vain,
For they shall fall and die like men.
- 4 Arise, O Lord, and let thy Son
Possess his universal throne,
And rule the nations with his rod :
He is our Judge, and He our God.

PSALM LXXXIII.

The Church girded against her enemies. (vv. 1—8.) L. M.

- 1 O GOD of righteousness, awake !
Thy long-protracted silence break,
Nor let thy hand supinely rest,
Regardless of thy Church opprest !
- 2 For, lo ! with tumult's clamorous noise,
Thy foe thy weeping Church destroys ;
And the vain men, who hate thy Name,
Their pride with lifted head proclaim.
- 3 Their secret arts, with subtle care,
Against thy people they prepare :
Vain rage ! thy Church shall safely stand,
Hid in the shelter of thy hand.

PSALM LXXXIV.

Under the sign of an Israelite deported of all means to Jerusalem and the sanctuary, (whether it were David when driven away by Absalom, or any other person in like circumstances at a different time,) we are presented with the inward longings of a devout soul after the house and presence of God.

Longing for the House of God.

First Version. c. m.

- 1 O GOD of Hosts, the Mighty Lord,
How lovely is the place
Where Thou, enthron'd in glory, dwelt.
The brightness of thy face !

PSALM LXXXIV.

- 2 My longing soul faints with desire
 To view thy blest abode :
My panting heart and flesh cry out
 For Thee, the Living God.
- 3 O Lord of Hosts, my King and God,
 How highly blest are they,
Who in thy temple always dwell,
 And there thy praise display !
- 4 Thrice happy they, whose choice has Thee
 Their sure protection made ;
Who long to tread the sacred ways,
 Which to thy dwelling lead.
- 5 For God, who is our Sun and Shield,
 Will grace and glory give ;
And no good thing will he withhold
 From them that justly live.

Second Version. L. M.

- 1 HOW pleasant, how divinely fair,
 O Lord of Hosts, thy dwellings are !
With long desire my spirit faints,
 To meet th' assemblies of thy saints.
- 2 My flesh would rest in thine abode ;
My panting heart cries out for God :
My God ! my King ! why should I be
 So far from all my joys, and Thee ?
- 3 Blest are the souls that find a place
 Within the temple of thy grace !
There they behold thy gentler rays,
 And seek thy face and learn thy praise.
- 4 Cheerful they walk with growing strength,
Till all shall meet in heaven at length ;
Till all before thy face appear,
 And join in nobler worship there.

Third Version. R. M.

- 1 LORD of the worlds above,
 How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of thy love,
 Thy earthly temples, are !
To thine abode *My heart aspires,*
With warm desires, *To see my God.*
- ' *Oh happy souls that pray,*
Where God appoints to hear !

PSALMS LXXXIV. LXXXV.

Oh happy men that pay
Their constant service there !

They praise thee still ; And happy they,
Who love the way To Zion's hill.

3 They go from strength to strength,
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each o'ercome at length,
Till each in heaven appears :

Oh glorious seat ! Thou God, our King
Shalt thither bring Our willing feet.

4 God is our Sun and Shield,
Our Light and our Defence :
With gifts his hands are fill'd ;
We draw our blessings thence :
He shall bestow Upon our race
His saving grace, And glory too.

5 The Lord his people loves,
His hand no good withholds
From those his heart approves,
From holy, humble souls :
Thrice happy he, O God of Hosts,
Whose spirit trusts Alone in Thee.

PSALM LXXXV.

This Psalm, appointed to be used on Christmas Day, describes the Birth of Christ, and the blessed effects of His Advent.

FIRST PART. (vv. 7, 9, 10.) e. m.
Incarnation of Christ.

1 THY mercy, O our God,
To all thy Church display :
Proclaim thy grace abroad,
And spread the Gospel Day :
High on thy throne, Our prayers attend
And quickly send Salvation down.

2 Jesus the Saviour's nigh
To those who fear his Name ;
He comes !—his praise on high
Let all his Church proclaim !
His footsteps still On earth shall stand
And all the land His glory fill.

3 Now Truth and Mercy meet !
In Jesu's face they shine ;
And Peace and Justice greet,
With smiles of Love divine :
With heavenly grace. Midst soon of us

PSALMS LXXXV. LXXXVI.

SECOND PART. (vv. 11—13.) P. M.

Blessed Effects of Christ's Incarnation.

- 1 **T**H' Incarnate God appears !
 From earth behold Him rise !
 Truth's beauteous form he wears,
 The glory of the skies !
 While Justice round, From heaven above,
 With smiles of love, Surveys the ground.
- 2 The Lord his blessing pours
 Around our favour'd land ;
 His grace like gentle showers
 Descends at his command :
 O'er all the plains Blest fruits arise ;
 The rich supplies, Since Jesus reigns.
- 3 His Righteousness alone
 Prepares his wondrous way :
 He rises to his throne,
 In realms of endless day !
 His steps we trace, His path pursue ;
 And, Heaven in view, Adore his grace.

PSALM LXXXVI.

This Psalm is entitled, "A Prayer of David," and is supposed to have been written in some of his great distresses. Like others of the same kind, it is calculated for the use of the Church, during her sufferings here below, by which she is conformed to the image of the True David, that Man of Sorrows.

FIRST PART. (vv. 1—4.) S. M.

Earnest Cries for Mercy.

- 1 **M**Y God, my prayer attend !
 Oh bow thine ear to me,
 Without a hope, without a friend,
 Without a help, but Thee !
- 2 Oh guard my soul around,
 Which loves and trusts thy grace ;
 Nor let the Powers of Hell confound
 The hopes on Thee I place !
- 3 Thy Mercy I intreat,
 Let Mercy hear my cries,
 While, humbly waiting at thy seat,
 My daily prayers arise !
- 4 Oh bid my heart rejoice,
 And every fear controul ;
 Since at Thy throne, with suppliant voice,
 To Thee I lift my soul !

PSALM LXXXVI.

SECOND PART. (vv. 5—7.) L. M.

God plenteous in Mercy.

- 1 **T**HOU, Lord, art good ; nor only good,
 But prompt to pardon too :
 Of plenteous mercy to all those
 Who for thy mercy sue.
- 2 To my repeated humble prayer,
 O Lord, attentive be !
When troubled, I on Thee will call ;
 For Thou wilt answer me.

THIRD PART. (vv. 8—10.) SLOWLY.

God alone to be worshipped.

- 1 **T**HOU, Jehovah, God o'er all !
 Idol gods to Thee shall fall :
 None thy wondrous works can share ;
 None with Thee in might compare !
- 2 Form'd by thy creative hand,
 Let the nations round Thee stand ;
Prostrate at thy throne confess,
 And adore the Saviour's grace.
- 3 Great in power ! Thine arm divine !
 Round the world thy wonders shine :
Bid the world thy glories own,
 God of Gods, and God alone !

FOURTH PART. (vv. 11—15.) L. M.

Grace sought, and Praise promised.

- 1 **T**HOU Great Instructor, lest I stray,
 Oh teach my erring feet thy way !
Thy truth, with ever fresh delight,
 Shall guide my doubtful steps aright.
- 2 How oft my heart's affections yield,
 Scatter'd o'er all the world's wide field !
My vagrant passions, Lord, reclaim ;
 Unite them all to fear thy Name.
- 3 Then, to my God, my heart and tongue,
 With all their powers, shall raise the song :
On Earth thy glories I'll declare,
 Till Heaven th' immortal notes prepare.
- 4 Thy mercies claim the song I raise,
 The tribute of eternal praise ;
And there the wondrous grace I'll tell,
 Which saved me from the depths of hell.

PSALM LXXXVII.

This Psalm was probably penned, on a survey of the City of David, just after the buildings of it were finished.

First Version. L. M.

The Church the Birth-place of the Saints.

- 1 GOD in his earthly temple lays Foundations for his heavenly praise :
He likes the tents of Jacob well,
But still in Zion loves to dwell.
- 2 His mercy visits every house
Which pays its night and morning vows ;
But makes a more delightful stay
Where Churches meet to praise and pray
- 3 What glories were describ'd of old !
What wonders are of Zion told !
Thou City of our God below,
Thy fame shall Tyre and Egypt know.
- 4 Egypt and Tyre, and Greek and Jew,
Shall there begin their lives anew :
Angels and men shall join to sing
The hill where living waters spring.
- 5 When God makes up his last account
Of natives in his holy mount,
'Twill be an honour to appear
As one new-born or nourish'd there !

Second Version. P. M.

Christ the Glory of the Church.

- 1 FIX'D on the sacred hills,
Its firm foundations rest :
The Lord his Temple fills,
With all his glory blest !

He waits where'er His saints adore,
But loves the gates Of Zion more.
- 2 O Zion, sacred place !
Thy name shall spread around ;
The City of His Grace,
His wonders there abound :

Thy glories shall Thy God declare,
And earth thy fame Resound afar.
- 3 " Where Egypt's sons adore,
Where Babel's idols reign,
I'll there reveal My power,
And bid My grace remain :

The fact record, The grace proclaim,
In Zion's born The Wondrous Name !"

PSALMS LXXXVII. LXXXVIII.

Philistia now behold,
Through Tyre the message runs,
His glory shall be told

To Ethiopia's sons :
Zion no more
The Man, the Man. Shall sink to scorn,
'Tis He, the Lord Most High !

His Zion shall defend ;
Shall all her foes defy,
And save her to the end :

Around his throne Shall all proclaim,
Immanuel's born ! The Wondrous Name !

6 In Him the Day arose
Of everlasting grace ;
Jesus the day shall close,
Midst endless songs of praise :

While heavenly harps On high resound,
" All, all my springs In Thee are found ! "

PSALM LXXXVIII.

The nature and degree of the sufferings related in this Psalm, the grounds of the expression used to describe them, the consent of ancient expositors, the application of the Psalm by the Church to the passion of Christ, all these circumstances concur in directing an application of the whole to our blessed Lord. His unexampled sorrows, both in body and soul, his desertion to the day of trouble, his bitter passion and approaching death, with his frequent and fervent prayers for the accomplishment of the prophecies, for his salvation and the Church through him, and for the manifestation of God's glory—these are the particulars treated of in this most instructive and affecting Psalm.

Meditation for Good Friday. P. M.

FIRST PART. (vv. 1—8.)

1 " O LORD, My God, with power divine
Thine arm can make salvation Mine ! "

" Thus cried our suffering Lord :

" By night, by day, My ceaseless prayer
Has sought in grief thy guardian care,

2 What anguish fill'd his dying soul !

Behold the cup of mis'ry's full !

By lawless power consign'd to death,

Lo ! on the Cross he yields his breath

As impotent to save.

3 Free, midst the regions of the dead
His spirit flies : his guiltless head

Beneath our curse, declines

PSALM. LXXXVIII.

Amidst the slain, whom none deplore ;
Whose hated name revives no more,
Whom God to death consigns.

- 4 Down sinking to the lowest pit,
Darkness and deeps around him meet,
And wrath o'erwhelms his soul :
The sorrows which our sins impart,
With wave on wave oppress his heart,
And ceaseless o'er him roll.
- 5 Disciples fled, and friends afar,
No pitying eye his griefs to share,
By Priest and Scribe abhor'd ;
Jesus our weighty guilt sustains !
The Mighty dies !—the tomb detains !
We bless our Dying Lord.

SECOND PART. (vv. 9—14.)

- 1 **L**O ! in Gethsemane's dark shade,
Our sins upon the Saviour laid,
He pours his tears and cries ;
Through life oppress'd with ceaseless woes
But now in blood those sorrows close,
While thus his prayers arise—
- 2 “ Say, shall the dead thy wonders see ?
Shall death its captive prisoners free,
Thy praises to display ?
Say, shall thy kindnesses be shown,
Unchang'd thy faithfulness be known,
Where all things else decay ?
- 3 “ Lord, shall thy wonders meet our sight,
Where darkness, in eternal night,
Its sable throne maintains ?
Thy righteousness be there confess,
Where all, unseen, forgotten, rest,
And deep oblivion reigns ?
- 4 “ Oft did My morning prayers arise :
Before the dawn o'erspread the skies,
I sought thy aid divine :
Why, O my God, withdraw thy love ?
Father, the bitter cup remove—
But, silent, I resign !”

PSALMS LXXXVIII. LXXXIX.

THIRD PART. (vv. 15—18.)

HAIL, Man of Sorrows : we adore
The love which all our sorrows bore,
From the first infant breath ;
But now the Lord, his terrors spread,
His wrath hangs heavy o'er his head,
And sinks his soul in death.

2 Like mighty billows, rolling near,
Around his Cross his foes appear :
His Friends, his God, afar !
But for our guilt his Cross atones,
He triumphs in his dying groans,
And we his victory share !

PSALM LXXXIX.

In this Psalm, appointed to be read on Christmas Day, the Church extols
the mercies of God in Christ, and the happiness and security of his people
and prays for the accomplishment of the promises.

FIRST PART. (vv. 1, 5.) L. M.

Praise for Divine Mercies.

1 **T**HY mercies, Lord, shall be my song
My song on them shall ever swell :
To ages yet unborn, my tongue
Thy never-failing truth shall tell.

2 For such stupendous truth and love,
Both heaven and earth just praises own
By choirs of angels sung above,
And by assembled saints below.

SECOND PART. (vv. 15—18.) C.

The Happiness and Security of the People of
1 **B**LEST are the souls that hear a

The Gospel's joyful sound ;
Peace shall attend the path they go
And light their steps surround.

2 Their joy shall bear their spirits high
Through their Redeemer's Name
His righteousness exalts their ho

Nor Satan dares condemn.

3 The Lord, our Glory and Defense
Strength and salvation gives
Israel, thy King for ever reigns
Thy God for ever lives.

PSALMS LXXXIX. XC.

THIRD PART. (vv. 47—52.) P. M.

Life, Death, and Resurrection.

- 1 **T**HINK, Mighty God, on feeble man,
How few his hours, how short his span !
Short from the cradle to the grave :
Who can secure his vital breath
Against the bold demands of death,
With skill to fly, or power to save ?
- 2 Lord, shall it be for ever said,
“ The race of man was only made
For sickness, sorrow, and the dust ? ”
Are not thy servants, day by day,
Sent to their graves, and turn’d to clay ?
Lord, where’s thy kindness to the just ?
- 3 Hast Thou not promis’d to thy Son,
And all his seed, a heavenly crown ?
Why should our trembling hearts despair ?
For ever blessed be the Lord,
That faith can read his Holy Word,
And find a Resurrection there.
- 4 For ever blessed be the Lord,
Who gives his saints a long reward
For all their toil, reproach, and pain !
Let all below, and all above,
Join to proclaim thy wondrous love,
And each repeat a loud Amen.

PSALM XC.

This Psalm is called, in its title, “ A prayer of Moses, the man of God.” By him it is imagined to have been composed, when God shortened the days of the murmuring Israelites in the wilderness. See Numb. xiv. It is, however, a Psalm of general use, and is made by the Church a part of her Funeral Service.

FIRST PART. (vv. 1—6.) C. M.

God the Help and Hope of frail Man.

- 1 **O**GOD, our Help in ages past,
Our Hope for years to come,
Our Shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal Home !
- 2 Under the shadow of thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure :
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

PSALM XC.

- 3 Before the hills in order stood,
 Or earth received her frame ;
From everlasting Thou art God,
 To endless years the same.
- 4 A thousand ages in thy sight,
 Are like an evening gone ;
Short as the watch that ends the night,
 Before the rising sun.
- 5 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
 Bears all its sons away :
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
 Dies at the opening day.
- 6 O God ! our Help in ages past,
 Our Hope for years to come ;
Be thou our Guard while life shall last,
 And our eternal Home !

SECOND PART. (vv. 7—12.) L. M.

Infirmities and Mortality the effect of Sin.

- 1 **T**HINE anger, Lord—thine anger's just !—
 Has doom'd our guilty race to dust :
Thy wrath perpetual round us flows,
 And strews the path of life with woes.
- 2 Our guilt can ne'er escape thine eye !
 Thou bid'st our sins before Thee lie :
Thy piercing beams our paths survey,
 And bring our secret crimes to day.
- 3 Laden with sorrow and with care,
 Our days thy just displeasure bear ;
Our years a tale, which flies apace,
 Nor memory can the facts retrace.
- 4 Threescore and ten life's full amount !
 Or if, through strength, we eighty count,
The rest what anxious fears attend !
 And swift they hasten to their end.
- 5 But who, Great God, thy judgments round,
 Trembles upon the vast profound ?
Who can thine awful power declare,
 Or know how great thy terrors are ?
- 6 **T**hou Great Instructor ! grace bestow :
 Teach us to count our days below :
Let wisdom guide and guard our way,
 Then welcome death and endless day.

PSALMS XC. XCI.

THIRD PART. (vv. 13—17.) C. M.

Breathing after Mercy and Glory.

[Ow long ! O Lord ! return, return,
And change thy wrath for grace :
pitious, while thy servants mourn,
Oh save a guilty race !

Sy, my God ! thy Mercy send,
And fill our souls with joy ;
en praise shall all our steps attend,
nd all our days employ.

w let thy love our peace restore,
'portion'd to our tears ;
let thy just displeasure more
fflict our following years.

y work to all thy servants show,
Redemption—work divine !
I let thy glory here below
round thy children shine.

: all thy grandeur beam abroad,
ly all thy Church ador'd ;
: beauties of the Lord our God,
hy glory in thy Word.

r work confirm, our labours bless,
'ill from our toils we rise ;
I crown our warfare with success,
ternal in the skies !

PSALM XCI.

is addressed, primarily, to Messiah. That it relates to Him, Jews and are agreed; and the Devil, Matt. iv. 6, cited two verses from it, universally known and allowed to have been spoken of Him. It may properly be called, the ' Charter of the Christian's Privileges'; in its fullest sense it is applicable to Christ; and so part of it was the Devil, in his temptation in the wilderness: but it shall also be the preservation and ultimate salvation of every true Believer in Him."—GOODE.

FIRST PART. (vv. 1—6.) L. M.

Safety in Divine Protection.

E that hath made his refuge God,
Shall find a most secure abode ;
I walk all day beneath his shade,
here at night shall rest his head.

PSALM XCL.

ice happy man ! thy Maker's care
Will keep thee from the fowler's snare—
an, the fowler, who betrays
unguarded souls a thousand ways.

1 If burning beams of noon conspire
To dart a pestilential fire,
God is their life, his wings are spread
To shield them with a healthful shade.

5 If vapours, with malignant breath,
Rise thick, and scatter midnight death,
Israel is safe : the poison'd air
Grows pure, if Israel's God be there !

SECOND PART. (vv. 9—13.) v. n.

Safety and Victory of Christ and His Church.

1 SINCE Thou hast made th' Eternal God
Jehovah, God Most High !
No evil shall befall thy head,
Nor plagues their fatal influence shed

Tby favour'd dwelling nigh.

2 His Angels, messengers of grace !
Their charge receive : they guard thy way :
Their eyes thy steps attend :
Their hands thy mortal frame shall bear ;

Thy feet be their perpetual care,
Nor shall a stone offend.

3 Jesus, the Man of God's delight,
Foil'd on the Cross the Lion's might
Now let the Powers of Hell assail,
Still shall his Church with Him prevail,

And on the Serpent tread.

THIRD PART. (vv. 14—16.) v. n.

Dominion and Glory promised to Messiah.

1 " SINCE I his highest love possess
I'll still My Son with victory b
And save him," saith the Lord

PSALMS XCII. XCII.

ince he hath known and fear'd My Name,
I'll place him high, o'er all supreme,
By earth and heaven ador'd.

“ His prayer, directed to My throne,
With kind returns of love I'll own,
Through all his mournful days :
Though guilt and sorrows o'er him roll,
My presence shall sustain his soul,
And high to honours raise.

3 “ Eternal days I'll then bestow,
The fulness of My bliss ; and show
How strong Mine arm to save :
Then with their Lord his Church shall rise,
To endless glory in the skies,
And triumph o'er the grave.”

PSALM XCII.

FIRST PART. (vv. 1—11.) L. M.
For the Lord's Day.

- 1 **S**WEET is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy Name, give thanks and sing ;
To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truths at night.
- 2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
No mortal cares shall seize my breast :
Oh may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound.
- 3 My heart shall triumph in the Lord,
And bless his works and bless his word :
Thy works of grace how bright they shine !
How deep thy counsels ! how divine !
- 4 Fools never raise their thoughts so high,
Like brutes they live, like brutes they die ;
Like grass they flourish, till thy breath
Blasts them in everlasting death.
- 5 But I shall share a glorious part,
When grace hath well refin'd my heart ;
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.
- 6 *Sin, my worst enemy before,*
Shall vex my eyes and ears no more :
My inward foes shall all be slain,
Nor Satan break my peace again.

PSALMS XCII. XCIII.

- 7 Then shall I see, and hear, and know,
All I desir'd or wish'd below ;
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

SECOND PART. (vv. 12—15.) L. M.

The Church the Garden of the Lord.

- 1 **L**ORD, 'tis a pleasant thing to stand
In gardens planted by thy hand !
Let me within thy courts be seen,
Like a young cedar fresh and green.
- 2 There grow thy saints in faith and love,
Blest with thine influence from above ;
Not Lebanon, with all its trees,
Yields such a comely sight as these.
- 3 The plants of grace shall ever live :
Nature decays, but grace must thrive :
Time, that doth all things else impair,
Still makes them flourish strong and fair.
- 4 Laden with fruits of age, they shew
The Lord is holy, just, and true :
None that attend his gates shall find
A God unfaithful or unkind.

PSALM XCIII.

The Jews acknowledge that the Kingdom of Messiah is prophesied of in this Psalm; and in all those which follow, to the Hundredth.

The Kingdom of Christ.

First Version. L. M.

- 1 **W**ITH glory clad, with strength array'd,
The Lord, who o'er all nature reigns,
The world's foundation strongly laid,
And the vast fabric still sustains.
- 2 How surely establish'd is thy throne,
Which shall no change or period see !
For Thou, O Lord, and Thou alone,
Art God from all eternity.
- 3 The floods, O Lord, lift up their voice,
And toss the troubled waves on high ;
But God above can still their noise,
And make the angry sea comply.
- 4 *Thy promise, Lord, is ever sure ;*
And they who in thy house would dwell,
That happy station to secure,
Must still in holiness excel.

PSALM XCIII.

Second Version. P. M.

JOVAH alone, majestic in might,
Appears on his throne, in vestments of light!
Strength He's surrounded, while ruling above;
Earth which He founded, no power can remove.

Our Jesus on high enthron'd we behold,
His power o'er the sky, establish'd of old;
Majesty casting beneath thy great Name,
Thou from everlasting art always the same!

With tumult and noise, high rolling around,
The floods lift their voice, their billows resound:
The nations assaulted thy throne in disdain;
High 'tis exalted, o'er all to remain.

Our Jesus above their billows defies,
Ho' earth should remove, or seas meet the skies:
Promise shall never deceive nor decay;
Holiness ever thy house should display.

Third Version. P. M.

WE servants of God, your Master proclaim,
And publish abroad his wonderful Name;
Name all-victorious of Jesus extol;
Kingdom is glorious, and rules over all.

God ruleth on high, Almighty to save;
And still he is nigh, his presence we have:
Great congregation his triumph shall sing,
Praising salvation to Jesus our King.

Salvation to God, who sits on the throne,
Let all cry aloud, and honour the Son:
Jesus's praises the angels proclaim,
Down on their faces, and worship the Lamb.

Then let us adore, and give him his right,
All glory and power, and wisdom and might;
Honour and blessing, with angels above,
Thanks never ceasing, for infinite love.

Fourth Version. P. M.

THE Lord Jehovah reigns,
And royal state maintains,
His head with awful glories crown'd;
Array'd in robes of light,
Begirt with sov'reign might,
And rays of majesty around.

PSALMS XCIII. XCIV.

- 2 Upheld by his commands,
The world securely stands,
And skies and stars obey thy word :
Thy throne was fix'd on high,
Before the starry sky :
Eternal is thy Kingdom, Lord !
- 3 In vain the noisy crowd,
Like billows fierce and loud,
Against thine empire rage and roar :
In vain, with angry spite,
The surly nations fight,
And dash like waves against the shore.
- 4 Let floods and nations rage,
And all their powers engage ;
Let swelling tides assault the sky :
The terrors of thy frown
Shall beat their madness down ;
Thy throne for ever stands on high.
- 5 Thy promises are true,
Thy grace is ever new ;
There fix'd, thy Church shall ne'er remove :
Thy saints with holy fear
Shall in thy courts appear,
And sing thine everlasting love.

PSALM XCIV.

The Blessedness of God's guidance. (vv. 12, 14, 15, 32.) c.m.

- 1 **B**LEST is the man, whom Thou, O Lord,
In kindness dost chastise,
And by thy sacred rules to walk
Dost lovingly advise.
- 2 For God will never from his saints
His favour wholly take :
His own possession and his lot
He will not quite forsake.
- 3 The world shall then confess Thee just,
In all that Thou hast done ;
And those, who choose thy upright paths,
Shall in those paths go on.
- 4 My sure defence is firmly placed
In Thee, the Lord Most High :
Thou art my Rock, to which I may
For refuge always fly.

PSALM XCV.

psalm has been long used in the Christian Church, as a proper introduction to her holy Services. The Author of the Epistle to the Hebrews has taught us, chapters iii. and iv. to consider it as an address to believers under the Gospel.

At the Opening of Worship.

First Version. s. m.

COME, sound his praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing :
Jehovah is the Sov'reign God,
The Universal King.

Come, worship at his throne ;
Come, bow before the Lord :
We are his work and not our own ;
He form'd us by his word.

To-day attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod ;
Come, like the people of his choice,
And own your gracious God.

Second Version. c. m.

SING to the Lord Jehovah's Name,
And in his strength rejoice ;
When his salvation is our theme,
Exalted be our voice.

With thanks approach his awful sight,
And psalms of honour sing ;
The Lord's a God of boundless might,
The whole creation's King !

Come, and with humble souls adore ;
Come, kneel before his face :
Oh may the creatures of his power
Be children of his grace !

Third Version. l. m.

OH Come, loud anthems let us sing,
Loud thanks to our Almighty King :
For we our voices high should raise,
When our Salvation's Rock we praise.

*Into his presence let us haste,
To thank him for his favours past ;
To him address, in joyful songs,
The praise which to his Name belongs.*

PSALMS XCV. XCVI.

3 Oh let us to his courts repair,
And bow with adoration there ;
Down on our knees, devoutly, all
Before the Lord our Maker fall.

Fourth Version. P. M.

- 1 O H come, let us sing to the Lord ;
In God, our Salvation, rejoice ;
In psalms of thanksgiving record
His praise, with one heart and one voice
For Jehovah is King, and he reigns,
The God of all gods, on his throne :
The strength of the hills he maintains,
The ends of the earth are his own.
- 2 The sea is Jehovah's—He made
The tide its dominion to know :
The land is Jehovah's—He laid
Its solid foundation below.
Oh come let us worship, and kneel
Before our Creator, our God—
The people who serve him with zeal,
The flock whom he guides with his rod

PSALM XCVI.

By common consent of Jews and Christians, we apply this Psalm to
of Messiah. We find, by 1 Chron. xvi., that David delivered out this
be sung on occasion of temporal blessings, figurative of future spirit

Salvation for the Heathen.

First Version. A. M.

- 1 NOW let your songs arise,
In new exalted strains ;
Let earth repeat it to the skies,
The Lord, the Saviour reigns !
- 2 Sing to the Lord our God,
And bless his sacred Name :
His great salvation, all abroad,
From day to day proclaim.
- 3 Midst Heathen Nations place
The glories of his throne ;
And let the wonders of his grace
Through all the earth be known
- 4 Great is th' Eternal Lord,
And great must be his praise
O'er all the gods, on high ador'd
His mightier arm he'll raise

PSALMS XCVI. XCVII.

- 5 The gods, the Heathen boasts,
Nor hear, nor see, nor move :
Jehovah is the Lord of Hosts,
Who spread the heavens above !
- 6 Through earth, let every tribe,
Let every nation, sing ;
Glory, and grace, and might, ascribe
To our Eternal King !

Second Version. c. m.

- 1 SING to the Lord, ye distant lands,
Ye tribes of every tongue :
His new discover'd grace demands
A new and nobler song.
- 2 Say to the nations, Jesus reigns !
God's own Almighty Son !
His power the sinking world sustains,
And grace surrounds his throne.
- 3 Behold he comes ! he comes to bless
The nations, as their God ;
To shew the world his righteousness,
And send his truth abroad.

Third Version. r. m.

- 1 LET all the earth their voices raise,
To sing the choicest psalm of praise :
To sing and bless Jehovah's Name :
His glory let the Heathen know,
His wonders to the Nations show,
And all his saving works proclaim.
- 2 Come the great day, the glorious hour,
When earth shall feel his saving power,
And barbarous nations fear his Name .
Then shall the race of man confess
The beauty of his holiness,
And in his courts his grace proclaim.

PSALM XCVII.

In this Psalm, the Reign of Christ is again celebrated.

FIRST PART. (vv. 1—5.) l. m.

Christ reigning, and taking vengeance on His Enemies

- 1 HE reigns ! the Lord the Saviour reigns
Praise him in evangelic strains :
Let the whole earth in songs rejoice,
And distant islands join their voice.

PSALM XCVII.

- 2 Deep are his counsels and unknown ;
But grace and truth support his throne :
Though gloomy clouds his way surround,
Justice is their eternal ground.
- 3 In robes of judgment, lo, he comes !
Shakes the wide earth and cleaves the tombs
Before him burns devouring fire,
The mountains melt, the seas retire.
- 4 His enemies, with sore dismay,
Fly from the sight, and shun the day ;
Then lift your heads, ye saints, on high,
And sing, for your redemption's nigh.

SECOND PART. (vv. 6—8.) c. m.

Overthrow of Idols.

- 1 THE heavens his righteousness declare,
And angels hail his birth :
His Gospel shall his glories bear
Around th' admiring earth.
- 2 Ye idols, prostrate on the ground,
Th' Incarnate God adore :
His arm your worship shall confound,
And all who trust your power.
- 3 Zion with holy triumph hears,
The Church proclaims her joys ;
Her Saviour for her aid appears,
And praise her lips employs.

THIRD PART. (vv. 9—12.) l. m.

Grace leading to Glory.

- 1 TH' Almighty reigns, exalted high
O'er all the earth, o'er all the sky :
Though clouds and darkness veil his feet,
His dwelling is the Mercy-seat.
- 2 O ye that love his Holy Name,
Hate every work of sin and shame :
He guards the souls of all his friends,
And from the snares of hell defends.
- 3 Immortal light and joys unknown
Are for the saints in darkness now :
Those glorious seeds shall spring and grow
And the bright harvest bless our eye.

PSALMS XCVII. XCVIII.

1 Rejoice, ye righteous, and record
The sacred honours of the Lord :
None but the soul that feels his grace
Shall triumph in his holiness.

PSALM XCVIII.

In this Evangelical Hymn, the Prophet extols the miracles, victory, salvation, righteousness, mercy, and truth of the Redeemer; on account of which, he calls on man and the whole creation to rejoice, and praise Jehovah.

FIRST PART. (vv. 1—4,) P. M.

Salvation for the Heathen.

1 **S**ONGS anew of honour framing,
Sing ye to the Lord alone ;
All his wondrous works proclaiming,
Jesus wondrous works hath done !
Glorious victory—
His right-hand and arm hath won !

2 Now he bids his great salvation
Through the Heathen Lands be told :
Tidings spread through every nation,
And his acts of grace unfold :
All the Heathen—
Shall his righteousness behold.

3 Once the word by Mercy spoken,
Israel soon shall know his grace :
Never shall his truth be broken,
Faithful still to Israel's race :
God's salvation—
Earth's far-distant coasts embrace.

4 Shout aloud, and hail the Saviour,
Jesus, Lord of All proclaim !
As ye triumph in his favour,
All ye lands declare his fame :
Loud rejoicing—
Shout the honours of his Name !

SECOND PART. (vv. 4—9.) C. M.
Blessings of Christ's Kingdom.

1 **J**OY to the world ! the Lord is come !
Let earth receive her King :
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

2 Joy to the earth ! the Saviour reigns !
Let men their songs employ ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plain
Repeat the sounding joy.

PSALMS XCIII. XCIX.

- 3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground ;
He comes to make his blessings flow,
Far as the curse is found.
- 4 He rules the world with truth and grace ;
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

PSALM XCIX. *R.*

Under images borrowed from the Old Dispensation, the Prophet celebrates the Reign of Messiah and the subversion of His enemies ; with His exaltation, holiness, power, and justice ; which man are exhorted to acknowledge and adore.

FIRST PART. (vv. 1—4.) *s. m.* *Christ's Kingdom and Majesty.*

- 1 THE God Jehovah reigns,
Let all the nations fear ;
Let sinners tremble at his throne,
And saints be humbled there.
- 2 Jesus the Saviour reigns,
Let earth adore its Lord :
Bright cherubs his attendants stand,
Swift to fulfil his word.
- 3 In Zion is his throne,
His honours are divine :
His Church shall make his wonders known,
For there his glories shine.
- 4 How holy is his Name !
How terrible his praise !
Justice, and truth, and judgment join
In all his works of grace.

SECOND PART. (vv. 5—9.) *s. m.* *The God of Holiness.*

- 1 EXALT the Lord our God,
And worship at his feet ;
His nature is all holiness,
And mercy is his seat.
- 2 When Israel was his Church,
When Aaron was his priest,
When Moses cry'd, when Samuel pray'd,
He gave his people rest.

PSALMS XCIX. C.

- 3 Oft he forgave their sins,
Nor would destroy their race ;
And oft he made his vengeance known,
When they abused his grace.
- 4 Exalt the Lord our God,
Whose grace is still the same ;
Still he's a God of holiness,
And jealous for his Name.

PSALM C.

"The Psalmist invites all the world to join with the Israelites in the service of Him who was kind and gracious to them beyond expression. Accordingly, we Christians now properly use this Psalm in acknowledgment of God's wonderful love to us in Christ; by whom we offer up continually spiritual sacrifices, for redeeming us by the sacrifice which He made of Himself—and for making the world anew and creating us again unto good works, according to His faithful promises which we may depend upon for ever."—BP. PATRICK.

A Psalm of Praise.

First Version. L. M.

- 1 ALL people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice :
Him serve with fear, his praise forth tell,
Come ye before him and rejoice.
- 2 The Lord, ye know, is God indeed !
Without our aid he did us make :
We are his flock, he doth us feed,
And for his sheep he doth us take.
- 3 Oh enter then his gates with praise,
Approach with joy his courts unto ;
Praise, laud, and bless his Name always,
For it is seemly so to do :
- 4 For why ? the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is for ever sure :
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

Second Version. L. M.

- 1 WITH one consent let all the earth,
To God their cheerful voices raise ;
Glad homage pay with awful mirth,
And sing before him songs of praise.
- 2 Convinc'd that He is God alone,
From whom both we and all proceed;
We, whom he chooses for his own,
The flock which he vouchsafes to feed.

PSALMS C. CI.

- 3 Oh enter then his temple gate,
Thence to his courts devoutly press ;
And still your grateful hymns repeat,
And still his Name with praises bless.
- 4 For he's the Lord, supremely good,
His mercy is for ever sure ;
His truth, which always firmly stood,
To endless ages shall endure.

Third Version. L. M.

- 1 BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations bow with sacred joy :
Know that the Lord is God alone ;
He can create and He destroy.
- 2 His sov'reign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay and form'd us men ;
And when like wand'ring sheep we stray'd,
He brought us to his fold again.
- 3 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise ;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.
- 4 Wide as the world is thy command,
Vast as eternity thy love ;
Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

PSALM CI.

In the person of David, advanced to the throne of Israel, we hear King Messiah declaring how he intended to walk and to govern his household the Church, and also describing the qualifications which he should require in his ministers and servants.

A Psalm for a Master of a Family. C. M.

- 1 OF justice and of grace I sing,
And pay my God my vows ;
Thy grace and justice, Heavenly King,
Teach me to rule my house.
- 2 Now to my tent, O God, repair,
And make thy servant wise ;
I'll suffer nothing near me there
That shall offend thine eyes.
- 3 The man that doth his neighbour wrong,
By falsehood or by force,
The scornful eye, the sland'rous tongue,
I'll thrust them from my doors.

PSALMS CI. CII.

- 4 I'll seek the faithful and the just,
And will their help enjoy :
These are the friends that I shall trust,
The servants I'll employ.
- 5 The wretch that deals in sly deceit,
I'll not endure a night !
The liar's tongue I'll ever hate,
And banish from my sight.
- 6 I'll purge my family around,
And make the wicked flee ;
So shall my house be ever found
A dwelling fit for thee.

PSALM CII.

This Psalm is the Fifth of those styled Penitential—It is entitled, “ A Prayer of the afflicted, when he is overwhelmed, and poureth out his complaint before the Lord.” It is addressed, as we learn from Heb. i. 10—12, to the Eternal Son of God and Saviour of the World.

“ The deep sorrows of the Psalmist correspond with those of the Believer, in seasons of affliction or temptation ; and the allusions, here used to represent them, are most beautiful and affecting. But the Promise and Truth of the Lord secure the salvation of His Church ; and, in His appointed time, all His servants shall obtain deliverance. In the shortness and uncertainty of the present state, the Eternity of the Redeemer’s Person, Glory, and Kingdom, together with His creating Power, are subjects of meditation, calculated to support and solace the believing mind. To Him this Psalm is applied by the Apostle, Heb. i. 10.”—GOODE.

FIRST PART. (vv. 1—10.) SEVENS.

Prayer and Complaint of the Afflicted.

- 1 **H**EAR my prayer, Jehovah, hear !
Listen to my plaintive cries :
See the day of trouble’s near,
Heavy on my soul it lies.
- 2 Hide not then thy gracious face,
When the storm around me falls :
Hear and listen with thy grace,
In the time thy servant calls.
- 3 As the smoky cloud my days
Darkly rise, and fly as soon :
From my bones—as in the blaze
Brands consume—their moisture’s gone.
- 4 Guilt and sorrow smite my heart,
As the withering grass it dies ;
All my joys and hopes depart,
And my food neglected lies.

PSALM CII.

- 5 While my voice ascends in groans,
Urg'd by sorrow and by fear,
Through my flesh my starting bones
To my wrinkled skin adhere :
- 6 So the bittern vents its cries,
Roaming through the desert land ;
Or the midnight owl, which flies
Where the gloomy ruins stand.
- 7 As the sparrow sits alone,
Flitting from the haunts of men,
So I watch—but, mercy gone,
When shall hope return again ?
- 8 Earth and hell their censures pour,
Madly rage against my soul :
When my God appears no more,
Who their fury can controul ?
- 9 Deep in gloomy sorrows laid,
Ashes mingle with my food ;
Tears my briny portion made,
Falling in a ceaseless flood.
- 10 'Twas Thine anger mixed my cup,
Bade me tremble at thy frown :
'Twas Thy hand that raised me up ;
Lord, Thy hand hath plunged me down,

SECOND PART. (vv. 11, 12.) L. M.

Mortality of Man, and Eternity of God.

- 1 SWIFT as declining shadows pass,
My days in quick succession fly ;
And, transient as the withering grass,
Amidst my youthful hopes I die.
- 2 But Thou, my Saviour, shalt endure :
Thy years unchang'd, Eternal Lord !
Thy grace through every age secure ;
Sweet is the promise of thy Word.

THIRD PART. (vv. 13, 18.) C. M.

Restoration and Enlargement of the Church.

- 1 LET Zion and her sons rejoice,
Behold the promis'd hour :
Her God hath heard her mourning voice,
And comes t' exalt his power.

PSALM CII.

- 2 Her dust and ruins that remain
Are precious in our eyes :
Those ruins shall be built again,
And all that dust shall rise.
- 3 The Lord will raise Jerusalem,
And stand in glory there :
Nations shall bow before his Name,
And kings attend with fear.
- 4 He sits a Sov'reign on his throne,
With pity in his eyes :
He hears the dying prisoners' groan,
And sees their sighs arise.
- 5 He frees the souls condemn'd to death ;
Nor, when his saints complain,
Shall it be said that praying breath
Was ever spent in vain.
- 6 This shall be known when we are dead,
And left on long record,
That ages yet unborn may read,
And praise and trust the Lord.

FOURTH PART. (vv. 19—22.) L. M.

The Pity and Grace of Jehovah.

- 1 **D**OWN from his sanctu'ry on high
He look'd—the Lord the world survey'd,
He saw the race in ruin lie,
He pitied—and his grace display'd.
- 2 He hears the groaning prisoner's voice,
He hears the suppliant's trembling breath :
Their bonds resign'd, the slaves rejoice ;
He frees the captives doom'd to death !
- 3 Let Zion now his Name repeat,
His Church his wonders shall record,
Till kingdoms, crowding round his seat,
Own Him their Saviour and their Lord.

FIFTH PART. (vv. 23—28.) L. M.

Man's Mortality, and Christ's Eternity.

- 1 **I**T is the Lord our Saviour's hand
Weakens our strength amidst the race ;
Disease and death, at his command,
Arrest us, and cut short our days.

PSALMS CII. CIII.

- Spare us, O Lord, aloud we pray,
Nor let our sun go down at noon ;
Thy years are one eternal day,
And must thy children die so soon ?
- 3 Yet, in the midst of death and grief,
“ Our Father and our Saviour shall assuage,
Christ is the same through every age !”
- 4 “ Twas He this earth’s foundation laid ;
Heaven is the building of His hand :
This earth grows old, these heavens shall fade,
And all be chang’d at His command.
- 5 The starry curtains of the sky,
Like garments shall be laid aside ;
But still thy throne stands firm and high,
Thy Church for ever must abide.
- 6 Before thy face thy Church shall live,
And on thy throne thy children reign :
This dying world shall they survive,
And the dead saints be rais’d again.

PSALM CIII.

“ What heart but is inclined to join in the language of this beautiful Psalm
Praise, for redeeming, forgiving, and restoring Mercy.” — GOODE.

FIRST PART. (vv. 1—5.) I.. M.

- 1 **BLESS**, O my soul, the Living God,
Call home thy thoughts that rove abroad
Let all the powers within me join,
In work and worship so divine.
- 2 Bless, O my soul, the God of Grace :
His favours claim thy highest praise :
Why should the wonders he hath wrought
Be lost in silence and forgot ?
- 3 ‘Tis He, my soul, that sent his Son
To die for crimes which thou hast done
He owns the ransom, and forgives
The hourly follies of our lives.
- 4 Let the whole earth his power confess
Let the whole earth adore his grace
The Gentile with the Jew shall join
In work and worship so divine.

PSALM CIII.

SECOND PART. (vv. 8—13.) L. M.

Abounding Compassion of God.

- 1 THE Lord abounds with tender love,
And unexampled acts of grace :
His waken'd wrath doth slowly move ;
His willing mercy flies apace.
- 2 God will not always harshly chide,
But with his anger quickly part ;
And still his punishments will guide
More by his love than our desert.
- 3 As high as heaven it's arch extends
Above this little spot of clay ;
So much his boundless love transcends
The small regards that we can pay.
- 4 As far as 'tis from east to west,
So far has he our sins remov'd ;
Who, with a Father's tender breast,
Hath such as fear'd him always lov'd.

THIRD PART. (vv. 13—18.) S. M.

God's gentle Chastisements.

- 1 THE pity of the Lord
To those that fear his Name,
Is such as tender parents feel :
He knows our feeble frame.
- 2 He knows we are but dust,
Scatter'd with every breath ;
His anger like a rising wind
Can send us swift to death.
- 3 Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower ;
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.
- 4 But thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure ;
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.

FOURTH PART. (vv. 19—22.) L. M.

God's Universal Dominion.

- 1 HIGH o'er the heavens, supreme, alone,
Th' Eternal Lord prepares his throne :
O'er all his kingdom he'll extend,
Beyond a limit or an end.

PSALMS CIII. CIV.

- 2 Bless ye the Lord, his glories tell,
Ye Angels who in might excel,
Who do his will, who hear his voice.
And in his high commands rejoice.
- 3 Bless ye the Lord, proclaim his state,
Ye heavenly hosts, who round him wait,
Quick to perform his acts of might,
His pleasure your supreme delight.
- 4 Bless ye the Lord, his works around !
Creation with his praise resound !
My soul the general chorus join,
And bless the Lord in songs divine.

PSALM CIV.

This is a Thanksgiving Hymn, full of majesty, addressed to Jehovah, as Creator of the world. The similitude between the natural and spiritual Creation points out the reason why our Church has appointed this Psalm to be used on Whitsunday.

FIRST PART. (vv. 1—4, 24.) P. M.

The Glory of God in Creation.

- 1 **M**Y soul praise the Lord, speak good of his Name
With majesty cloth'd, with honour and might
O Lord ! let our praises thy greatness proclaim ;
Whose throne is in heaven, whose robe is the light.
- 2 As curtains the sky thou spreadest out wide :
Within the great deep thy chambers retire :
The clouds are thy chariots ; on wings Thou dost ride
Thine angels are spirits ; thy ministers fire.
- 3 How manifold, Lord, the works Thou hast wrought
In earth and in heaven thy glory we see :
Thy wisdom and riches surpass all our thought ;
Such wisdom as only belongeth to Thee.

SECOND PART. (vv. 24—33.) L. M.

The Glory of God in Providence.

- 1 **H**OW various, Lord, thy works are found ;
For which thy wisdom we adore !
The earth is with thy treasure crown'd,
Till nature's hand can grasp no more.
- 2 **B**ut still, the vast unfathom'd main
Of wonders a new scene supplies ;
Whose depths inhabitants contain.
Of every form and every size.

PSALM CIV.

- 3 These various troops of sea and land,
In sense of common want agree :
All wait on thy dispensing hand,
And have their daily alms from Thee.
- 4 They gather what thy stores disperse,
Without their trouble to provide :
Thou op'st thy hand, the universe,
The craving world, is all supplied.
- 5 Thou for a moment hid'st thy face,
The numerous ranks of creatures mourn :
Thou tak'st their breath, all nature's race
Forthwith to mother earth return.
- 6 Again thou send'st thy Spirit forth,
T'inspire the mass with vital seed ;
Nature's restor'd, and parent earth
Smiles on her new-created breed.
- 7 Thus through successive ages stands
Firm fix'd thy providential care ;
Pleas'd with the work of thy own hands,
Thou dost the wastes of time repair.
- 8 One look of thine, one wrathful look,
Earth's panting breast with terror fills ;
One touch from Thee, with clouds of smoke,
In darkness shrouds the proudest hills.
- 9 In praising God, while he prolongs
My breath, I will that breath employ ;
And join devotion to my songs
Sincere, as in him is my joy.

THIRD PART. (vv. 33—35.) I. M.

Praise for Providence and Grace.

- 1 LONG as I live, All-bounteous Lord !
My song thy glories shall record
Thy praise, my God, shall fill the strain,
While life or being shall remain.
- 2 Sweet are the thoughts which fill my breast,
When on thy various works they rest :
God my Creator lifts my voice :
In God my Saviour I rejoice !
- 3 Soon shall his arm his foes dismay,
And sweep the guilty race away :
And, while his Church his power adores,
The wicked sink to rise no more.

PSALMS CIV. CV.

- 4 Then, Oh my soul, Jehovah bless,
His providence and grace confess :
Let all his works their tribute raise,
And triumph in Jehovah's praise.

PSALM CV.

This Psalm, the first part of it at least, we know, from 1 Chron. xvi. to have been composed by David, and given out on occasion of his placing the Ark of God in Zion.

FIRST PART. (vv. 1—4.) C. M.

Praise.

- 1 O H render thanks and bless the Lord,
Invoke his sacred Name ;
Acquaint the nations with his deeds,
His matchless deeds proclaim.
- 2 Sing to his praise, in lofty hymns
His wondrous works rehearse ;
Make them the theme of your discourse,
And subject of your verse.
- 3 Rejoice in his Almighty Name,
Alone to be adored ;
And let their hearts o'erflow with joy,
Who humbly seek the Lord.
- 4 Seek ye the Lord : His saving strength .
Devoutly still implore ;
And where He's alway present, seek
His face for evermore.

SECOND PART. (vv. 7—10.) C. M.

The Covenant of Mercy.

- 1 JEHOVAH is the Lord our God !
Then let his Church adore :
His justice o'er the earth abroad
Shall all his judgments pour.
- 2 His covenant, in his changeless mind,
Stands like Himself secure ;
His Church through every age shall find
His word of promise sure.
- 3 Once his eternal oath he sware
To Abra'm and his race ;
And placed his laws and statutes there,
The types of richer grace.

PSALMS CVI. CVII.

PSALM CVI.

Praise for Salvation. (vv. 1, 2, 4.) L. M.

- 1 **O**H render thanks to God above,
The Fountain of eternal love ;
Whose mercy firm through ages past
Has stood, and shall for ever last.
- 2 Who can his mighty deeds express,
Not only vast, but numberless ?
What mortal eloquence can raise
His tribute of immortal praise ?
- 3 Extend to me that favour, Lord,
Thou to thy chosen dost afford ;
When thou return'st to set them free,
Let thy salvation visit me.

PSALM CVII.

This Psalm celebrates the mercy of God toward men in their greatest afflictions, testified by His granting them deliverance in answer to their prayers: first, to those who wander in the desert and encounter the horrors of famine: secondly, to those who are in bondage; thirdly, to those who are afflicted with disease; and, fourthly, to those who are in danger of shipwreck: to these are subjoined examples of His severity to the wicked and of His kindness to the righteous; and all is recommended to the earnest contemplation of considerate minds. Thus the whole Psalm is distributed into Five nearly equal Parts. In the first four of these parts, a transition from the contemplation of the calamity to that of the deliverance is made, with great beauty, by the repetition of the same distich: see verses 6, 13, 19, 28. These four parts are each concluded with an intercalary verse, expressive of the subject or design of the Psalm; namely, the celebration of the goodness of Jehovah, and His wonderful works for the children of men: see verses 8, 15, 21, 31: and this verse is perpetually varied by the addition of another verse; which either takes up again the subject just treated of, as in verses 9, 16; or repeats the sentiment of the intercalary verse itself, and amplifies it with new images, as in verses 22, 32. The fifth Part of the Psalm launches out into greater copiousness of matter; and as its own conclusion, consisting of two couplets full of weighty instruction.—BP. LOWTH and BP. MANT.

In the First, Second, and Third Parts of the following Version, the subject is applied to the spiritual wants and resources of men. EDIT.

FIRST PART. (vv. 1—9.) P. M.

Lost Travellers conducted Home;

or

Israel led to Canaan and Christians to Heaven.

- 1 **W**ITH songs of grateful praise
Surround Jehovah's seat,
His goodness and his ways
Through all the earth repeat :
His mercy rose Ere time was known,
And from his throne Eternal flows !

PSALM CVII.

- 2 Ye ransom'd of the Lord,
To you the strains belong ;
His boundless grace record,
In a triumphal song :
'That mercy tell Whose power display'd,
Your ransom paid From death and hell.
- 3 He bade his light arise,
And sent his Gospel forth ;
From East to West it flies,
And fills the South and North :
His mighty grace Its power imparts,
And willing hearts His truth embrace.
- 4 Through the waste desert led,
His chosen Israel goes ;
No city lifts its head,
No shade invites repose :
With hunger pin'd, With thirst oppress,
Their fainting breast To death inclin'd.
- 5 Then, urg'd by anxious fear,
'To God they rais'd their cry ;
He bade His grace appear,
His sov'reign mercies fly :
'Then in the hour Of deep distress,
Their tribes confess His saving power !
- 6 So through the desert land,
Where countless dangers hide,
His wisdom and His hand
In the right way shall guide :
Till all above His City gain,
Where saints remain : Blest realms of love !
- 7 Oh then that men would raise
Their tribute to His Name ;
Would speak Jehovah's praise,
His goodness to proclaim :
His wonders show, Wonders of Grace,
Which round our race Abundant flow !
- 8 His works of nature prove
His Providential care ;
He answers, in his love,
The just desires of prayer :
An endless round His goodness runs,
And bids the sons Of want abound !

PSALM CVII.

SECOND PART. (vv. 10—16.) L. M.

*Prisoners rescued from Captivity ;
or
Correction for Sin, and Release by Prayer.*

- 1 IN darkness and the shades of death,
How sinners waste their vital breath !
Bound in affliction's iron chains,
What anguish o'er their souls remains !
- 2 Their hearts rebel against the Lord,
Refuse his grace, despise his Word ;
The warnings of his love defy,
The counsels of the Lord Most High !
- 3 He bids his anger o'er them rest,
And guilt disturbs the conscious breast ;
They fall : no friendly aids console,
Nor hope sustains the trembling soul.
- 4 Then, urg'd by helpless grief and care,
With importunity of prayer
To God they fly ! His sov'reign grace
Hears and relieves them from distress.
- 5 His mercy beaming from on high,
Darkness and Death's deep shadows fly ;
The prisoner, with exulting mind,
Leaps into day, his bonds resign'd.
- 6 Oh that the sons of men would raise
Their tribute to Jehovah's praise ;
Would speak his goodness, and declare
The wonders which their children share !
- 7 The gates of brass obey his hand,
Nor bars of steel his arm withstand ;
Nor sin nor guilt shall grace delay,
When weeping penitents can pray.

THIRD PART. (vv. 17—22.) SEVENS.

*Sick and Dying Men restored ;
or
Fools punished and pardoned.*

- 1 AH while fools regardless rove,
Ah Wand'ring from the ways of God ;
Ah what griefs what fears they prove,
From the Lord's correcting rod !

PSALM CVII.

- 2 Vice, with pain and misery stor'd,
Big with guilt, the conscience rends
Till the soul, its food abhor'd,
To the gates of death descends.
- 3 Then to Thee, my God, they cry,
Then thy power and truth confess,
While thy grace and mercy fly
Swift to save them in distress :
- 4 Sweet the promise of thy Word,
Healing to the wounded heart ;
There thy mercy, gracious Lord,
Waits, Salvation to impart.
- 5 Oh that men their songs would raise,
All his goodness to declare !
All Jehovah's wonders praise,
Wonders which their children share
- 6 Where his holy altars rise,
Let his saints adore His Name ;
There present their sacrifice,
There with joy his works proclaim

FOURTH PART. (vv. 23—32.) s.

Mariners preserved in Storms.

- 1 **L**O ! o'er the stormy main,
The mariners prepare
The arts of commerce to maintain,
Or boldly tempt the war.
- 2 With native courage stor'd,
Their pathless way they keep ;
And view the wonders of the Lord,
Through all the stormy Deep.
- 3 He speaks—the tempest flies,
Borne on the rapid clouds !
Up mount the billows to the skies,
Billow on billow crowds—
- 4 Then back retorted pour,
Till down the currents flow,
And sweep, with a tremendous roar,
The gaping depths below !
- 5 No more the melting soul
The dreaded tempest braves ;
Toss'd to and fro, the sailors roll
Amidst the sweeping waves :

PSALM CVII.

- 6 They reel from side to side,
As men by wine opprest,
Nor courage aids, nor skill can guide
Th' uncertain trembling breast.
- 7 Then to the Lord they cry,
Again His arm appears ;
He sends deliverance from on high,
And banishes their fears :
- 8 He bids the storm be still ;
No more the tempest blows :
'Tis calm—the sea obeys His will,
Its troubled waves repose !
- 9 Through all their dangers brought,
Their tears and cares resign'd,
Their sorrows and their fears forgot,
Joy fills the thankful mind :
- 10 His mercies they adore ;
His Providence they prove,
Till safe upon the wished-for shore,
They gain the port they love.
- 11 Oh let the Human Race
Jehovah's goodness show,
Those wonders of his power and grace
Let all their children know :
- 12 Saved from the watery deep,
The heavenly call obey ;
And, where His saints their Sabbaths keep,
Your plighted vows repay.

FIFTH PART. (vv. 33—43.) P. M.

National Judgments and Mercies.

- 1 **W**HEN o'er the land, with guilt opprest,
Jehovah's righteous judgments rest,
He bids their streams be dry :
He spreads a wilderness around,
Nor springs adorn the barren ground,
Nor fruits delight the eye.
- 2 Again he hears his suppliants' cries,
Midst desert lands his streams arise,
And rich the verdure grows :
There cities spread—the people rest,
With peace, and laws, and commerce blest,
And all which Art bestows.

PSALMS CVII. CVIII.

- 3 The husbandman prepares the soil,
He sows, he plants : nor vain his toil,
His vines abundant yield :
'Tis God—the land His bounties bless,
He bids the flocks and herds increase,
And crowd the grassy field.
- 4 But, lest around his vengeance pour,
The foe oppress, the plague devout,
Confess his gracious hand :
Soon, if he turn his face away,
Trouble shall rise, the sword shall stay,
And sorrow spread the land.
- 5 When Princes, with their power elate,
Forget the meanness of their state,
He scorns their power and pride ;
He scorns the glory of their birth,
And bids them wander o'er the earth,
Or in the desert hide.
- 6 Then shall the Poor, to want consign'd,
His providential bounty find,
And know his gracious care ;
Their numerous seed like flocks shall grow,
His hand its honours shall bestow,
And wealth and fame prepare.
- 7 This shall the Just with joy discern,
While sinners, aw'd, his truth shall learn,
And gaze with silent shame ;
The Wise, whose minds the theme pursue,
The kindness of the Lord shall view,
And all his love proclaim.

PSALM CVIII.

God magnified in His People's prosperity. (vv. 1—5.) C. W.

- 1 O GOD, my heart is fully bent
To magnify thy Name ;
My tongue, with cheerful songs of praise,
Shall celebrate thy fame.
- 2 To all the listening tribes, O Lord,
Thy wonders I will tell ;
And to those nations sing thy praise,
That round about us dwell.

PSALMS CVIII.—CX.

- 3 Because thy mercy's boundless height
The highest heaven transcends ;
And far beyond th' aspiring clouds
Thy faithful truth extends.
- 4 Be Thou, O God, exalted high
Above the starry frame ;
And let the world, with one consent,
Confess thy glorious Name.

PSALM CIX.

Love to Enemies, from the Example of Christ.

(vv. 1—5, 31.) c. m.

- 1 GOD of my mercy and my praise,
Thy glory is my song ;
Though sinners speak against thy grace,
With a blaspheming tongue.
- 2 When, in the form of mortal man,
Thy Son on earth was found,
With cruel slanders, false and vain,
They compass'd Him around.
- 3 Their miseries his compassion move,
Their peace he still pursu'd ;
They render hatred for his love,
And evil for his good.
- 4 Their malice raged without a cause,
Yet, with his dying breath,
He pray'd for murderers on his Cross,
And bless'd his foes in death.
- 5 Lord, shall thy bright example shine
In vain before my eyes ?
Give me a soul a-kin to thine,
To love my enemies.
- 6 The Lord shall on my side engage ;
And, in my Saviour's Name,
I shall defeat their pride and rage,
Who slander and condemn.

PSALM CX.

This Psalm refers literally and solely to King Messiah. It is cited, by our Lord Himself, Matt. xxii. 43 : by St. Peter, Acts ii. 34 ; and by St. Paul, 1 Cor. xv. 25. Heb. v. 6. It is appointed as one of the Proper Psalms to be read on Christmas Day.

PSALM CX.

FIRST PART. (vv. 1—4.) P. M.

The Kingdom and Priesthood of Christ.

- 1 **J**EHOVAH speak the word,
Heaven hears the high command,
He calls to Christ, my Lord,
“Ascend to My right-hand!
There sit supreme, Till, at Thy feet,
Thy foes submit, And hail thy Name.
- 2 “ The Spirit’s power and grace
Thy sceptre shall sustain,
From Zion’s sacred place;
And fix thine endless reign:
Thy truth shall shine Through earth below,
And nations know Thy power divine.”
- 3 Jesus, ascend thy throne,
And all thy foes dismay;
Where’er thy power is shown,
Thy people shall obey:
Thy sovereign hand Its grace imparts,
And willing hearts Adoring stand.
- 4 Thy grace, disclos’d anew,
A numerous seed shall yield;
As drops of morning dew,
Which glitter o’er the field:
Eternal Lord! Oh, haste the day,
Thy power display, And own thy Word.
- 5 The Lord Jehovah sware,
Nor will his oath disclaim;
“ Thou shalt the Priesthood bear,
Eternal as thy Name:
His order take, Whose glories shine,
The type of thine, Melchisedec!”

SECOND PART. (vv. 5—7.) P. M.

Victories and Judgments of Messiah.

- 1 **A**t thy right-hand, my God,
I see the Saviour rise;
He spreads his power abroad,
Who dares oppose him dies:
The Gentile Lands Shall own his sway,
And Kings obey His high commands.

PSALMS CX.—CXII.

- 2 His vengeance or his grace
Shall bend his stoutest foe ;
Princes his truth embrake,
Or all his judgments know :
His arm shall wield Th' eternal sword,
And to his Word The nations yield.
- 3 The streams of sorrow rose,
Through all his path they stood ;
Around the torrent flows,
He drank the bitter flood :
His love alone The Cross sustains,
But thence he gains Th' eternal Throne !

PSALM CXI.

This is one of the Proper Psalms appointed to be read on Easter Day.

Praise for Providence and Redemption. C. M.

- 1 **G**REAT is the Lord, his works of might
Demand our noblest songs ;
Let his assembled saints unite
Their harmony of tongues.
- 2 Great is the mercy of the Lord,
He gives his children food ;
And, ever mindful of his Word,
He makes his promise good.
- 3 His Son, the Great Redeemer, came
To seal his covenant sure ;
Holy and reverend is his Name,
His ways are just and pure.
- 4 They that would grow divinely wise,
Must with his fear begin ;
Our fairest proof of knowledge lies
In hating every sin.

PSALM CXII.

The Psalmist enumerates the blessings attending the man who feareth Jehovah. These blessings are spiritual and eternal; and they are conferred upon the members of the Christian Church through Christ their Head, who is the pattern of all righteousness, and the giver of all grace.

FIRST PART. (vv. 1—6.) P. M.

The Blessings of the Liberal Man.

- 1 **T**HAT man is blest, who stands in awe
Of God, and loves his sacred Law :
His seed on earth shall be renown'd ;
His house, the seat of wealth, shall be
An unexhausted treasury,
And with successive honours crown'd.

PSALMS CXII. CXIII.

- 2 His liberal favours he extends,
To some he gives, to others lends ;
A generous pity fills his mind :
Yet what his charity impairs,
He makes by prudence in affairs,
And thus he's just to all mankind.
- 3 His hands, while they his alms bestow'd,
His glory's future harvests sow'd :
The sweet remembrance of the just,
Like a green root, revives and bears
A train of blessings for his heirs,
When dying nature sleeps in dust.

SECOND PART. (vv. 7—9.) P. M.
Security of the righteous.

- 1 **B**ESET with threat'ning dangers round,
Unmov'd, the just maintains his ground
His conscience holds his courage up :
The soul that's fill'd with heavenly light,
Shines brightest in affliction's night,
And sees in darkness beams of hope.
- 2 Ill tidings never can surprise
His heart, that, fix'd on God, relies :
Though waves and tempests roar around,
Safe on the rock he sits, and sees
The shipwreck of his enemies,
And all their hope and glory drown'd.

PSALM CXIII.

In this Psalm, which is appointed to be read on Easter Day, the servants of God are exhorted to praise His Name, on account of His power and glory, and of His mercy in redeeming man and making the Church to be a joyful mother of children.

FIRST PART. (vv. 1—5.) P. M.
Majesty of Jehovah.

- 1 **Y**E saints and servants of the Lord,
The triumphs of his Name record ;
His Sacred Name for ever blesse :
Where'er the circling sun displays
His rising beams or setting rays,
Due praise to his Great Name address.
- 2 God through the world extends his sway !
The regions of eternal day
But shadows of his glory are :
To Him whose Majesty excels,
Who made the heaven wherein he dwells,
Let no created power compare.

PSALMS CXIII. CXIV.

SECOND PART. (vv. 5—9.) L. M.

Mercy of God in Redemption.

- 1 **W**HAT Powers above, what Angel, dare
With our Exalted Lord compare?
High o'er their thrones, a boundless height!
He dwells in uncreated light!
- 2 He bows, in condescending love,
To view th' adoring hosts above;
Yet down to earth directs his eyes,
Nor his first care to man denies!
- 3 He lifts the poor—he hears their groan—
From dust and dunghills to a throne;
Amidst his saints prepares their rest,
With crowns of endless glory blest.
- 4 At His command the barren bears,
The mother's breast her joy declares:
Throughout the earth his Church shall raise
A numerous seed—exalt his praise!

PSALM CXIV.

This Psalm, which is appointed to be read on Easter Day, celebrates the Exodus of Israel from Egypt, and the miracles wrought for that people; prefiguring the redemption of our nature from Sin and Death, and the wonders of Mercy and Love wrought for us by Christ.

The presence of Jehovah with His People. L. M.

- 1 **W**HEN Israel, freed from Pharaoh's hand,
Left the proud tyrant and his land,
The tribes with cheerful homage own
Their King, and Judah was his throne.
- 2 Across the deep their journey lay;
The deep divides to make them way;
Jordan beheld their march, and fled
With backward current to his head.
- 3 The mountains shook like frightened sheep,
Like lambs the little hillocks leap;
Not Sinai on her base could stand,
Conscious of sov'reign power at hand.
- 4 What power could make the deep divide,
Make Jordan backward roll his tide?
Why did ye leap, ye little hills?
And whence the fright that Sinai feels?

PSALMS CXIV. CXV.

- 5 Let every mountain, every flood,
Retire, and know th' approaching God,
The King of Israel : see him here ;
Tremble thou earth, adore, and fear !
- 6 He thunders, and all nature mourns :
The rock to standing pools he turns :
Flints spring with fountains at his Word,
And fires and seas confess the Lord.

PSALM CXV.

- God a sure Refuge—Idols vain. L. M.
- 1 NOT to ourselves, who are but dust,
Not to ourselves is glory due,
Eternal God, Thou only just !
Thou only gracious, wise, and true !
- 2 Shine forth in all thy dreadful Name :
Why should a Heathen's haughty tongue
Insult us ; and, to raise our shame,
Say "Where's the God you've served so long
- 3 The God we serve maintains his throne
Above the clouds beyond the skies :
Through all the earth his will is done :
He knows our groans, he hears our cries
- 4 But the vain idols they adore
Are senseless shapes of stone and wood
At best a mass of glitt'ring ore,
A silver saint, or golden god.
- 5 With eyes and ears, they carve their h
Deaf are their ears, their eyes are blin
In vain are costly offerings made,
And vows are scatter'd in the wind.
- 6 Their feet were never made to move
Nor hands to save when mortals pra
Mortals, who pay them fear or love
Seem to be blind and deaf as they.
- 7 O Israel, make the Lord thy Hope
Thy Help, thy Refuge, and thy R
The Lord shall build thy ruins up
And bless the people and the pri
- 9 The dead no more can speak th
They dwell in silence and the gr
But we shall live to sing thy gri
And tell the world thy power &

PSALM CXVI.

It is not certain by whom, or upon what occasion, this Psalm was composed. It plainly appears, however, to be a song of thanksgiving for deliverance from trouble, either temporal or spiritual, or both. To render it of general use, let it be considered as an Evangelical Hymn, in the mouth of a penitent, expressing his gratitude for salvation from sin and death.

FIRST PART. (vv. 1—9.) C. M.

Praise for Deliverance from Trouble.

- 1 **I** LOVE the Lord—he heard my cries.
And pitied every groan :
Long as I live, when troubles rise,
I'll hasten to his throne.
- 2 I love the Lord—he bow'd his ear,
And chased my fears away :
Oh let my heart no more despair,
While I have breath to pray.
- 3 “ My God,” I cried, “ thy servant save,
Thou ever Good and Just !
Thy power can rescue from the grave,
Thy power is all my trust.”
- 4 The Lord beheld me sore distrest,
He bade my pains remove ;
Return, my soul, to God, thy Rest,
For thou hast known his love.
- 5 My God hath saved my soul from death,
And dried my falling tears ;
Now to his praise I'll spend my breath,
And my remaining years.

SECOND PART. (vv. 12—19.) C. M.

Vows made in Trouble paid in the Church.

- 1 **W**HAT shall I render to my God
For all his kindness shown ?
My feet shall visit thine abode,
My songs address thy throne.
- 2 Among the saints who fill thy house
My offerings shall be paid ;
There shall my zeal perform the vows
My soul in anguish made.
- 3 How much is mercy thy delight,
Thou Ever-blessed God !
How dear thy servants in thy sight,
How precious is their blood !

PSALMS CXVI. CXVII.

- 4 How happy all thy servants are !
How great thy grace to me !
My life, which Thou hast made thy care,
Lord, I devote to Thee.
- 5 Now I am thine, for ever thine,
Nor shall my purpose move ;
Thy hand hath loos'd my bands of pain,
And bound me with thy love.
- 6 Here in thy courts I leave my vow,
And thy rich grace record :
Witness, ye saints, who hear me now.
If I forsake the Lord !

PSALM CXVII.

" This Psalm, like the CXth, seems to be altogether prophetical of the joy that all the world should conceive at the coming of the Messiah, to give Salvation. first to the Jews, and then to all other nations, according to His faithful promises." BP. PATRICK. It is quoted by St. Paul, Rom. xv. 11.

Praise to God from all Nations.

First Version. s. m.

- 1 LET songs of endless praise
From every nation rise ;
Let all the lands their tribute raise,
To God, who rules the skies.
- 2 His Mercy and his Love
Are boundless as his Name ;
And all eternity shall prove
His Truth remains the same.

Second Version. s. m.

- 1 THY Name, Almighty Lord,
Shall sound through distant lands
Great is thy Grace, and sure thy Word,
Thy truth for ever stands.
- 2 Far be thine honour spread,
And long thy praise endure ;
Till morning light and evening shade
Shall be exchang'd no more.

Third Version. l. m.

- 1 FROM all that dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise ;
Let the Redeemer's Name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue.

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord ;
 Eternal truth attends thy Word ;
 Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
 Till suns shall rise and set no more.

PSALM CXVIII.

The repeated application made of the 23d verse of this Psalm in the New Testament, and the appointment of it by our Church to be used on Easter Day lead us to consider it as a Triumphant Hymn, sung by King Messiah, at the head of the Israel of God, on occasion of His resurrection and exaltation.

FIRST PART. (vv. 14—16.) L. M.

Triumph in the Resurrection of Christ.

- 1 **A**LL power and grace to God belong ;
 He is my Strength, and He my Song :
 He comes, my Saviour, from his throne,
 He comes to bring salvation down.
- 2 Lo ! rising from the tents of men,
 The voice of joy resounds again :
 His saints with him the triumph claim,
 And shout salvation to his Name.
- 3 His own right-hand its strength displays,
 In acts of valour and of grace :
 The Cross, the Tomb, the Throne, declare
 How vast his power and glory are.
- 4 For us he conquers, though he dies :
 Behold the Mighty Saviour rise !
 His own right-hand on high displays,
 In acts of valour and of grace !

SECOND PART. (vv. 17—21.) L. M.

Public Praise for Deliverance from Death.

- 1 **I** SHALL not die—Jehovah's care
 Exhausted nature shall repair :
 My life prolong, my health restore,
 His works of wonder to adore.
- 2 His hand, with chastisement severe,
 Had sunk my frame, and wak'd my fear ;
 Yet did his love revive my breath,
 Nor yield me to the shades of death.
- 3 Then open to my grateful mind
 The gates for sacred acts design'd :
 I'll enter where his altars rise,
 With prayer and praise my sacrifice.

PSALM CXVIII.

4 Jehovah, 'tis thy Temple-Gate,
Where all thy saints in worship wait :
I'll praise Thee, for Thou heard'st my prayer ;
And own Thee my Salvation there.

THIRD PART. (vv. 22, 23.) c. m.

Christ the Foundation and Corner-stone.

- 1 BEHOLD the sure Foundation-stone,
Which God in Zion lays,
To build our heavenly hopes upon,
And His eternal praise :
- 2 Chosen of God, to sinners dear,
And saints adore the Name ;
They trust their whole salvation here,
Nor shall they suffer shame.
- 3 The foolish builders, Scribe and Priest,
Reject it with disdain ;
Yet on this Rock the Church shall rest,
And envy rage in vain.
- 4 What though the gates of hell withstood,
Yet must this building rise :
'Tis thine own work, Almighty God,
And wondrous in our eyes.

FOURTH PART. (vv. 24—26.) c. m.

Hosannah to the Risen Saviour.

- 1 THIS is the day the Lord hath made,
He calls the hours his own ;
Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround the throne.
- 2 To-day he rose and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell ;
To-day the saints his triumphs spread,
And all his wonders tell.
- 3 Hosannah to th' Anointed King,
To David's Holy Son !
Help us, O Lord ! descend and bring
Salvation from thy throne.
- 4 Blest be the Lord, who comes to men
With messages of grace ;
Who comes, in God his Father's Name,
To save our sinful race.

PSALMS CXVIII. CXIX.

5 Hosannah in the highest strains
The Church on earth can raise :
The highest heavens in which he reigns
Shall give him nobler praise.

FIFTH PART. (vv. 27—29.) P. M. *Praise to Christ.*

- 1 CROWN his head with endless blessing,
Who, in God the Father's Name,
With compassions never ceasing,
Comes, salvation to proclaim !
Hail, ye saints, who know his favour,
Who within his gates are found ;
Hail, ye saints, th' Exalted Saviour,
Let his courts with praise resound !
- 2 Lo ! Jehovah, we adore Thee !
Thee, our Saviour ! Thee, our God !
From his throne his beams of glory
Shine through all the world abroad.
In his Word his light arises,
Brightest beams of Truth and Grace !
Bind, oh bind your sacrifices,
In his courts your offerings place.

- 3 Jesus, Thee our Saviour hailing,
Thee our God in praise we own ;
Highest honours, never failing,
Rise eternal round thy throne :
Now, ye saints, his power confessing,
In your grateful strains adore ;
For his Mercy, never ceasing,
Flows, and flows for evermore.

PSALM CXIX.

David describes, in a series of devotional meditations, the instruction and the comfort, which, through all vicissitudes of mind and circumstances, he had ever found in the Word of God. The many strong expressions of love toward the Law, and the repeated resolutions and vows to observe it, will often force us to turn our thoughts to the True David, whose meat and drink it was to do the will of Him that sent Him. Believers, while accomplishing their pilgrimage and warfare upo' earth, should continually solace themselves with the CXIXth Psalm; and repair to it as to a fountain of heavenly wisdom and comfort, which can never be exhausted. The many words, employed to express the revelations of God's will, have distinct significations, denoting different parts or properties of the Scriptures.

PSALM CXIX.

FIRST PART. c. m.

(From verses 5, 33, 29, 37, 36, 133, 176, 135; in the order in which they are here placed.)

Breathing after Holiness.

- 1 **O**H that the Lord would guide my ways
To keep his Statutes still !
Oh that my God would grant me grace
To know and do his Will !
- 2 Oh send thy Spirit down, to write
Thy Law upon my heart !
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
Nor act the liar's part.
- 3 From vanity turn off my eyes :
Let no corrupt design,
Nor covetous desires, arise
Within this soul of mine.
- 4 Order my footsteps by thy Word,
And make my heart sincere :
Let sin have no dominion, Lord,
But keep my conscience clear.
- 5 My soul hath gone too far astray,
My feet too often slip ;
Yet, since I've not forgot thy way.
Restore thy wand'ring sheep.
- 6 Make me to walk in thy Commands—
'Tis a delightful road ;
Nor let my head, or heart, or hands,
Offend against my God.

SECOND PART. c. m.

(From verses 9, 130, 105, 160, 140, 116.)

Instruction from the Scriptures.

- 1 **H**OW shall the Young secure their hearts,
And guard their lives from sin ?
Thy Word the choicest rules imparts
To keep the conscience clean.
- 2 When once it enters to the mind
It spreads such light abroad,
The meanest souls instruction find,
And raise their thoughts to God.

PSALM CXIX.

- 3 'Tis, like the sun, a heavenly light,
That guides us all the day;
And, through the dangers of the night,
A lamp to lead our way.
- 4 Thy Word is everlasting truth;
How pure is every page!
That Holy Book shall guide our youth,
And well support our age.

THIRD PART. c. m.

(From verses 25, 37, 107, 156, 40, 159, 93.)

Prayer for Quickening Grace.

- 1 **M**Y soul lies cleaving to the dust;
Lord, give me life divine!
From vain desires and every lust
Turn off these eyes of mine.
- 2 I need the influence of thy grace,
To speed me in the way,
Lest I should loiter in my race,
Or turn my feet astray.
- 3 When sore afflictions press me down,
I need thy quick'ning powers;
Thy Word, which I have rested on,
Shall help my heaviest hours.
- 4 Are not thy mercies sov'reign still,
And Thou a Faithful God?
Wilt Thou not grant me warmer zeal
To run the heavenly road?
- 5 Then I shall love thy Gospel more,
And ne'er forget thy Word,
When I have felt its quick'ning power
To draw me near the Lord.

FOURTH PART. c. m.

(From verses 57, 60, 30, 14, 59, 94, 114, 112.)
Professions of Sincerity, Repentance, and Obedience.

- 1 **T**HOU art my portion, O my God!
Soon as I know thy way,
My heart makes haste t' obey thy Word,
And suffers no delay.

PSALM CXIX.

- 2 I choose the path of heavenly truth,
And glory in my choice ;
Not all the riches of the earth
Could make me so rejoice.
- 3 The Testimonies of thy grace
I set before mine eyes ;
Thence I derive my daily strength,
And there my comfort lies.
- 4 If once I wander from thy path,
I think upon my ways ;
Then turn my feet to thy Commands,
And trust thy pard'ning grace.
- 5 Now I am thine, for ever thine,
Oh save thy servant, Lord !
Thou art my Shield, my Hiding-place ;
My hope is in thy Word.
- 6 Thou hast inclin'd this heart of mine
Thy Statutes to fulfil ;
And thus, till mortal life shall end,
Would I perform thy Will.

FIFTH PART. c. m.

(From verses 62, 97, 128, 162.)

Holiness and Comfort from the Word.

- 1 LORD, I esteem thy Judgments right,
And all thy Statutes just ;
Hence I maintain a constant fight
With every flatt'ring lust.
- 2 Thy Precepts often I survey,
I keep thy Law in sight
Through all the business of the day,
To form my actions right.
- 3 My heart, in midnight silence, cries
How sweet thy comforts be !
My thoughts in holy wonder rise,
And bring their thanks to Thee.
- 4 And when my soul is freed from care,
By some good Word of thine,
Not mighty men, the spoil who share,
Have joys compar'd to mine.

PSALM CXIX.

SIXTH PART. L. M.

(From verses 67, 59, 71.)

Sanctified Afflictions.

- 1 FATHER, I bless thy gentle hand :
How kind was thy chastising rod,
That forc'd my conscience to a stand,
And brought my wand'ring soul to God !
- 2 Foolish and vain, I went astray :
Ere I had felt thy scourges, Lord,
I left my guide, and lost my way ;
But now I love and keep thy Word.
- 3 'Tis good for me to wear the yoke,
For pride is apt to rise and swell :
'Tis good to bear my Father's stroke,
That I might learn his Statutes well.

SEVENTH PART. C. M.

(From vv. 97, 148, 11, 13, 54, 19, 103, 72, 127, 28, 49, 175.)

The Word of God dwelling in us.

- 1 O H how I love thy Holy Law !
'Tis daily my delight :
And thence my meditations draw
Divine advice by night.
- 2 My waking eyes prevent the day,
To meditate thy Word ;
My soul with longing melts away
To hear thy Gospel, Lord !
- 3 How doth thy Word my heart engage,
How well employ my tongue !
And, in my tiresome pilgrimage,
Yield me a heavenly song.
- 4 Am I a stranger or at home
'Tis my perpetual feast ;
Not honey dropping from the comb
So much allures the taste.
- 5 No treasures so enrich the mind ;
Nor shall thy Word be sold
For loads of silver well refin'd,
Nor heaps of choicest gold.
- 6 When nature sinks and spirits droop,
Thy promises of grace
Are pillars to support my hope.
And there I write thy praise.

PSALM CXIX.

EIGHTH PART. L. M.

(From v. 97 to v. 104.)

Holiness, Wisdom, and Grace from the Word.

- 1 **O**H how I love thy Holy Law !
Thence all my choicest rules I draw ;
There fix my thoughts through all the day,
To cleanse my heart and guide my way.
- 2 Thou Great Instructor, o'er my sight
Thy Precepts shine with heavenly light ;
Like these my foes no wisdom find,
I'll bear them ever on my mind.
- 3 By these instructed to be wise,
I far beyond my teachers rise ;
Nor age such knowledge can attain,
As from thy Holy Word I gain.
- 4 Withdrawn from every evil way,
My feet thy Precepts shall obey ;
Nor from thy Judgments shall depart,
Since Thou hast taught my wand'ring heart.
- 5 Led by thy grace, thy Words afford
My richest feast, all-bounteous Lord !
With grateful taste thy Words I meet,
Not honey to the mouth so sweet.
- 6 Thy Precepts light and grace bestow,
I thence to heavenly wisdom grow ;
From each delusive way I've fled,
Nor wish the dangerous path to tread.

NINTH PART. P. M.

(From v. 105 to v. 112.)

Light, Consolation, and Joy from the Word.

- 1 **T**HY Word is a lamp to my feet,
A light to enlighten my way ;
I've sworn, and my vows will complete,
My soul shall thy Judgments obey :
Though deep in affliction I lie,
With guilt and with sorrow opprest,
Yet, since on thy Word I rely,
Revive me, and comfort my breast !
- 2 Accept both my prayer and my praise,
From willing obedience they flow :
I love the high tribute to raise,
Then teach me thy Judgments to know :

PSALM CXIX.

Though dangers beset me around,
Thy Law shall still dwell on my heart ;
Though Satan with snares spread the ground,
I'll not from thy Precepts depart.

- 3 The glories and hopes of thy Word
My soul its inheritance claims :
What holy delight they afford !
The prospect my ardour inflames.
My heart, by thy Spirit inclin'd,
Shall still to thy Statutes attend ;
I'll treasure them up in my mind,
And keep them with joy to the end.

TENTH PART. c. m.

(v. 111 paraphrased.)

The Word of God the Saints' Portion.

- 1 LORD, I have made thy Word my choice,
My lasting heritage ;
There shall my noblest powers rejoice,
My warmest thoughts engage.
- 2 I'll read the histories of thy love,
And keep thy Laws in sight ;
While through thy Promises I rove,
With ever-fresh delight.
- 3 'Tis a broad land of wealth unknown,
Where springs of life arise ;
Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,
And hidden glory lies—
- 4 The best relief that mourners have :
It makes our sorrows blest ;
Our fairest hope beyond the grave,
And our eternal rest.

ELEVENTH PART. c. m.

(From verses 153, 122, 135, 82, 132.)

Breathing after Comfort and Deliverance.

- 1 MY God, consider my distress !
Let mercy plead my cause :
Though I have sinn'd against thy grace,
I can't forget thy Laws.
- 2 Be thou a surety, Lord, for me ;
Nor let the proud oppress :
But make thy waiting servant see
The shinings of thy face.

PSALM CXIX.

- 3 My eyes with expectation fail :
 My heart within me cries,
 “ When will the Lord his truth fulfil,
 And make my comforts rise ? ”
- 4 Look down upon my sorrows, Lord,
 And show thy grace the same
 As thou art ever wont afford
 To those that love thy Name.

TWELFTH PART. I. M.

(From v. 169 to v. 176.)

Renewed Devotedness to God.

- 1 O GRACIOUS Lord, now let my cries
 Before thy face accepted rise :
 My mind with heavenly wisdom fill,
 The wisdom to discern thy will.
- 2 While at thy throne I pour my prayer,
 Oh make my constant wants thy care :
 Around me let salvation shine,
 For on thy Word my hopes recline.
- 3 For thy salvation I aspire,
 With ardent love, with strong desire :
 Thy sacred Law detains my sight,
 My wonder ! my supreme delight !
- 4 My soul to life and vigour raise,
 Then shall I triumph in thy praise ;
 To Thee I'll all my wants confide,
 Thy grace and providence my guide.
- 5 My God, my steps have wander'd far,
 And left my tender Shepherd's care :
 Like sheep, which from the pasture stray,
 Nor e'er retrace their wand'ring way.
- 6 Thy lost, thy erring sheep restrain,
 And bear me to thy fold again,
 Midst fields with heavenly pastures stor'd ;
 For I have not forgot thy Word.

THIRTEENTH PART. I. M.

(v. 176 paraphrased.)

Prayer for Recovery and Preservation.

- 1 WE all, O Lord, have gone astray,
 And erred from the heavenly way :
 The wilds of sin our feet have trod,
 Far from the paths of Thee our God.

PSALMS CXIX.—CXXI.

- 2 Hear us, Great Shepherd of the sheep !
Our wand’rings heal, our footsteps keep :
We seek thy shelt’ring fold again ;
Nor shall we seek Thee, Lord, in vain.
- 3 Teach us to know and love the way ;
And grant, to life’s remotest day,
By thine unerring guidance led,
Our willing feet thy paths may tread.

PSALM CXX.

The Author of this Psalm, most probably David, complains of the falsehood, the treachery, and the violence of men, among whom he grieves that his pilgrimage is prolonged.

Complaint of the Wickedness of Men. C. M.

1. **T**HOU God of Love ! Thou ever-blest !
Pity my suffering state :
When wilt Thou set my soul at rest
From lips that love deceit ?
- 2 Hard lot of mine ! my days are cast
Among the sons of strife ;
Whose never-ceasing brawlings waste
My golden hours of life.
- 3 Oh might I fly to change my place,
How would I choose to dwell
In some wide lonesome wilderness,
And leave these gates of hell !
- 4 Peace is the blessing that I seek,
How lovely are its charms !
I am for peace ; but, when I speak,
They all declare for arms.
- 5 New passions still their souls engage,
And keep their malice strong :
What shall be done to curb thy rage,
O thou devouring tongue !
- 6 Should burning arrows smite thee through,
Strict justice would approve ;
But I would rather spare my foe,
And melt his heart with love.

PSALM CXXI.

In this Psalm, the Prophet introduces a person, most probably an Israelite on his way to Jerusalem, expressing his trust and confidence in Jehovah ; of whose favour and protection, at all times and in all dangers, the Prophet assures him. These promises, like those in the XClst Psalm, were made good, in their full

PSALM CXXL

and spiritual sense, to Messiah; and are now daily accomplishing in the members of His mystical body, the Christian Church.

Divine Protection.

First Version. c. m.

- 1 **T**O Zion's hills I lift mine eyes,
From thence descends my aid:
On him my soul for help relies,
Who earth and heaven hath made.
- 2 Nor art nor power thy foot shall move,
His hands shall safely bear:
He ne'er remits his watchful love,
Nor slumbers o'er his care.
- 3 Lo ! Israel's Guardian, in repose
Shall still his Israel keep ;
Nor slumbers shall His eyelids close,
Nor yield His eyes to sleep.
- 4 Israel, thy Guardian is the Lord,
Jehovah, ever near !
His shelt'ring wings thy shade afford ;
Then what shall Israel fear ?
- 5 His providence from every snare
Shall every step defend ;
Thy soul shall prove his constant care,
Till all thy dangers end.
- 6 Safe shall thy feet at distance roam,
And thy return be blest ;
Till Heaven be thine eternal home,
Thine everlasting rest.

Second Version. l. m.

- 1 **U**P to the hills I lift mine eyes,
Th' eternal hills beyond the skies :
Thence all her help my soul derives ;
There my Almighty Refuge lives.
- 2 He lives ! the Everlasting God,
Who built the world, who spread the flood !
The heavens, with all their hosts, he made,
And the dark regions of the dead.
- 3 He guides our feet, he guards our way ;
His morning smiles bless all the day :
He spreads the evening veil, and keeps
The silent hours while Israel sleeps.

PSALMS CXXI. CXXII.

- 4** Israel, a name divinely blest,
May rise secure, securely rest ;
Thy Holy Guardian's wakeful eyes
Admit no slumber nor surprise.

Third Version. r. m.

- 1** UPWARD I lift mine eyes !
From God is all my aid ;
The God that built the skies,
And earth and nature made :
God is the Tower To which I fly ;
His grace is nigh In every hour.
- 2** My feet shall never slide,
Nor fall in fatal snares ;
Since God, my Guard and Guide,
Defends me from my fears.
Those wakeful eyes, That never sleep,
Shall Israel keep When dangers rise.
- 3** No burning heats by day,
No blasts of evening air,
Shall take my health away,
If God be with me there :
Thou art my Sun, And Thou my Shade,
To guard my head By night or noon.
- 4** Hast thou not given thy Word
To save my soul from death ?
And I can trust my Lord
To keep my mortal breath !
I'll go and come, Nor fear to die,
Till from on high Thou call me home.

PSALM CXXII.

The subject of this Psalm is that joy which the people were wont to express, in their going up in companies to keep a feast at Jerusalem. Every thing which can be said on this topic, must naturally hold good in its application to the Christian Church and the celebration of her feasts; at which seasons the believer will naturally extend his thoughts to the Jerusalem above, and to that festival which shall one day be there kept by all the people of God.

Public Worship.

First Version. c. m.

- 1** HOW did my heart rejoice to hear
My friends devoutly say,
“In Zion let us all appear,
And keep the solemn day !”

PSALM CXXII.

- 2 I love her gates, I love the road :
The Church, adorn'd with grace,
Stands like a palace built for God,
To show his milder face.
- 3 Up to her courts, with joys unknown,
The holy tribes repair ;
The Son of David holds his throne,
And sits in judgment there.
- 4 He hears our praises and complaints ;
And, while his awful voice
Divides the sinners from the saints,
We tremble and rejoice.
- 5 Peace be within this sacred place,
And joy a constant guest !
With holy gifts and heavenly grace
Be her attendants blest !
- 6 My soul shall pray for Zion still,
While life or breath remains :
There my best friends, my kindred, dwell ;
There God my Saviour reigns !

Second Version. P.M.

- 1 HOW pleas'd and blest was I,
To hear the people cry,
"Come let us seek our God to-day!"
Yes, with a cheerful zeal.
We haste to Zion's hill,
And there our vows and honours pay.
- 2 Zion, thrice happy place,
Adorn'd with wondrous grace,
And walls of strength embrace thee round :
In thee our tribes appear
To pray, and praise, and hear
The sacred Gospel's joyful sound.
- 3 There David's greater Son
Has fix'd his royal throne ;
He sits for grace and judgment there :
He bids the saints be glad,
He makes the sinner sad,
And humble souls rejoice with fear.

PSALM. CXXII.

- 4 May peace attend thy gate,
And joy within thee wait,
To bless the soul of every guest !
The man that seeks thy peace
And wishes thine increase,
A thousand blessings on him rest.
- 5 My tongue repeats her vows,
Peace to this sacred house !
For there my friends and kindred dwell :
And, since my glorious God
Makes thee his blest abode,
My soul shall ever love thee well.

Third Version. P. M.

Theodorus Zainger, when he lay on his death-bed, took his leave of the world, in a Paraphrase on this Psalm. The original has lost nothing in a translation of it by the late learned and pious Mr. Merrick. This Paraphrase may serve as a finished specimen of the noble and exalted use, which a Christian may and ought to make of the Psalms of David.

Entrance into the Heavenly Jerusalem.

- 1 THE festal morn, my God, is come,
That calls me to thy hallow'd dome,
Thy presence to adore :
My feet the summons shall attend,
With willing steps thy courts ascend,
And tread the sacred floor.
- 2 What joy while thus I view the day,
That warms my thirsting soul away,
What transports fill my breast !
For, lo ! my great Redeemer's power
Unfolds the everlasting door,
And leads me to his rest !
- 3 E'en now, to my expecting eyes
The heaven-built towers of Salem rise :
E'en now, with glad survey,
I view her mansions, that contain
Th' angelic forms, an awful train,
And shine with cloudless day.
- 4 Hither, from earth's remotest end,
Lo ! the redeem'd of God ascend,
Their tribute hither bring ;
Here, crown'd with everlasting joy,
In hymns of praise their tongues employ,
And hail th' Immortal King.

PSALMS CXXII. CXXIII.

- 5 Great Salem's King ! who bids each state
On her decrees dependent wait :
 In her, e'er time begun,
High on th' eternal base uprear'd,
His hands the regal seat prepar'd
 For Jesse's favour'd Son.
- 6 Mother of Cities ! o'er thy head
See Peace, with healing wings outspread,
 Delighted, fix her stay :
How bless'd, who calls himself thy friend !
Success his labours shall attend,
 And Safety guard his way.
- 7 Thy walls, remote from hostile fear,
Nor the loud voice of tumult hear,
 Nor war's wild wastes deplore :
There smiling Plenty takes her stand ;
And in thy courts, with lavish hand,
 Has pour'd forth all her store.
- 8 Let me, Blest Seat, my name behold
Among thy citizens enroll'd,
 In Thee for ever dwell !
Let Charity my steps attend,
My sole companion and my friend,
 And Faith and Hope farewell !

PSALM CXXIII.

Pleading with submission. c. m.

- 1 O THOU, whose grace and justice reign,
 Enthron'd above the skies,
To Thee our hearts would tell their pain.
 To Thee we lift our eyes.
- 2 As servants watch their master's hand
 And fear the angry stroke,
Or maids before their mistress stand
 And wait a peaceful look—
- 3 So for our sins we justly feel
 Thy discipline, O God !
Yet wait the gracious moment still,
 Till Thou remove thy rod.
- 4 They who in wealth and pleasure live,
 Our daily groans deride ;
And thy delays of mercy give
 Fresh courage to their pride.

PSALMS CXXIII. CXXIV.

5 Our foes insult us, but our hope
In thy compassion lies :
This thought shall bear our spirits up—
That God will not despise.

Second Version. P. M.

1 **L**ORD, before thy throne we bend ;
Lord, to Thee our eyes ascend :
Servants to our Master true,
Lo ! we yield Thee homage due :
Children, to our Sire we fly,
Abba, Father hear our cry !

2 To the dust our knees we bow,
We are weak, but mighty Thou :
Sore distress'd, yet suppliant still,
We await thy holy will ;
Bound to earth and rooted here,
Till our Saviour God appear.

3 From the heavens, thy dwelling-place,
Shed, oh shed, thy pard'ning grace :
Turn to save us—none below
Pause to hear our silent woe :
Pleas'd or sad, a thoughtless throng,
Still they gaze, and pass along.

4 Leave us not beneath the power
Of temptation's darkest hour :
Swift to read their captive's doom,
See our foes exulting come !
Jesus, Saviour, yet be nigh,
Lord of life and victory !

PSALM CXXIV.

Praise for National Deliverance. P. M.

1 **H**AD God forsook us, when our foes
In adverse hosts against us rose ;
Had God, we now may surely say,
Forsook us in the dreadful day,
When gath'ring troops their wrath out-pour'd,
Their fury had our tribes devour'd.

2 Down we had sunk, and o'er our head
The swelling floods their waves had spread :
Down we had sunk—but, bless'd be God,
Whose arm the timely help bestow'd,
And, all opposers chased away,
Snatch'd from their jaws th' expected prey.

PSALMS CXXIV.—CXXVI.

- 3 See, as the bird with sudden spring,
Exulting, mounts upon the wing,
Just rescued from the fowler's art ;
So triumph we with thankful heart,
And, saved by God's preventing care,
Shake from our feet the broken snare.
- 4 When woes and dangers round us rise,
Our help on God alone relies ;
To Him our liberty we owe,
And own His strength against the foe,
Whose hand thy centre fix'd, O earth !
And gave th' enduring heavens their birth.

PSALM CXXV.

The Church's Security. L. M.

- 1 **T**HHEY, who the Lord Jehovah trust,
Shall find their highest hopes are just :
What storms can Zion's mount remove,
Or shake the Rock of Endless Love ?
- 2 His presence shall his Church enclose,
As once the lofty mountains rose
Round Salem's seat : his arms engage
Their Sure Defence from age to age.
- 3 Though sinners prosperous power employ,
Their rod shall not too long destroy ;
Lest, while their rage his saints oppress,
They faint, and tremble, and transgress.
- 4 Thy goodness, Gracious Lord, display
To those who love and keep thy way ;
Who walk, directed by thy fear,
And serve Thee with a heart sincere.

PSALM CXXVI.

The return of Israel from Babylon holds forth a figure of the same import with the exodus of that people from Egypt : and this Psalm, like the Prophecies of Isaiah, represents the blessed effects of a spiritual redemption, in words primarily alluding to that temporal release.

FIRST PART. (vv. 1—3.) P. M.

Praise for Deliverance.

- 1 **J**EHOVAH arose in his might
Our bondage of sin to relieve !
We thought 'twas the dream of the night,
The work was too great to believe :

PSALMS CXXVI. CXXVII.

But lo ! 'tis the act of his grace,
It claims our delight and our joy,
The smile beams afresh on our face,
His praises our tongues shall employ.

- 2 The world must his glory behold,
Compell'd all his wonders to own—
“ For His Church—and His fame shall be told—
What wonders Jehovah hath done ! ”
For us, by his arm from above,
The Lord will these wonders complete :
How great are his power and his love !
Our joy and our triumph be great !

SECOND PART. (vv. 4—6.) P. M.

Weeping Seed-time, but Joyful Harvest.

- 1 RETURN, and our bondage restore,
Thy ransom'd thy call shall obey,
As streams of the mountains which pour
And bear all resistance away :
So they, who, with sorrows and tears,
Still scatter the grain o'er the soil,
When joy of the harvest appears
Shall reap the reward of their toil.

- 2 The man, who, thro' storms and thro' rain,
Throws life-yielding seed o'er the land,
Shall rejoice while again and again
He bears the full sheaves in his hand :
The seeds, which with sorrow are sown,
Of faith, and of hope, and of love,
Shall rise into glories unknown,
And bear a rich harvest above !

PSALM CXXVII.

The design of this Psalm is, to teach us the necessity of a dependence on God and His blessing, in every work to which we set our hands. What is said with regard to an earthly house, city, and family, extendeth also to the spiritual house, city, and family of Christ; which are now, what Jerusalem, the Temple, and the People of Israel were in old time.

God all in all. P. M.

- 1 VAIN is the builders' toil and care,
The well-framed structure to prepare.
If God his aid deny :
Who can secure the city keep ?
In vain the watch refuse to sleep,
Without Jehovah's eye !

PSALMS CXXVII. CXXVIII.

- 2 'Tis vain to rise ere morning light,
With lengthen'd cares curtail the night.
And eat the bread of grief:
He loves his saints; in calm repose
He bids sweet sleep their eyelids close,
And sends a kind relief.
- 3 Lo! from the Lord, a numerous seed,
The noblest heritage, proceed;
He grants the just desires:
As arrows in the mighty hand,
The youthful race in order stand,
The glory of their sires.
- 4 Happy the man whose quiver's stor'd
To fulness, by the bounteous Lord!
His honours shall be great:
While round his dutious bands appear,
He meets the foe without a fear,
Exulting in the gate.

PSALM CXXVIII.

This Psalm was probably sung at the marriage of the Israelites; as it is a part of the Matrimonial Service among us. In its prophetical and ex-
sense, it has respect to the person, marriage, family, and city of Mecca:
"A series of promises to the man who fears the Lord: that he shall be
dured prosperous in his concerne, and happy in his domestic relations
especially in spiritual blessings and in beholding the prosperity of the City.
These, under the Christian Dispensation, must be understood with such
tions as may, by the direction of Divine Wisdom, promote the spiritu-
lare and the salvation of His people."—GOODE.

Family Blessings.

First Version. SEVENS.

- 1 **H**E shall countless blessings find,
He who, with a stedfast mind,
Fears Jehovah and obeys,
And delights in all his ways.
- 2 Thou—for God thy work shall bless,
Yield thy labour rich increase—
Thou shalt, from thy fruitful lands,
Eat the labour of thy hands.
- 3 Peace and happiness are thine,
Heavenly hopes, and joys divine:
Still through life thy bliss shall grow
Bless'd in all thy paths below.
- 4 As the vine luxuriant spreads,
And thy wall with clusters shades;
So thy wife shall fruitful prove,
Virtuous hope of wedded love!

PSALMS CXXVIII. CXXIX.

- 5 Thence a numerous infant race
Shall arise, thy board to grace ;
As the plants of olive grow,
Sweetest bliss that parents know.
- 6 Thus, for him who fears the Lord,
All His choicest bounty's stor'd :
God shall bless thee from above,
With the gifts of endless love.
- 7 Thou shalt see, with joyful eyes,
Salem's prosperous city rise ;
View thy children's long increase,
And the Church adorn'd with peace.

Second Version. c. m.

- 1 O HAPPY man, whose soul is fill'd
With zeal and rev'rend awe !
His lips to God their honours yield,
His life adorns the Law.
- 2 A watchful Providence shall stand
And ever guard thy head,
Shall on the labours of thy hand
Its kindly blessings shed.
- 3 Thy wife shall be a fruitful vine ;
Thy children, round thy board,
Each like a plant of honour shine,
And learn to fear the Lord.
- 4 The Lord shall thy best hopes fulfil
For months and years to come ;
The Lord, who dwells on Zion's hill,
Shall send thee blessings home.
- 5 This is the man, whose happy eyes
Shall see his house increase,
Shall see the sinking Church arise,
Then leave the world in peace.

PSALM CXXIX.

Victory over Spiritual Enemies. P. M.

- 1 O H how oft, from life's first stages,
Satan's snares have griev'd my breast :
Oh how oft—what malice rages !—
From my youth my soul oppress !
But his treacherous arts have fail'd,
Nor against my soul prevail'd.

PSALMS CXLIX. CXXX.

- 2 As a plough-share deeply driven,
 On my back the stripes were laid ;
Then, to grief and sorrow given,
 Deeply sunk the wounds they made :
 But the just, the righteous Lord
 Heals the wounds and breaks the cord.
- 3 Zion's foes in vain surround them,
 All their rage and counsel's vain ;
God shall in his wrath confound them,
 Backward turn their steps again :
 As the grass the roof supplies,
 Quickly springs and quickly dies !
- 4 Never shall the mower press it,
 Nor the gleaner's bosom bear,
Nor the passing stranger bless it,
 Nor entreat Jehovah's care :
 Thus the foes of Zion fall,
 None Jehovah's aid shall call.

PSALM CXXX.

This is the Sixth of those which are styled Penitential Psalms.

Prayer for Pardon.

First Version. s. m.

- 1 FROM lowest depths of woe,
 To God I sent my cry ;
Lord, hear my supplicating voice,
 And graciously reply !
- 2 Should'st Thou severely judge,
 Who can the trial bear ?
But Thou forgiv'st, lest we despond,
 And quite renounce thy fear.
- 3 My soul with patience waits
 For Thee the living Lord ;
My hopes are on thy promise built,
 Thy never-failing Word.
- 4 My longing eyes look out
 For thine enlivening ray,
More duly than the morning watch
 To spy the dawning day.
- 5 Let Israel trust in God,
 No bounds his mercy knows ;
The plenteous source and spring, from whence
 Eternal succour flows.

PSALMS CXXX. CXXXI.

- 6 Whose friendly streams to us
Supplies in want convey ;
A healing spring, a spring to cleanse,
And wash our guilt away.

Second Version. c. n.

- 1 OUT of the deeps of long distress,
The borders of despair,
I sent my cries to seek thy grace,
My groans to move thine ear.
- 2 Great God ! should thy severer eye,
And thine impartial hand,
Mark and revenge iniquity,
No mortal flesh could stand.
- 3 But there are pardons with my God
For crimes of high degree ;
Thy Son hath bought them with his blood,
To draw us near to Thee.
- 4 I wait for thy salvation, Lord,
With strong desires I wait ;
My soul, invited by thy Word,
Stands watching at thy gate.
- 5 Just as the guards that keep the night
Long for the morning skies,
Watch the first beams of breaking light,
And meet them with their eyes—
- 6 So waits my soul to see thy grace,
And, more intent than they,
Meets the first openings of thy face,
And finds a brighter day.
- 7 Then in the Lord let Israel trust,
Let Israel seek his face :
The Lord is good as well as just,
And plenteous is his grace.
- 8 There's full redemption at his throne
For sinners long enslav'd ;
The Great Redeemer is his Son,
And Israel shall be sav'd.

PSALM CXXXI.

Happy would it be for the world, if all the disciples of Christ would imitate the spirit of this Psalm, and copy after the example which it sets before them.

PSALMS CXXXI. CXXXII.

Humility and Submission. P. M.

- 1 **L**ET thy grace, Lord, make me lowly :
Humble all my swelling pride :
Fallen, guilty, and unholy,
Greatness from my eyes I'll hide :
I'll forbid my vain aspiring,
Nor at earthly honours aim ;
No ambitious heights desiring,
Far above my humble claim.
- 2 As the weaned child, repining,
Weeps upon the mother's breast,
Then, its hopes and griefs resigning,
Smiles, and yields, and sinks to rest :
So my soul, the conflict stronger,
Shall at last to Thee submit,
Thee, my God, resist no longer,
Own thy will, and patient sit.
- 3 Wean'd from earth's vexatious pleasures,
In thy love I'll seek for mine ;
Plac'd in heaven my nobler treasures,
Earth I quietly resign.
Israel, thus the world despising,
On the Lord alone rely ;
Then, from Him thy joys arising,
Like Himself shall never die.

PSALM CXXXII.

This Psalm is applied, Acts ii. 30, to Christ; and is one of the Proper appointed to be used on Christmas Day. Bethlehem Ephratah was of David: in the fields of that forest, the Angel stood, and directed D build an altar to the Lord: 1 Chr. xxi. 18, 26. xxii. 1. 2 Chr. iii. 1. It w wise the city where the Son of David was born: Christians, as well may therefore say, and, upon the Festival of Christ's Nativity, us Psalm, they do say, "Lo, we heard of it at Ephratah;" for there the first proclaimed the news of the Incarnation to the Shepherds; and the "found" the true tabernacle and temple "not made with hands," the tation for the Mighty God of Jacob."

FIRST PART. (vv. 6, 7.) L. M.

Incarnation of Christ.

- 1 **L**O! from the heavens a voice we hear,
Jehovah gives the high command—
" In Ephratah My temple rear,
In Bethl'hem's fields My court shall stand.
- 2 " There all My glory and My grace
Shall bless My saints' adoring eyes ;
But brighter glories fill the place,
When there th' Incarnate Saviour lies.

PSALMS CXXXII. CXXXIII.

- 3 "His Sacred Body I'll prepare,
Where all Jehovah's glories meet :
Bless'd Temple ! whence your praise and prayer
Shall rise most grateful to My seat."
- 4 We'll enter then this Temple-gate,
Jesus our Lord our Saviour own ;
Here at thy footstool humbly wait,
Secure of blessings from thy throne !

SECOND PART. (vv. 8, 15—17.) c. m.

Presence of Christ in His Church.

- 1 A RISE, O King of Grace, arise,
And enter to thy rest !
Lo ! thy Church waits, with longing eyes,
Thus to be own'd and blest.
- 2 Enter with all thy glorious train,
Thy Spirit and thy Word :
All that the ark did once contain
Could no such grace afford.
- 3 Here, Mighty God ! accept our vows :
Here let thy praise be spread :
Bless the provisions of thy house,
And fill thy poor with bread.
- 4 Here let the Son of David reign ;
Let God's Anointed shine !
Justice and truth his court maintain,
With love and power divine.
- 5 Here let him hold a lasting throne ;
And, as his kingdom grows,
Fresh honours shall adorn his crown,
And shame confound his foes.

PSALM CXXXIII.

This short but pleasing Psalm was composed, either to recommend unity among the Tribes of Israel, or to celebrate it when it had taken place. By Patrick justly observes, that "it was as fitly used by the first Christians, to express their joy for the blessed union of Jews and Gentiles; and may now serve the use of all Christian Societies, whose happiness lies in holy peace and concord."

Brotherly Love. P. M.

- 1 HOW pleasant 'tis to see
Kindred and friends agree,
Each in his proper station move ;
And each fulfil his part,
With sympathizing heart,
In all the cares of life and love !

PSALMS CXXXIII.—CXXXV.

- 2 'Tis like the ointment shed
On Aaron's sacred head,
Divinely rich, divinely sweet :
The oil through all the room
Diffus'd a choice perfume,
Ran through his robes, and blest his feet.
- 3 Like fruitful showers of rain,
That water all the plain,
Descending from the neighb'ring hills ;
Such streams of pleasure roll
Through every friendly soul,
Where love like heavenly dew distils.

PSALM CXXXIV.

With this Psalm, Christians in the Church, like the Levites of old in the Temple call on one another to bless God, and on God to bless them all.

Praise to God in his House. S. M.

- 1 BEHOLD his wondrous grace !
And bless Jehovah's Name :
Ye servants of the Lord, His praise
By day and night proclaim.
- 2 Ye who his courts attend,
There lift your hands on high :
And let your songs of praise ascend,
In strains of sacred joy.
- 3 He form'd the earth below,
He form'd the heavens his throne :
His grace from Zion he'll bestow,
And pour his blessings down.

PSALM CXXXV.

FIRST PART. (vv. 1—4.) L. M.

Praise to God in his House.

- 1 PRAISE ye the Lord, exalt his Name,
While in his holy courts ye wait,
Ye saints that to his house belong,
Or stand attending at his gate.
- 2 Praise ye the Lord : the Lord is good :
To praise his Name is sweet employ.
Israel he chose of old, and still
His Church is his peculiar joy.

SECOND PART. (vv. 5—12.) L. M.

Providence and Grace.

- 1 GREAT is the Lord, exalted high
Above all powers and every throne ;
Whate'er He please, in earth or sea,
Or heaven or hell, His hand hath done.

PSALMS CXXXV. CXXXVI.

- 2 At His command the vapours rise,
The lightnings flash, the thunders roar :
He pours the rain, He brings the wind
And tempests from his airy store.
- 3 'Twas He those dreadful tokens sent,
O Egypt ! through thy stubborn land,
When all thy first-born, beasts and men,
Fell dead by His avenging hand !
- 4 What mighty nations, mighty kings,
He slew, and their own country gave
To Israel, whom his hand redeem'd,
No more to be proud Pharaoh's slave !
- 5 His power the same, the same his grace,
Which saves us from the hosts of hell ;
And heaven he gives us to possess,
Whence those apostate angels fell.

THIRD PART. (vv. 14, 19—21.) L. M.

God's care of his Servants.

- 1 THE Lord Himself shall judge his saints :
He treats his servants as his friends ;
And, when he hears their sore complaints,
Repents the sorrows which he sends.
- 2 Through every age the Lord declares
His Name, and breaks th' oppressor's rod :
He gives his suffering servants rest,
And will be known th' Almighty God.
- 3 Bless ye the Lord, who taste his love ;
People and priests, exalt his Name :
Among his saints he ever dwells ;
His Church is His Jerusalem.

PSALM CXXXVI.

This is a delightful Hymn of Praise and Thanksgiving to Jehovah, for the wonders of Creation, Providence, and Grace ; which were probably celebrated, in due order, by one half of the choir, while the other half, or perhaps the whole in full chorus, took up the burden of each verse, *For His mercy endureth for ever !*—a form of acknowledgment, as Bishop Patrick observes, prescribed by David, 1 Chron. xvi. 41, to be used continually in the Divine Service— a form highly proper for creatures, and sinful creatures, to use, whose great employment it is now, and will be for ever, to magnify the mercy and loving-kindness of their God.

PSALM CXXXVI.

FIRST PART. (vv. 1—6.) P. M.

Power and Grace of Jehovah.

- 1 **G**IVE thanks to God Most High,
 The Universal Lord ;
 The Sov'reign King of Kings ;
 And be his grace ador'd.
His power and grace Are still the same ;
And let his Name Have endless praise.
- 2 How mighty is his hand !
What wonders hath he done !
He form'd the earth and seas,
And spread the heavens alone.
Thy mercy, Lord, Shall still endure ;
And ever sure Abides thy Word.

SECOND PART. (vv. 23, 24, 26.) P. M.

Praise for Eternal Mercy.

- 1 **H**OW wondrous and how great
 Is God's eternal love !
He view'd our low estate ;
What kind compassions move !
His Mercy rose Ere time was known,
And from his throne Eternal flows.
- 2 He saw our ruin'd race
In guilt and bondage lie,
And sent, in sov'reign grace,
Redemption from on high :
His Mercy rose Ere time was known,
And from his throne Eternal flows.
- 3 Redeeming love display'd,
He heals our mortal woes ;
Since Christ the ransom paid,
And triumph'd o'er our foes :
His Mercy rose Ere time was known,
And from his throne Eternal flows.
- 4 To God in heaven above
Your thankful tribute raise,
His goodness and his love
Surmount your highest praise :
His Mercy rose Ere time was known,
And from his throne Eternal flows.

PSALM CXXXVII.

The Israelites, captives in Babylon, describe their woeful estate. The Psalm admits of a beautiful and useful application to the state of Christians in this world, and their expected deliverance from it: for Zion is, in Scripture, the standing type of Heaven; as Babylon is the grand figure of the World, the seat of confusion, the oppressor and persecutor of the people of God.

FIRST PART. (vv. 1—4.) SEVENS.

Sorrows of the Servants of God.

- 1 **F**AR from Zion, far from home,
Earth beholds a captive band:
Wretched strangers, here we roam,
Thinking on our native land.
- 2 Tears of woe the floods increase,
While our tuneless harps, unstrung,
Midst this solitary place,
On the willow'd banks are hung.
- 3 Sin and guilt the sigh compel,
While we drag the bondage chain:
Earth, and sense, and Powers of Hell,
First allure, and then disdain.
- 4 “Rise,” they cry, “ye weeping saints !
Tune your harps and tune your tongues !
Sing, and cease your sad complaints,
One of Zion’s boasted songs !”—
- 5 How shall we, oppress’d on earth,
Raise our thoughts to joys above?
Tune our harps to sacred mirth?
Triumph in the Saviour’s love?
- 6 Silence suits the pensive mind,
Exil’d from the heavenly shore;
Or, to patient grief resign’d,
Still its sorrows to deplore.

SECOND PART. (vv. 5, 6.) SEVENS.

Heaven endeared to the Servants of God by their Sorrows.

- 1 **I**F, midst scenes of sensual joy,
Or by gloomy cares opprest,
Earth should my desires employ,
Thoughtless of my heavenly rest—
- 2 Let my hand, bereft of skill,
Ne’er its useless art regain,
Nor its vain attempt fulfil,
To educe the melting strain !

PSALMS CXXXVII. CXXXVIII.

- 3 If, estranged from heavenly song,
Sensual bliss delight my mind,
Fix my false deceitful tongue,
And my lips in silence bind !
- 4 Zion, seat of endless rest,
Shall my thoughts and songs employ,
Dearer to my longing breast
Than my dearest scenes of joy.

PSALM CXXXVIII.

FIRST PART. (vv. 1, 2.) L. M.

Praise to God in his House.

- 1 **W**ITH all my powers of heart and tongue
I'll praise my Maker in my song :
Angels shall hear the notes I raise,
Approve the song, and join the praise.
- 2 Angels, who make thy Church their care,
Shall witness my devotions there ;
While holy zeal directs my eyes
To thy fair temple in the skies.
- 3 I'll sing thy truth and mercy, Lord,
I'll sing the wonders of thy Word :
Not all thy works and names below
So much thy power and glory show.

SECOND PART. (vv. 3—8.) L. M.

Thanksgiving and Confidence.

- 1 **T**O God I cried when troubles rose ;
He heard me, and subdued my foes ;
He did my rising fears controul,
And strength diffuse through all my soul.
- 2 The God of heaven maintains his seat,
Frowns on the proud and scorns the great ;
But from his throne descends to see
The sons of humble poverty.
- 3 Amidst a thousand snares I stand,
Upheld and guarded by thy hand ;
Thy words my fainting soul revive,
And keep my dying faith alive.
- 4 Grace will complete what grace begins,
To save from sorrows or from sins ;
The work that Wisdom undertakes
Eternal mercy ne'er forsakes.

PSALM CXXXIX.

It seems evident, from the latter part of this noble and instructive Psalm, that the Author penned it at a time when he was persecuted and calumniated, as an appeal to the All-seeing Judge between him and his adversaries.

FIRST PART. (vv. 1—6.) c. m.

Omniscience of Jehovah.

- 1 **I**N all my vast concerns with Thee,
In vain my soul would try
To shun thy presence, Lord, or flee
The notice of thine eye.
- 2 Thy all-surrounding sight surveys
My rising and my rest,
My public walks and private ways,
And secrets of my breast.
- 3 My thoughts lie open to the Lord,
Before they're form'd within;
And, ere my lips pronounce the word,
He knows the sense I mean.
- 4 Oh wondrous knowledge, deep and high!
Where can a creature hide?
Within thy circling arms I lie,
Beset on ev'ry side.
- 5 So let thy grace surround me still,
And like a bulwark prove,
To guard my soul from ev'ry ill,
Secur'd by sov'reign love.

SECOND PART. (vv. 7—12.) l. m.

Omnipresence of Jehovah.

- 1 **O**H could I so perfidious be,
To think of once deserting Thee,
Where, Lord, could I thine influence shun,
Or whither from thy presence run?
- 2 If up to heav'n I take my flight,
'Tis there Thou dwell'st enthron'd in light;
Or dive to hell's infernal plains,
'Tis there almighty vengeance reigns.
- 3 If I the morning's wings could gain,
And fly beyond the western main,
Thy swifter hand would first arrive,
And there arrest thy fugitive.

PSALM CXXXIX.

- 4 Or should I try to shun thy sight
Beneath the spreading veil of night,
One glance from Thee, one piercing ray,
Would kindle darkness into day.
- 5 The veil of night is no disguise,
No screen from thy all-searching eyes :
Through midnight shades 'Thou find'st thy way,
As in the blazing noon of day.

THIRD PART. (vv. 13—16.) L. M.

Wisdom and Power in the Formation of Man.

- 1 'TWAS from thy hand, my God, I came,
 A work of such a curious frame ;
In me thy fearful wonders shine,
And each proclaims thy skill divine.
- 2 Thine eyes did all my limbs survey,
Which yet in dark confusion lay ;
Thou saw'st the daily growth they took,
Form'd by the model of thy book.
- 3 By Thee my growing parts were nam'd,
And what thy sov'reign counsels fram'd—
The breathing lungs, the beating heart—
Was copied with unerring art.
- 4 At last, to shew my Maker's Name,
God stamp'd his image on my frame ;
And, in some unknown moment, join'd
The finish'd members to the mind.
- 5 There the young seeds of thought began,
And all the passions of the man :
Great God ! our infant-nature pays
Immortal tribute to thy praise.

FOURTH PART. (vv. 17, 18.) L. M.

Praise for the countless Mercies of Life.

- 1 LORD, since in my advancing age
 I've acted on life's busy stage,
Thy thoughts of love to me surmount
The power of numbers to recount.
- 2 I could survey the ocean o'er,
And count each sand that makes the shore,
Before my swiftest thoughts could trace
The num'rous wonders of thy grace.

PSALMS CXXXIX.—CXLI.

- 3 These on my heart are still imprest,
With these I give my eyes to rest ;
And at my waking hour I find
God and His love possess my mind.

FIFTH PART. (vv. 19—24.) L. M.

Sin disavowed, and Holiness longed for.

- 1 **M**Y God, what inward grief I feel,
When impious men transgress thy will !
I mourn to hear their lips profane,
Take thy tremendous Name in vain.
- 2 Does not my soul detest and hate
The sons of malice and deceit ?
Those who oppose thy Laws and Thee,
I count them enemies to me.
- 3 Lord, search my soul, try ev'ry thought :
Though my own heart accuse me not
Of walking in a false disguise,
I beg the trial of thine eyes.
- 4 Doth secret mischief lurk within ?
Do I indulge some unknown sin ?
Oh turn my feet whene'er I stray,
And lead me in thy perfect way !

PSALM CXL.

Prayer under Temptation. (vv. 6—8.) S. M.

- 1 **J**EHOVAH, God Most High !
Thee, Thee my God I own :
Then let my supplicating cry
Be heard before thy throne.
- 2 O God the Lord, thy pow'r
Salvation can impart :
Thy shield, in ev'ry dang'rous hour,
Has shelter'd o'er my heart.
- 3 Still all my foes repel,
Their dark designs restrain,
So shall the Pow'rs of Earth or Hell
Assault my soul in vain.

PSALM CXLI.

David seems to have composed this Psalm just before his flight to Achish, King of Gath; when he had a second time spared Saul's life, but could trust him no longer. See 1 Sam. xxvi. and xxvii. 1.

PSALM CXLI.

FIRST PART. (vv. 1—5.) L. M.

Watchfulness, and Brotherly Reproof.

- 1 MY God, accept my early vows,
Like morning incense in thy house ;
And let my nightly worship rise
Sweet as the ev'ning sacrifice.
- 2 Watch o'er my lips, and guard them, Lord,
From ev'ry rash and heedless word ;
Nor let my feet incline to tread
The guilty paths where sinners lead.
- 3 Oh may the righteous, when I stray,
Smite and reprove my wand'ring way !
Their gentle words, like ointment shed,
Shall never bruise, but cheer my head.
- 4 When I behold them prest with grief,
I'll cry to heav'n for their relief ;
And, by my warm petitions prove,
How much I prize their faithful love.

SECOND PART. (vv. 7—10.) P. M.

Seeking God in Trouble.

- 1 SEE, gracious God, with pitying eye,
How nature's ruins round us lie :
Each op'ning grave proclaims its spoils,
Like fragments of the woodman's toils,
Which spread the ground.
- 2 But, while amidst these scenes I mourn,
My God, the Lord, to Thee I turn ;
I raise my eyes, I urge my pray'r,
And rest, dependent on thy care,
My Heav'ly Guide !
- 3 Still on thy promises I trust ;
And, though my flesh return to dust,
Then to my soul thy power display,
Nor leave me to the grave a prey,
In glooms of death.
- 4 When earth and hell their arts prepare,
Preserve my feet from ev'ry snare :
Amidst temptations round me spread,
Through all my foes in safety led,
Thy power I'll praise.

PSALMS CXLII. CXLIII.

- 5 But, when to death the sinner falls,
When justice for destruction calls,
Then let my soul escape away
From death's dark scenes to endless day,
By angels borne !

PSALM CXLII.

The title of this Psalm informs us, that it was a Prayer of David, when he was in the cave; that is, most probably, the Cave of Adullam, whither he fled, when in danger both from Saul and from the Philistines : 1 Sam. xxii. 1.

God the Hope of the Helpless. L. M.

- 1 THE Lord shall hear my humble prayer,
To Him my heart disclos'd its care ;
I'll pour my sorrows at his seat,
And all my griefs and fears repeat.
- 2 O'erwhelm'd with woe my spirit lay,
Yet still my God observ'd my way :
Thine eyes the secret snares discern'd,
Spread round my steps where'er I turn'd.
- 3 Lo ! on the right, amidst my fears,
No aid, no Advocate appears ;
No friendly refuge here I find,
No gen'rous pity cheers my mind.
- 4 Hopeless on earth, by all forsook,
Jesus, my Lord, to Thee I look :
“Thou art my Refuge here,” I cry,
“My Portion in the worlds on high.”
- 5 Oh bow, attentive to my prayer,
Else shall I sink in deep despair :
Let all my foes, too strong for me,
Own my Almighty Friend in Thee !
- 6 Enlarge my soul, imprison'd round,
Then shall my praise thy Name resound ;
And righteous men around me throng,
And view thy grace and join my song.

PSALM CXLIII.

This is the Seventh and last of the Penitential Psalms.

FIRST PART. (vv. 1—7.) L. M.

Hope sustaining against Despondency.

- 1 MY righteous Judge, my gracious God,
Hear when I spread my hands abroad
And cry for succour from thy throne !
Oh make thy truth and mercy known !

PSALM CXLIII.

- 2 Let judgment not against me pass !
Behold thy servant pleads thy grace :
Should justice call us to thy bar,
No man alive is guiltless there !
- 3 Look down in pity, Lord, and see
The mighty woes which burden me :
Down to the dead my life is brought,
Like one long buried and forgot.
- 4 I dwell in darkness and unseen,
My heart is desolate within :
My thoughts in musing silence trace
The ancient wonders of thy grace.
- 5 Thence I derive a glimpse of hope
To bear my sinking spirits up ;
I stretch my hands to God again,
And thirst like parched lands for rain.
- 6 For Thee I thirst, I pray, I mourn :
When will thy smiles, my God, return ?
Shall all my joys on earth remove,
And Thou for ever hide thy love ?
- 7 My God, thy long delay to save
Will sink thy pris'ner to the grave :
My heart grows faint, and dim mine eye :
Make haste to help before I die !

SECOND PART. (vv. 8—12.) c. m.

Prayer for Guidance, Mercy, and Grace.

- 1 **W**HENE'ER the morning lights the skies,
Thy beams, O Lord, display ;
And let thy loving-kindness rise,
To bless the early day.
- 2 In Thee I trust, thy light afford,
And let my path be known :
I lift my soul to Thee, my Lord,
My prayer before thy throne.
- 3 From all my foes, thy power display'd,
Oh set thy servant free :
I seek thy mercy's friendly shade,
And hide myself with THEE.
- 4 Thou art my God, thy will express
And teach me to obey ;
And let thy Spirit, rich in grace,
Direct me in thy way.

PSALMS CXLIII. CXLIV.

- 5 Oh raise me to the life divine,
My Saviour's Name I plead :
And, Lord, since righteousness is thine,
From every trouble lead.
- 6 Let Mercy all my foes subdue—
Thy Mercy I'll adore—
Nor sense, nor sin, their arts renew,
To vex thy servant more.

PSALM CXLIV.

If we substitute, in our minds, Messiah for David, the Church for Israel, and spiritual for temporal blessings, this Psalm will present itself to us as a noble Evangelical Hymn.

FIRST PART. (vv. 1—3.) c. m.

Victory in the Spiritual Warfare.

- 1 FOR ever blessed be the Lord,
My Saviour and my Shield ;
He sends his Spirit with his Word,
To arm me for the field.
- 2 When sin and hell their force unite,
He makes my soul his care ;
Instructs me to the heav'nly fight,
And guards me through the war.
- 3 A Friend and Helper so divine
Does my weak courage raise ;
He makes the glorious vict'ry mine,
And His shall be the praise.

SECOND PART. (vv. 3—6.) c. m.

Vanity of Man, and Condescension of God.

- 1 LORD, what is man, poor feeble man,
Born of the earth at first ;
His life a shadow, light and vain,
Still hastening to the dust !
- 2 Oh what is feeble dying man,
Or any of his race,
That God should make it His concern
To visit him with grace !
- 3 That God, who darts his lightnings down,
Who shakes the worlds above,
And mountains tremble at his frown,
How wondrous is his love !

PSALM CXLIV.

THIRD PART. (vv. 7—11.) L. M.

Humble Prayer, and Holy Confidence.

- 1 **M**Y gracious God, from heav'n above
 To me extend thy hand of love :
 Withdraw me from the threat'ning wave,
 And from th' o'erwhelming waters save.
- 2 From men profane thy servant free,
 The impious race estrang'd from 'Thee ;
 Their idol-vanities display'd,
 They trust an arm unskill'd to aid.
- 3 To Thee, my God, my song I'll raise,
 In a new strain of grateful praise :
 My noblest instruments shall join,
 And aid my voice with sounds divine.
- 4 Thine arm alone salvation yields,
 Alone the mightiest princes shields ;
 O'er all has fix'd Messiah's reign,
 Through endless ages to remain.
- 5 From men profane thy servant free,
 From impious men estrang'd from Thee ;
 Their idol-vanities display'd,
 Who trust an arm unskill'd to aid.

FOURTH PART. (vv. 12—15.) L. M.

Prayer for Public Prosperity.

- 1 **L**ORD, let our vigorous sons be seen
 Like plants in youthful verdure green ;
 Our daughters virtuous, graceful, fair,
 As columns deck'd with sculptur'd care.
- 2 Let the rich harvest, from the field,
 To the full floor abundance yield ;
 Our garners fill'd with varied store,
 The hope and refuge of the poor.
- 3 Our teeming ewes, by thousands told,
 Add their ten thousands to the fold ;
 The lab'ring oxen, strong for toil,
 Graze o'er the mead or work the soil.
- 4 Then shall no foes, irruptive, break ;
 No tribes their native shores forsake ;
 Nor murm'rings through the land resound,
 But calm content spread all around.

PSALMS CXLIV. CXLV.

- 5 Happy the people thus at rest,
With laws, and peace, and commerce blest
Then happier we, no good deny'd,
Who claim the Lord our God beside.

PSALM CXLV.

Hitherto, in this Divine Book, we have been presented with checkered scenes of danger and deliverance, distress and mercy. The voice of complaint has sometimes been succeeded by that of thanksgiving; and praise, at other times, has terminated in prayer. But now, as if the days of mourning in Zion were ended, we hear no more of Messiah as a Man of Sorrows, or of the Church despised and afflicted after the same example in the world: henceforth, seem not to be upon earth; but in heaven, mingling with celestial spirits around the throne.

Praise.

FIRST PART. (vv. 1—7.) c. m.

- 1 LONG as I live I'll bless thy Name,
My King, my God of love!
My work and joy shall be the same,
In the bright world above.
- 2 Great is the Lord, his power unknown,
And let his praise be great;
I'll sing the honours of thy throne,
Thy works of grace repeat.
- 3 Thy grace shall dwell upon my tongue;
And, while my lips rejoice,
The men that hear my sacred song
Shall join their cheerful voice.
- 4 Fathers to sons shall teach thy Name,
And children learn thy ways;
Ages to come thy truth proclaim,
And nations sound thy praise.
- 5 Thy glorious deeds of ancient date
Shall through the world be known;
Thine arm of power, thy heavenly state,
With public splendor shown.
- 6 The world is manag'd by thy hands,
Thy saints are rul'd by love;
And thine eternal kingdom stands,
Though rocks and hills remove.

SECOND PART. (vv. 8—13.) c. m.

- 1 THOU, Lord, art good! fresh acts of grace
Thy pity still supplies;
Thine anger moves with slowest pace,
Thy willing mercy flies.

PSALM CXLV.

- 2 Thy love through earth extends its fame,
In all thy works exprest :
These shew thy praise, while thy great Name
Is by thy servants blest.
- 3 They, with a glorious prospect fir'd,
Shall of thy Kingdom speak ;
And thy great pow'r, by all admir'd,
Their lofty subject make.
- 4 Thy stedfast throne, from changes free,
Shall stand for ever fast ;
Thy boundless sway no end shall see,
But time itself outlast.

THIRD PART. (vv. 14—21.) c. m.

- 1 LET every tongue thy goodness speak,
Thou Sov'reign Lord of All ;
Thy strength'ning hands uphold the weak,
And raise the poor that fall.
- 2 With longing eyes thy creatures wait
On Thee for daily food ;
Thy lib'ral hand provides their meat,
And fills their mouths with good.
- 3 The Lord supports our infant days,
And guides our giddy youth ;
Holy and just are all thy ways,
And all thy words are truth.
- 4 Thou know'st the pains thy servants feel,
Thou hear'st thy children cry ;
And, their best wishes to fulfil,
Thy grace is ever nigh.
- 5 Thy mercy never shall remove
From men of heart sincere ;
Thou sav'st the souls whose humble love
Is join'd with holy fear.
- 6 My lips shall dwell upon thy praise,
And spread thy fame abroad ;
Let all the sons of Adam raise
The honours of their God.

PSALMS CXLVI. CXLVII.

PSALM CXLVI. P. M.

Praise.

- 1 I'LL praise my Maker while I've breath,
And, when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers :
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.
- 2 Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God : He made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train :
His truth for ever stands secure ;
He saves th' opprest, he feeds the poor,
And none shall find his promise vain.
- 3 The Lord pours eye-sight on the blind,
The Lord supports the fainting mind ;
He sends the lab'ring conscience peace :
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless,
And grants the pris'ner sweet release.
- 4 I'll praise Him while he lends me breath,
And, when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers :
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

PSALM CXLVII.

Praise.

FIRST PART. (vv. 1—6.) L. M.

- 1 PRAISE ye the Lord : 'tis good to raise
Our hearts and voices in his praise :
His nature and his works invite
To make this duty our delight.
- 2 The Lord builds up Jerusalem,
And gathers nations to his Name :
His mercy melts the stubborn soul,
And makes the broken spirit whole.
- 3 He form'd the stars, those heav'nly flames ;
He counts their number, calls their names :
His wisdom's vast, and knows no bound,
A deep where all our thoughts are drown'd.

PSALM CXLVII.

- 4 Great is our Lord, and great his might ;
And all his glories infinite :
He crowns the meek, rewards the just,
And treads the wicked to the dust.

SECOND PART. (vv. 7—11.) L. M.

- 1 **S**ING to the Lord, exalt Him high,
Who spreads his clouds all round the sky :
There he prepares the fruitful rain,
Nor lets the drops descend in vain.
- 2 He makes the grass the hills adorn,
And clothes the smiling fields with corn ;
The beasts with food his hands supply,
And the young ravens when they cry.
- 3 What is the creature's skill or force,
The sprightly man, the warlike horse,
The nimble wit, the active limb,
All are too mean delights for Him :
- 4 But saints are lovely in his sight ;
He views his children with delight :
He sees their hope, he knows their fear,
And looks and loves His image there.

THIRD PART. (vv. 12—20.) L. M.

Accommodated to the circumstances of the British Nation, as a Song of National Thanksgiving.—EDIT.

- 1 **O** BRITAIN, praise thy Mighty God,
And make his honours known abroad :
He bid the ocean round thee flow,
Not bars of brass could guard thee so.
- 2 Thy children are secure and blest ;
Thy shores have peace, thy cities rest :
He feeds thy sons with finest wheat,
And adds his blessing to their meat.
- 3 Thy changing seasons He ordains,
Thine early and thy later rains :
His flakes of snow like wool he sends,
And thus the springing corn defends.
- 4 With hoary frost he strews the ground :
His hail descends with clatt'ring sound :
Where is the man, so vainly bold,
That dares defy his dreadful cold ?

PSALMS CXLVII. CXLVIII.

- 5 He bids the southern breezes blow,
The ice dissolves, the waters flow :
But he hath nobler works and ways
To call us Britons to his praise.
- 6 To all the realm his Laws are shown,
His Gospel through the nation known :
He hath not thus reveal'd his Word
To every land—Praise ye the Lord !

PSALM CXLVIII.

All the creatures, in the invisible and the visible world, are called on by the Psalmist to unite in a grand Chorus of

Praise.

FIRST PART. (vv. 1, 2, 5, 6.) p. 31.

- 1 **Y**E boundless realms of joy,
Exalt your Maker's Name ;
His praise your songs employ
Above the starry frame :
Your voices raise, Ye Cherubim
And Seraphim, To sing his praise.
- 2 Let all adore the Lord,
And praise his Holy Name,
By whose Almighty Word
They all from nothing came ;
And all shall last, From changes free
His firm decree Stands ever fast.

SECOND PART. (vv. 11, 12.) p. 31.

- 1 **T**O God, in power supreme,
Let Kings their thrones submit ;
All Nations fear his Name,
And Princes humbly sit :
All ye who bear Th' avenging sword,
Adore the Lord, Whose power ye share.
- 2 Ye Youths, the chorus lead,
Join'd with the Virgin Train ;
Nor let the Hoary Head
From the high task refrain :
The Infant Race Shall join the song,
And every tongue Adore His grace.

PSALMS CXLVIII. CXLIX.

THIRD PART. (vv. 13, 14.) P. M.

1

UNITED zeal be shewn,
His wondrous fame to raise,
Whose glorious Name alone
Deserves our endless praise :
Earth's utmost ends His power obey ;
His glorious sway The sky transcends.

2

His chosen saints to grace,
He sets them up on high,
And favours Israel's race,
Who still to him are nigh :
Oh therefore raise Your grateful voice,
And still rejoice The Lord to praise.

PSALM CXLIX.

Praise.

FIRST PART. (vv. 1—5.) P. M.

1 PREPARE a new song, Jehovah to praise,
Amidst the full throng, his honours to raise :
O Israel, for ever thy Maker adore ;
Exult in thy Saviour, thy King, evermore !

2 Encircling his throne with sacred delight,
Let Jesus alone your praises invite ;
Your voices combining, touch every sweet string,
In harmony joining, the Saviour to sing.

3 His people have found the love he hath borne ;
Salvation around the meek shall adorn :
Exalted in glory, his servants he'll save ;
My God, they'll adore Thee, when rais'd from the grave.

SECOND PART. (vv. 6—9.) P. M.

1 YE saints of the Lord, as round him ye stand,
His two-edged sword, his Word, in your hand,
To sound his high praises your voices employ ;
To vict'ry he raises, and crowns you with joy.

2 In vengeance he comes, the nations draw near ;
His throne he resumes, his judgments appear :
Their kings shall adore him, nor princes rebel,
And sinners before him sink trembling to hell.

3 Then, rais'd from the dust, his Church shall proclaim
“ Thy judgments are just, and faithful thy Name ! ”
This honour for ever his saints shall attend ;
Let praise to the Saviour in triumph ascend.

PSALM CL.

Praise.

First Version. c. m.

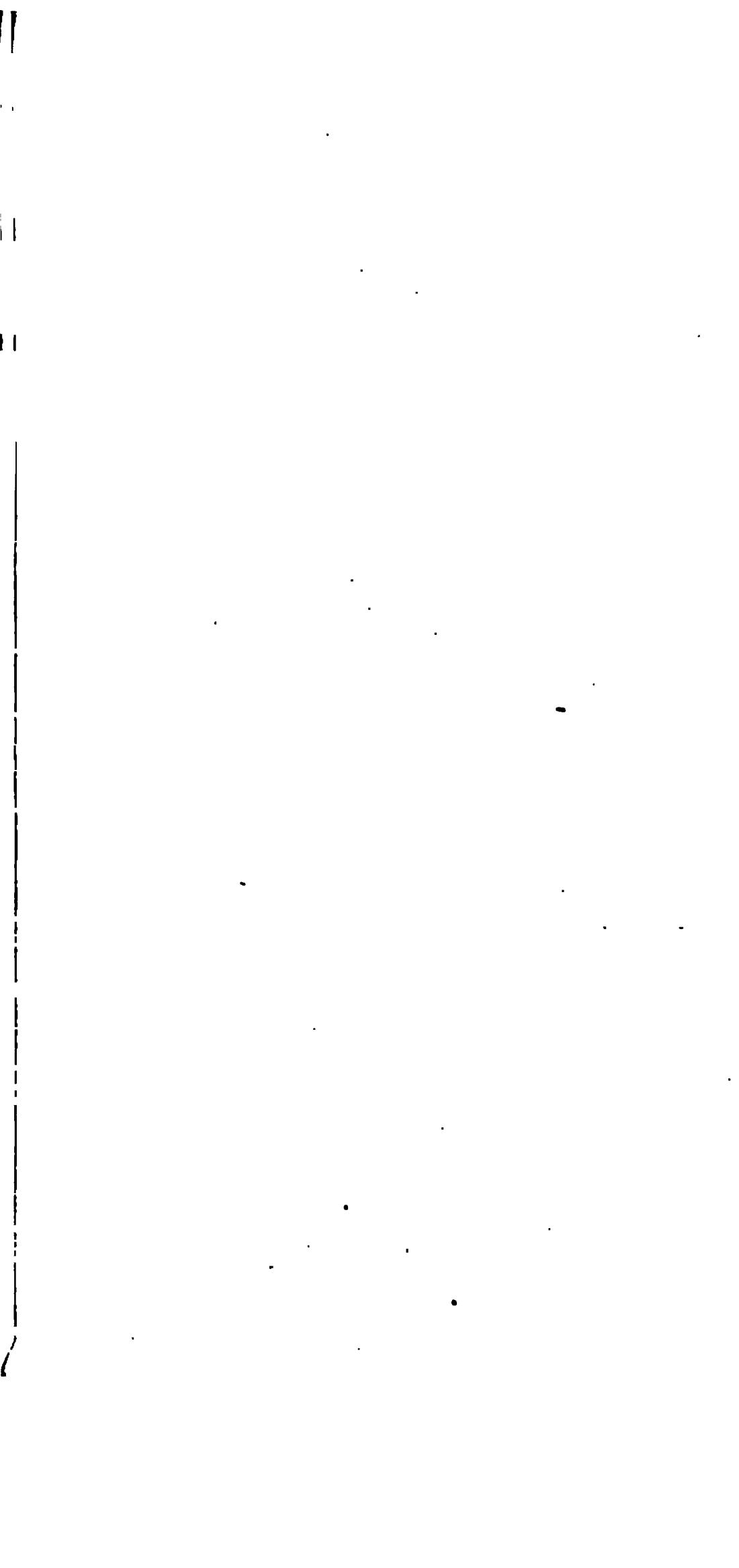
- 1 IN God's own house pronounce his praise,
 His grace he there reveals ;
To heaven your joy and wonder raise,
 For there his glory dwells.
- 2 Let all your sacred passions move,
 While you rehearse his deeds ;
But the great work of saving love
 Your highest praise exceeds.
- 3 All that have motion, life, and breath,
 Proclaim your Maker blest ;
Yet when my voice expires in death,
 My soul shall praise him best.

Second Version. r. m.

OH praise ye the Lord, ye saints in His house,
 His wonders record, and pay Him your vows :
Ye angels adore him, who worship on high,
Fall prostrate before him, whose power built the sky.
Yea, all which have breath, each breath now accord ;
Nor cease beyond death exalting the Lord ;
In loud adoration advancing his praise,
The Lord of Creation ! the Fountain of Grace !

Third Version. l. m.

- 1 OH praise the Lord in that blest place,
 From whence His goodness largely flows :
Praise him in heaven, where he his face
 Unveil'd in perfect glory shows.
- 2 Praise Him for all the mighty acts
 Which he in our behalf hath done :
His kindness this return exacts,
 With which our praise should equal run.
- 3 Let all who vital breath enjoy,
 The breath he doth to them afford,
In just returns of praise employ :
 Let every creature praise the Lord.



H Y M N S
SELECTED FOR
PUBLIC WORSHIP.



H Y M N S.

1. *Christ the Expounder of the Divine Will.* C. M.

- 1 ABASH'D be all the boast of Age !
 Be hoary Learning dumb !
Expounder of the mystic page,
 Behold an Infant come !
- 2 O Wisdom ! whose unfading power
 Beside th' Eternal stood,
To frame, in nature's earliest hour,
 The land, the sky, the flood ;
- 3 Yet did'st Thou not disdain awhile
 An infant form to wear,
To bless thy Mother with a smile,
 And lisp Thy falter'd prayer :
- 4 But, in Thy Father's own abode,
 With Israel's elders round,
Conversing high with Israel's God,
 Thy chiefest joy was found.
- 5 So may our Youth adore Thy Name !
 And, Saviour ! deign to bless
With fostering grace the timid flame
 Of early holiness. [Luke ii. 42—50.]

2. *The Presence of God sought in his House.* C. M.

- 1 AGAIN our earthly cares we leave,
 And to thy courts repair ;
Again with joyful feet we come,
 To meet our Saviour here.
- 2 Great Shepherd of thy people, hear !
 Thy presence now display :
We kneel within thy house of prayer,
 Oh ! give us hearts to pray.

HYMNS.

- 3 The clouds which vail Thee from our sight,
 In pity, Lord, remove ;
Dispose our minds to hear aright
 The message of thy love.
- 4 Help us, with holy fear and joy,
 To kneel before thy face ;
And make us, creatures of thy power.
 The children of thy grace.

3. *The Sabbath an Emblem and Type of Heaven.* L. M.

- 1 AGAIN our weekly labours end,
And we the Sabbath's call attend :
Let us improve the sacred rest,
And bless the day which God hath blest.
- 2 This day let prayers and praises rise,
To God a grateful sacrifice !
Thy peace, O Lord, on us bestow !
Which none, but they who feel it, know.
- 3 That peace of thine within the breast
Is a rich foretaste of a Rest
Which for thy Church, O God, remains ;
A Rest from sin, and guilt, and pains.
- 4 In holy duties let this day,
Heaven's type and emblem, pass away :
Each Sabbath, Lord, we thus would spend,
In hope of that which ne'er shall end.

4. *Sunday-School Anniversary.* L. M.

(When Teachers have died.)

- 1 AGAIN the seasons and the sun
Have their bright course in beauty run ;
The noon-day beam and evening dew
The blessing of the land renew.
- 2 Hail to the Power to whom we owe
Whate'er we taste of bliss below ;
The joy of youth, the calm of age,
And hope's still fairer heritage.
- 3 Yet not unstain'd of time and tears
Flow nature's course, and life's short years ;
Disease and death, still hovering nigh,
Proclaim our frail mortality.

H Y M N S.

- 4 The tongue is mute whose tender care
Oft form'd our infant lips to prayer ;
The heart that glow'd, the hand that bless'd,
Lie 'neath the turf but newly dress'd.
- 5 Yet still, if conscious in the sky,
The guardian spirit hover nigh,
That heart shall still in rapture glow,
To see our course like theirs below.
- 6 Then, to that bright example true,
Let us the holy path pursue ;
That, when our life's brief toils are o'er,
Children and Teachers part no more !

5.

The Lord's Supper. P. M.

- 1 AH, tell us no more
The Spirit and power
Of Jesus our God
Is not to be found in this life-giving food !
- 2 Receiving the bread,
On Jesus we feed.
It doth not appear
His manner of working ; but Jesus is here.
- 3 With bread from above,
With comfort and love,
Our spirit He fills,
And all his unspeakable goodness reveals.
- 4 Oh that all men would haste
To the spiritual feast !
At Jesus's word
Do this, and be fed with the love of our Lord !

6. *Godly Sorrow for Christ's Sufferings.* C. M.

- 1 **ALAS ! and did my Saviour bleed ?**
And did my Sov'reign die ?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I ?
- 2 Was it for sins that I had done,
He groan'd upon the tree ?
Amazing pity ! grace unknown !
And love beyond degree !
- 3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When God, the Mighty Maker, died,
For man, the creature's sin.

HYMNS.

- 4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While His dear Cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt my eyes to tears.
- 5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe:
Here, Lord, I give myself away!
'Tis all that I can do.

7.

Nativity of Christ. P. M.

- 1 ALL glory to God, and peace upon earth,
Be publish'd abroad at Jesus's birth:
The forfeited favour of heaven we find
Restor'd in the Saviour and Friend of mankind
- 2 Then let us behold Messiah the Lord,
By prophets foretold, by angels ador'd:
Our God's incarnation with angels proclaim,
And publish salvation in Jesus's Name.
- 3 Immanuel's love let sinners confess,
Who comes from above to bring us His peace;
Let every believer His mercy adore,
And praise Him for ever, when time is no more.

8.

Praise to Christ from all Men. P. M.

- 1 ALL glory to God, who ruleth on high,
And now hath bestow'd, and sent from the sky,
Christ Jesus the Saviour, lost sinners to bless,
The pledge of his favour, the seal of his peace.
- 2 Ye Seafaring men, His footsteps adore,
His miracles seen, of goodness and power;
Who plow the rough ocean, your voices employ,
With hearty devotion and fulness of joy.
- 3 Ye wandering Tribes, your offerings bring;
Your God reconcil'd, ye Villagers, sing;
Exult in his passion, ye rude Mountaineers,
For, lo! your salvation, with Jesus appears!
- 4 Him, strong to redeem, ye Islanders, praise,
Created by him, who saves the lost race;
With shouts never ceasing, extol the Most High,
And welcome the blessings He brings from the sky.

9.

Christ crowned as Lord of All. C. M.

- 1 ALL hail the power of Jesu's Name!
Let angels prostrate fall:
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him—Lord of All.

HYMNS.

- 2 Crown him, ye Martyrs of our God,
Who from his altar call :
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown Him—Lord of All.
- 3 Ye chosen seed of Jacob's race,
A remnant weak and small ;
Hail Him, who saves you by his grace,
And crown Him—Lord of All.
- 4 Ye Gentile sinners, ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall ;
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown Him—Lord of All.
- 5 Let every kindred, every tribe
Around this earthly ball,
To him all Majesty ascribe,
And crown Him—Lord of All.
- 6 Oh that, with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall ;
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown Him—Lord of All.

10.

Confession and Prayer. c. m.

(From the General Confession.)

- 1 ALMIGHTY Father ! God of grace !
We all, like sheep astray,
In folly from thy paths have turn'd,
Each to his sinful way.
- 2 Sins of omission and of act
Through all our lives abound ;
Alas ! in thought, and word, and deed,
No health in us is found.
- 3 Oh spare us, Lord ! in mercy spare !
Our contrite souls restore,
Through Him who suffer'd on the Cross,
And man's transgressions bore.
- 4 And grant, O Father ! for His sake,
That we, through all our days,
A just and godly life may lead,
To thine eternal praise.

11.

Christ Victorious. l. m.

- 1 ALL power is to our Saviour given :
O'er earth's rebellious sons he reigns :
He mildly rules the hosts of heaven,
And holds the Powers of Hell in chains.

HYMNS.

- 2 Jesus shall his great arm reveal—
Jesus, the woman's conqu'ring seed :
Though now the Serpent bruise his heel,
Jesus shall bruise the Serpent's head.
3 We magnify the sov'reign grace
Of Him who sits upon the throne :
Let earth and heaven conspire to praise
Jehovah and his conqu'ring Son !

12. *Praise and Prayer for the Success of the Gospel.* P. N.

- 1 ALL thanks be to God,
Who scatters abroad,
Throughout every place,
By the least of his servants, his savour of grace !
2 Who the victory gave,
The praise let Him have :
For the work he hath done—
All honour and glory to Jesus alone !
3 Our conquering Lord
Hath prosper'd his Word,
Hath made it prevail,
And mightily shaken the Kingdom of hell.
4 His arm he hath bar'd,
And a people prepar'd,
His glory to shew,
And witness the power of his passion below.
5 And shall we not sing
Our Saviour and King ?
Thy witnesses, we
With rapture ascribe all salvation to Thee !
6 Oh that all men might know
Thy mercy below,
Thee, Saviour, confess,
And embrace the glad tidings of pardon and peace !

13. “To-day, if ye will hear His voice!” s. m.

- 1 ALL yesterday is gone !
To-morrow's not our own :
What day is better than to-day,
To bow before the throne ?
2 Why should we yet delay,
And not to God return ?
How sad to have our oil to buy,
When we should have it burn !

H Y M N S.

3 Oh hear his voice to-day,
And harden not your heart :
To-morrow, with a frown, he may
Pronounce the word—Depart.

14. *Invitation to the Heavy-laden.* c. m.

1 ALL ye who feel distress'd for sin,
And fear eternal woe,
You Christ invites to enter in,
This hour to Jesus go !

2 He, by his own almighty word,
Will all your fears remove ;
For every wound his precious blood
A sovereign balm shall prove.

3 His conqu'ring grace shall set you free
From sin's oppressive chains,
From Satan's hateful tyranny,
And everlasting pains.

4 Come then, ye Heavy-laden, come !
His instant help implore :
Millions have found a peaceful home,
There's room for millions more. [Matt. xi. 28.]

15. *Before Sermon.* c. m.

1 ALMIGHTY God ! Eternal Lord !
Thy gracious power make known :
Touch, by the virtue of thy Word,
And melt the heart of stone.

2 Speak with the voice that wakes the dead,
And bid the sleeper rise ;
And let his guilty conscience dread
The death that never dies.

3 Let us receive the Word we hear,
Each in an honest heart ;
Lay up the precious treasure there,
And never with it part.

4 Now let our darkness comprehend
The light that shines so clear :
Now the revealing Spirit send,
And give us ears to hear.

H Y M N S.

16.

After Sermon. c. m.

1 ALMIGHTY God ! thy Word is cast
Like seed into the ground ;
Now let the dew of Heaven descend,
And righteous fruits abound.

2 Let not the foe of Christ and man
This holy seed remove ;
But give it root in every heart,
To bring forth fruits of love.

3 Let not the world's deceitful cares
The rising plant destroy ;
But let it yield, a hundred-fold,
The fruits of peace and joy.

4 Oft as the precious seed is sown,
Thy quick'ning grace bestow,
That all, whose souls the truth receive,
Its saving power may know.

17. *On the Departure of Missionaries. l. m.*

1 ALMIGHTY God, to Thee we pray !
Be with us on this solemn day :
Our Brethren bless, their zeal approve,
That zeal which burns to spread thy love.

2 With cheerful steps let them proceed,
Where'er thy providence shall lead :
Let heaven and earth their work befriend,
And mercy all their paths attend.

3 Great let the bands of those be found,
Who shall attend the Gospel's sound ;
And let Barbarians, bond and free,
In suppliant throngs resort to Thee.

4 Where Pagan altars now are built,
And brutal blood, or human, spilt,
There be the bleeding Cross uprear'd,
And God, our God, alone rever'd.

5 Where captives groan beneath their chain,
Let grace, and love, and concord reign ;
The aged and the infant tongue
Unite in one harmonious song.

H Y M N S.

18.

Impenitence deplored. L. M.

- 1 AMIDST displays of wrath and love,
What stubborn creatures, Lord, are we !
No relish for the joys of heaven,
No dread of endless misery.
- 2 With what a base contempt we treat
Thy threatenings and thy promises;
Duty neglect, and mercy slight,
Nor fear to sin, nor seek to please.
- 3 Could angels weep, for us they'd mourn :
Break, then, these rocky hearts, O God !
Or we must melt beneath thy grace,
Or feel the terrors of thy rod.

19.

God is Love. c. m.

- 1 AMIDST the splendors of thy state,
O God, thy Love appears,
With the soft radiance of the moon
Among a thousand stars.
- 2 Sinai, in clouds, and smoke, and fire,
Thunders thine awful Name ;
But Zion sings, in melting notes,
The honours of the Lamb.
- 3 In all thy doctrines and commands,
Thy counsels and designs,
In every work fram'd by thy hands,
Thy Love supremely shines.
- 4 Angels and men the news proclaim
Through earth and heaven above,
The joyful and transporting news,
That God the Lord is Love. [1 John iv. 8, 16.]

20.

The Lord's Supper. c. m.

- 1 AND are we now brought near to God,
Who once at distance stood ?
And, to effect this blessed change,
Did Jesus shed his blood ?
- 2 Oh for a song of ardent praise,
To bear our souls above !
What should allay our lively hope,
Or damp our flaming love !
- 3 Then let us join the heavenly choirs,
To praise our Glorious King !
Oh may that love which spread this feast
Inspire us while we sing !

HYMNS.

21. *The Wonders of Redemption.* C. M.

- 1 AND did the Holy and the Just,
The Sov'reign of the skies,
Stoop down to wretchedness and dust,
That guilty worms might rise !
- 2 Yes, the Redeemer left his throne,
His radiant throne on high,
(Surprising mercy ! love unknown !)
To suffer, bleed, and die.
- 3 To dwell with misery below,
The Saviour left the skies,
And sunk to wretchedness and woe,
That worthless man might rise.
- 4 He took the dying traitor's place,
And suffer'd in his stead ;
For man, Oh miracle of grace !
For man the Saviour bled !
- 5 O Lord, what heav'nly wonders dwell
In thine atoning blood !
By this are sinners snatch'd from hell,
And rebels brought to God.

22. *The Tears and Death of Christ.* L. M.

- 1 AND doth the Son of God complain,
“Lo, I have spent my strength in vain,
And stretch'd my hands whole days and years
To those who slight my words and tears ?”
- 2 Oh stubborn hearts, that could withstand
Such efforts from a Saviour's hand !
O gracious Saviour, who would'st bleed,
When words and tears could not succeed !
- 3 All-glorious Lord, march forth and reign,
And reap the fruit of all thy pain !
And, till a nobler scene appear,
Begin the happy conquest here. [Is. xl ix. 4.]

23. *On Opening a Place of Worship.* L. M.

- 1 AND will the great eternal God
On earth establish his abode !
And will he, from his heavenly throne,
Avow our temples for his own !

HYMNS.

- 2 We bring the tribute of our praise,
And sing that condescending grace,
Which to our notes will lend an ear,
And call us, sinful mortals, near.
- 3 These walls we to thine honour raise ;
Long may they echo with thy praise !
And Thou, descending, fill the place
With choicest tokens of thy grace.
- 4 Here let the great Redeemer reign,
With all the graces of his train ;
While power divine his Word attends,
To conquer foes, and cheer his friends.
- 5 And in the great decisive day,
When God the nations shall survey,
May it before the world appear
Thousands were born to glory here !

[Ps. lxxxvii. 5, 6.]

24. *Preparation for the Last Judgment.* s. m.

- 1 AND will the Judge descend ?
And must the dead arise ;
And not a single soul escape
His all-discerning eyes ?
- 2 How will my heart endure
The terrors of that day,
When earth and heaven, before his face,
Astonish'd, shrink away ?
- 3 But ere the trumpet shakes
The mansions of the dead,
Hark from the Gospel's gentle voice
What joyful tidings spread !
- 4 Ye sinners, seek his grace,
Whose wrath ye cannot bear ;
Fly to the shelter of his Cross,
And find salvation there.
- 5 So shall that curse remove
By which the Saviour bled,
And the last awful day shall pour
His blessings on your head. [Matt. xxv. 41.]

HYMNS.

25. *Good Tidings of great Joy to all People.* P. M.

1 ANGELS ! from the realms of glory,
Wing your flight o'er all the earth ;
Ye, who sang creation's story,
Now proclaim Messiah's birth :
Come and worship—
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

2 Shepherds ! in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night ;
God with man is now residing,
Yonder shines the infant-light :
Come and worship—
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

3 Sages ! leave your contemplations ;
Brighter visions beam afar :
Seek the great Desire of nations,
Ye have seen his natal star :
Come and worship—
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

4 Saints ! before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear,
Suddenly the Lord, descending,
In his temple shall appear :
Come and worship—
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

5 Sinners ! wrung with true repentance,
Doom'd for guilt to endless pains,
Justice now revokes the sentence,
Mercy calls you—break your chains :
Come and worship—
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

26. *Angels confirmed in Glory by Christ.* P. M.

1 ANGELS ! rejoice in Jesu's grace,
And vie with man's more-favour'd race ;
The blood, which did for us atone,
Conferr'd on you some gift unknown :
Your joys, through Jesu's pains abound ;
Ye triumph, by his glorious wound.

HYMNS.

- 2 Or 'stablish'd and confirm'd by Him
Who did our lower world redeem,
Secure ye keep your blest estate,
Firm on an everlasting seat ;
Or, rais'd above yourselves, aspire,
In bliss improv'd, in glory higher.
- 3 Him ye beheld, our conqu'ring God,
Return'd with garments roll'd in blood ;
Ye saw, and kindled at the sight,
And fill'd with shouts the realms of light ;
With loudest hallelujahs met,
And fell, and kiss'd his bleeding feet.
- 4 Ye saw Him in the courts above,
With all his recent prints of love :
The wounds—the blood ! ye heard its voice,
Which heighten'd all your highest joys ;
Ye felt it sprinkled through the skies,
And shar'd that “better sacrifice.” [Heb. ix. 23.]

27. *Triumph of the Risen Saviour. SEVENS.*

- 1 ANGELS ! roll the rock away !
Death ! yield up thy mighty prey !—
See ! He rises from the tomb,
Rises with immortal bloom !
- 2 'Tis the Saviour ! Seraphs, raise
Your eternal trumps of praise :
Let the earth's remotest bound
Hear the joy-inspiring sound.
- 3 Lift, ye Saints, lift up your eyes ;
Now to glory see him rise :
Hosts of angels on the road
Hail and sing th' incarnate God.
- 4 Heaven unfolds its portals wide !
Gracious Conqueror, through them ride !
King of Glory ! mount Thy throne,
Boundless empire is Thine own !
- 5 Praise Him, all ye heavenly choirs,
Praise, and sweep your golden lyres ;
Praise Him in the noblest songs,
From ten thousand thousand tongues.

H Y M N S.

28. *The Rising of the Sun of Righteousness.* L. M.

- 1 ARISE ! arise ! with joy survey
The glory of the Latter-day :
Already is the dawn begun
Which marks at hand a rising sun !
- 2 "Behold the way !" ye heralds cry :
Spare not, but lift your voices high :
Convey the sound from pole to pole,
" Glad tidings," to the captive soul.
- 3 "Behold the way to Zion's hill,
Where Israel's God delights to dwell !
He fixes there his lofty throne,
And calls the sacred place his own."
- 4 The North gives up : the South no more
Keeps back her consecrated store :
From East to West the message runs,
And either India yields her sons.
- 5 Auspicious dawn ! thy rising ray
With joy we view, and hail the day :
Great Sun of Righteousness ! arise,
And fill the world with glad surprise.

29. *Prayer for the Jews.* L. M.

- 1 ARISE, Great God ! and let thy grace
Shed its glad beams on Jacob's race ;
Restore the long-lost scatter'd band,
And call them to their native land.
- 2 Their mis'ry let thy mercy heal,
Their trespass hide, their pardon seal :
O God of Israel ! hear our prayer,
And grant them still thy love to share.
- 3 How long shall Jacob's offspring prove
The sad suspension of thy love ?
Say, shall thy wrath perpetual burn ?
And wilt thou ne'er, appeas'd, return ?
- 4 Thy quick'ning Spirit now impart,
And wake to joy each grateful heart,
While Israel's rescued tribes in Thee
Their bliss and full salvation see. [Ps. lxxxv.1--6.]

30. *Victory of the Redeemed.* L. M.

- 1 ARM of the Lord ! awake, awake !
Thine own immortal strength put on :
With terror cloth'd, hell's kingdom shake,
And cast thy foes with fury down.

HYMNS.

- 2 As in the ancient days, appear !
The Sacred Annals speak thy fame :
Be now omnipotently near,
To endless ages still the same.
- 3 Thine arm, Lord, is not shorten'd now,
It wants not now the power to save :
Still present with thy people, Thou
Bear'st them through life's disparted wave !
- 4 By death and hell pursu'd in vain,
To Thee the ransom'd seed shall come ;
Shouting, their heavenly Zion gain,
And pass through death triumphant home !
- 5 The pain of life shall then be o'er,
The anguish and distracting care :
There sighing grief shall weep no more,
For Sin shall never enter there.
- 6 Where pure unchanging joy is found,
The Lord's redeem'd their heads shall raise ;
With everlasting gladness crown'd,
And fill'd with love, and lost in praise.

[Is. li. 9—11.]

31. *Prayer for Gentiles and Jews.* L. M.

- 1 ARM of the Lord ! awake, awake !
Put on thy strength, the nations shake :
And let the world, adoring, see
Triumphs of mercy wrought by thee.
- 2 Say to the Heathen, from thy throne,
“ I am Jehovah, God alone ! ”
Thy voice their idols shall confound,
And cast their altars to the ground.
- 3 No more let human blood be spilt,
Vain sacrifice for human guilt !
But to each conscience be applied
The blood that flow'd from Jesu's side.
- 4 Arm of the Lord, thy power extend ;
Let Mahomet's imposture end :
Break Superstition's Papal chain,
And the proud Scoffer's rage restrain.
- 5 Let Zion's time of favour come !
Oh bring the tribes of Israel home !
And let our wond'ring eyes behold
Gentiles and Jews in Jesu's fold !

HYMNS.

6 Almighty God, thy grace proclaim
In every clime, of every name !
Let adverse Powers before Thee fall,
And crown the Saviour LORD OF ALL !

32. *Man a Stranger and Pilgrim upon Earth.* C. M.

- 1 A SOLDIER'S course, from battles won
To new-commencing strife ;
A Pilgrim's, restless as the sun—
Behold the Christian's life !
- 2 The hosts of Satan pant for spoil—
How can our warfare close ?
Lonely we tread a foreign soil—
How can we hope repose ?
- 3 Then let us seek our heavenly home,
The Rest for us in store—
The land whence Pilgrims never roam,
Where Soldiers war no more—
- 4 Where grief shall never wound, nor death
Disturb the Saviour's reign ;
Nor sin, with pestilential breath,
His holy realm profane—
- 5 The land where (suns and moons unknown,
And night's alternate sway,)
Jehovah's ever-burning throne
Upholds unbroken day—
- 6 Where they who meet shall never part ;
Where grace completes its plan ;
And God, uniting every heart,
Dwells face to face with man !

33. *At a Sermon for the Propagation of the Gospel.* L. M.

- 1 ASSEMBLED at thy great command,
Before thy face, Dread King ! we stand.
The voice that marshall'd every star
Has call'd thy people from afar.
- 2 We meet, through distant lands to spread
The truth for which the martyrs bled ;
Along the Line—to either Pole—
The thunder of thy praise to roll.
- 3 Our prayers assist—accept our praise—
Our hopes revive—our courage raise—
Our counsels aid—to each impart
The single eye, the faithful heart !

HYMNS.

4 Forth with thy chosen heralds come
Recall the wandering spirits home :
From Zion's Mount send forth the sound,
To spread the spacious earth around.

34. *Christians risen with Christ.* c. m.

- 1 ATTEND, ye children of your God !
Ye heirs of glory, hear !
For accents, so divine as these,
Might charm the dullest ear.
- 2 Baptiz'd into your Saviour's death,
Your souls to sin must die ;
With Christ, your Lord, ye live anew,
With Christ ascend on high.
- 3 There by his Father's side he sits,
Enthron'd divinely fair ;
Yet owns Himself your Brother still,
And your Forerunner there !
- 4 Rise, from these earthly trifles, rise,
On wings of faith and love ;
Above, your choicest treasure lies ;
Then be your hearts above. [Col. iii. 1, 2.]

35. *The Lord's Supper.* l. m.

- 1 AT thy command, O gracious Lord,
Here we attend thy dying feast ;
Thy blood, like wine, adorns thy board,
And thine own flesh feeds every guest.
- 2 Our faith adores thy bleeding love,
And trusts for life in one that died :
We hope for heavenly crowns above,
From a Redeemer crucified.
- 3 Let the vain world pronounce it shame,
And fling their scandals on thy cause ;
We come to boast our Saviour's Name,
And make our triumphs in his Cross.
- 4 With joy we tell the scoffing age,
“ He, that was dead, has left his tomb !
He lives above your utmost rage,
And we are waiting till he come.”

36. *The Watchful Servant.* l. m.

- 1 AWAKE, awake, each sluggish soul !
Awake, and view the setting sun !
See how the shades of death advance,
E'er half the task of life is done !

HYMNS.

- 2 Death ! 'tis an awful, solemn sound !
Oh may it wake the slumb'ring ear !
Apace the dreadful conqueror comes,
With all his pale companions near.
- 3 Soon will he close all drowsy eyes,
Nor shall we hear these warnings more :
Soon will the Mighty Judge approach ;
E'en now he stands before the door !
- 4 To-day, attend his gracious voice !
This is the summons which he sends—
“Awake ! for on this passing hour,
Thy long eternity depends !”
- 5 O Saviour ! let these awful scenes
Be ever present to our view :
Teach us to gird our loins about,
And trim our dying lamps anew :
- 6 Then, when the King of Terror comes,
Our souls shall hail the happy day :
Haste, then, O Saviour, from above,
Nor let thy chariot wheels delay ! [Luke xii. 38, 39.]

37. *Praise to the Incarnate Saviour.* c. m.

- 1 AWAKE, awake the sacred song
To our Incarnate Lord !
Let every heart and every tongue
Adore th' Eternal Word.
- 2 Then shone almighty power and love,
In all their glorious forms,
When Jesus left his throne above,
To dwell with sinful worms.
- 3 To dwell with misery below
The Saviour left the skies,
And sunk to wretchedness and woe
That worthless man might rise.
- 4 Adoring angels tun'd their songs,
To hail the joyful day ;
With rapture, then, let mortal tongue
Their grateful worship pay. [Phil. ii. 7, 8.]

38. *Morning Hymn.* l. m.

- 1 AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run ;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

HYMNS.

- 2 Thy mis-spent time that's past, redeem :
Each present day thy last esteem ;
Improve thy talent with due care ;
For the Great Day thyself prepare.
- 3 Let all thy converse be sincere,
Thy conscience as the noon-day clear :
Think how All-seeing God thy ways,
And all thy secret thoughts, surveys.
- 4 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart ;
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who all night long unwearied sing
High praises to th' Eternal King.
- 5 Glory to Thee, who safe hast kept,
And hast refresh'd me while I slept :
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless life partake.
- 6 Lord, I my vows to Thee renew ;
Scatter my sins as morning-dew ;
Guard my first springs of thought and will
And with Thyself my spirit fill.
- 7 Direct, controul, suggest this day,
All I design, or do, or say ;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In Thy sole glory may unite.

39.

Baptism. L. M.

Her to be substituted for him and his, if the child be a Female.

- 1 BAPTIZE, O Lord, and change within,
The babe whom now to Thee we give :
A child of death, as born in sin,
In Christ for ever let *him* live !
- 2 We all our father's image trace,
Corruption breath'd with earliest breath :
Adam no more enjoys thy grace,
And all his seed are doom'd to death.
- 3 But, God of love ! in mercy Thou
Dost sinners with thy bounties crown :
In Christ Thou wilt thy peace bestow ;
O Spirit, shed thy blessing down !
- 4 Thy promise, Lord, to us fulfil,
And let this child thy grace enjoy :
Oh take into thy fold this lamb,
In Christ baptize him from on high.

H Y M N S.

5 Hold by thy hand, *his* footsteps stay
In paths by sinners undefil'd :
Let faith direct him in thy way,
Devoted, to *his* end, thy child !

40. *Nativity of Christ.* s. m.

- 1 BEGIN a joyful song,
To hail this happy morn :
Glad tidings from an angel's tongue,
"This day is Jesus born!"
- 2 What comforts doth his Name
To sinful men afford !
His glorious titles we proclaim—
"A Saviour—Christ—the Lord!"
- 3 Now wrapp'd in swaddling-bands,
Behold th' Eternal Son !
A stable for his palace stands,
A manger for his throne !
- 4 Glory to God on high,
All hail the happy morn !
Come, join the anthems of the sky—
"This day is Jesus born!"

[*Luke ii. 11.*]

41. *Humiliation and Exaltation of Christ.* l. m.

- 1 BEGIN, my soul, the heavenly song,
A burden for an angel's tongue :
When Gabriel sounds these awful things,
He tunes and summons all his strings.
- 2 Proclaim inimitable love !
Jesus, the Lord of worlds above,
Puts off the beams of bright array,
And veils the God in mortal clay !
- 3 What black reproach defil'd his Name,
When with our sin he took our shame !
The Power, whom kneeling angels blest,
Is made the impious rabble's jest.
- 4 He, who distributes crowns and thrones,
Hangs on a tree, and bleeds and groans :
The Prince of Life resigns His breath !
The King of Glory bows to death !
- 5 But see the wonders of his power !
He triumphs in his dying hour !
And, while by Satan's rage he fell,
He dash'd the rising hopes of hell !

H Y M N S.

6 Who shall fulfil this boundless song ?
The theme surmounts an angel's tongue :
How low, how vain, are mortal airs,
When Gabriel's nobler harp despairs !

12. *The Mystery of the Cross.* P. M.

- 1 BEHOLD a mystery
 Of love, divinely free !
We had all offended God,
 God himself a ransom found :
God the Son pour'd out his blood,
 He hath, once for all, aton'd.
- 2 " 'Tis finish'd !" Jesus cries !
 Then bows his head and dies !
He, who knew no spot of sin,
 All our curse and burden bore ;
Died to make us sinners clean,
 Died that we might sin no more.
- 3 Sinners ! draw near to God,
 And wash in Jesu's blood,
Lo ! the fountain open stands !
 Pardon you may freely have ;
Jesus stretches out his hands,
 Longing ruin'd souls to save.

13. *"Conquering and to conquer!"* P. M.

- 1 BEHOLD how the Lord
 Has girt on his sword,
And from conquest to conquest proceeds !
 How happy are they
 Who live in this day,
And witness His wonderful deeds !
- 2 He sends His word forth,
 From the south to the north ;
From the east to the west it is heard :
 The rebel is charm'd,
 The foe is disarm'd ;
No day like this day has appear'd.
- 3 To Jesus alone,
 Who sits on the throne,
Salvation and glory belong :
 All hail the blest Name,
 For ever the same,
Our boast, and the theme of our song ! [Rev. vi. 2.]

H.YMNS.

44. *Promises of Jehovah to the Messiah.* c. m.

- 1 BEHOLD my Servant ! see him rise,
Exalted in my might !
Him have I chosen, and in Him
I place supreme delight.
- 2 On Him, in rich effusion pour'd,
My Spirit shall descend ;
My truths and judgments He shall show
To earth's remotest end.
- 3 Gentle and still shall be his voice,
No threats from him proceed ;
The smoking flax he shall not quench,
Nor break the bruised reed.
- 4 The feeble spark to flames he'll raise,
The weak will not despise ;
Judgment shall he bring forth to truth,
And make the fallen rise.
- 5 The progress of his zeal and power
Shall never know decline,
Till foreign lands and distant isles
Receive the Law divine. [Is. xlvi. 1—4]

45. *In Time of War.* c. m.

- 1 BEHOLD, O Lord ! before thy throne
Thy mourning people bend ;
'Tis on thy sov'reign grace alone
Our humble hopes depend.
- 2 Tremendous judgments from thy hand
Thy dreadful power display :
Yet mercy spares this guilty land,
And yet we live to pray !
- 3 And why, Great God ! are we thus spar'd,
Ungrateful as we are ?
Oh ! be these awful warnings heard,
While mercy cries " Forbear ! "
- 4 What numerous crimes increasing rise,
Throughout this sinful isle !
What land so favour'd of the skies,
And yet what land so vile !
- 5 Turn us, Oh turn us, Blessed Lord !
By thine almighty grace :
Let every heart obey thy Word,
And humbly seek thy face.

H Y M N S.

6 Hear Thou our prayers, and grant us aid ;
 Bid war and discord cease :
 Heal the sad breach that sin hath made,
 And bless our land with peace !

46. *The rich Provision and blessed Effects of the Gospel.* r. m.

1 BEHOLD our God, he owns his Name !

Jehovah all our songs proclaim,
 With shouts of wonder and of joy :
 Long have we waited for his grace,
 No longer now his love delays
 For Zion his own arm t' employ.

2 We charge our souls the joy to feel :

We charge our tongues his praise to tell :
 Th' almighty Saviour ! This is He !
 He pours his streams of grace abroad,
 Till all the earth confess the God,
 And lands remote his glory see.

3 Dainties how rich his stores afford !

How pure the wine that crowns his board,
 While welcome nations flock around !
 He takes the veil of grief away ;
 Through thickest shades he darts the day,
 And not one weeping eye is found.

4 All-conquering Death, no longer boast

O'er millions humbled in the dust ;
 Our God with scorn thy triumph sees .
 Soon as he aims one shaft at thee,
 Swallow'd and lost in victory,
 Thine empire and thy name shall cease.

[Is. xxv. 6—9]

47. *Miracles in the Life and at the Death of Christ.* l. m.

1 BEHOLD, the blind their sight receive !

Behold, the dead awake and live !
 The dumb speak wonders ; and the lame
 Leap like the hart, and bless his Name !

2 Thus doth th' Eternal Spirit own

And seal the mission of the Son :
 The Father vindicates his cause,
 While he hangs bleeding on the Cross !

3 He dies—the heavens in mourning stood :

He rises—and appears a God !
 Behold the Lord ascending high,
 No more to bleed, no more to die !

HYMNS.

4 Hence, and for ever, from each heart,
Bid, Lord, all doubts and fears depart !
We to those hands our souls resign,
Which bear credentials so divine.

48. *Signs of the approaching Victory of the Gospel.* L. M.

1 BEHOLD th' expected time draw near,
The shades disperse, the dawn appear !
Behold the wilderness assume
The beauteous tints of Eden's bloom !

2 Events with prophecies conspire
To raise our faith, our zeal to fire :
The rip'ning fields, already white,
Present a harvest to the sight.

3 The untaught Heathen waits to know
The joy the Gospel will bestow ;
The exiled captive, to receive
The freedom Jesus has to give.

4 Come, let us, with a grateful heart,
In the blest labour share a part ;
Our prayers and off'rings gladly bring
To aid the triumphs of our King.

5 Let us improve the heavenly gale,
Spread to each breeze our hoisted sail ;
Till north and south, and east and west,
Shall be as favour'd Britain blest.

6 Our hearts exult in songs of praise,
That we have seen these Latter-days ;
When our Redeemer shall be known,
Where Satan long hath held his throne.

7 Where'er his hand hath spread the skies,
Sweet incense to his Name shall rise ;
And slave and freeman, Greek and Jew,
By sov'reign grace be form'd anew.

49. *Invitation to come to Christ.* P. M.

1 BEHOLD the Lamb of God, who bears
The sins of the lost world away !
A Servant's form he meekly wears,
And sojourns in a house of clay :
His glory is no longer seen,
But God with God is Man with men.

H Y M N S.

2 See where the God-Incarnate stands,
And calls his wand'ring creatures home !
He all day long spreads out his hands—
“ Come, weary souls, to Jesus come !
Oh come and hide you in my breast : ·
Believe, and I will give you rest.”

3 Sinners ! believe the Gospel-word—
Jesus is come, your souls to save !
Jesus is come, your common Lord !
Pardon ye all in him may have—
May now be saved, who ever will !
This Man receiveth sinners still ! [Luke xv. 2.
John i. 29. Phil. ii. 7. Matt. i. 23. xi. 28. Rev. xxii. 17.

50.

“ Behold the Man !” L.M.

1 BEHOLD the Man ! how glorious He !
Before his foes he stands unaw'd ;
And, without wrong or blasphemy,
He claims equality with God.

2 Behold the man ! by all condemn'd,
Assaulted by a host of foes ;
His person and his claims contemn'd,
A man of sufferings and of woes.

3 Behold the man ! He stands alone,
His foes are ready to devour ;
Not one of all his friends will own
Their Master in this trying hour.

4 Behold the man ! He knew no sin,
Yet justice smites him with her sword :
He bears the stroke that else had been
The sinner's portion from the Lord.

5 Behold the man ! so weak he seems,
His awful word inspires no fear ;
But soon must he, who now blasphemers,
Before his judgment-seat appear.

6 Behold the man ! though scorn'd below,
He bears the greatest name above ;
The angels at his footstool bow,
And all his royal claims approve. [John xix. 5.

H Y M N S.

51. *The Glory of the Latter-Day.* c. m.

- 1 BEHOLD ! the mountain of the Lord
In latter days shall rise
Above the mountains and the hills,
And draw the wond'ring eyes.
- 2 To this the joyful nations round,
All tribes and tongues, shall flow :
“ Up to the Hill of God,” they say,
“ And to his House, we'll go.”
- 3 The beam that shines on Zion's hill
Shall lighten every land:
The King who reigns in Zion's towers,
Shall all the world command.
- 4 No strife shall vex Messiah's reign,
Or mar the peaceful years ;
To ploughshares men shall beat their swords,
To pruning-hooks their spears.
- 5 Come then, oh ! come from every land,
To worship at his shrine ;
And, walking in the light of God,
With holy beauties shine. [Mic. iv. 1—5.]

52. *Death of Christ on the Cross.* c. m.

- 1 BEHOLD the Saviour of mankind
Nail'd to the shameful tree !
How vast the love that him inclin'd
To bleed and die for me !
- 2 “ My God ! ” He cries—all nature shakes,
And earth's strong pillars bend !
The Temple's veil in sunder breaks—
The solid marbles rend !
- 3 “ ‘Tis finish'd”—now the ransom 's paid—
“ Receive my soul,” he cries !
Behold he bows his sacred head—
He bows his head, and dies !
- 4 But soon he'll break death's envious chain,
And in full glory shine :
O Lamb of God, was ever pain,
Was ever love like thine !

Matt. xxvii. 46, 50, 51. John xix. 30. Luke xxiii. 46.

H Y M N S.

53. *Types and Prophecies of Christ.* L. M.

- 1 BEHOLD the woman's Promis'd Seed !
Behold the great Messiah come !
Behold the Prophets, all agreed,
To give him the superior room.
- 2 Abrah'm, the saint, rejoic'd of old,
When visions of the Lord he saw :
Moses, the man of God, foretold
This great Fulfller of his Law.
- 3 The types bore witness to his Name :
Obtain'd their chief design, and ceas'd—
The incense, and the bleeding lamb ;
The ark, the altar, and the priest.
- 4 Predictions, plain and countless, join
To pour their witness on his head :
Jesus, we bow before thy throne,
And own Thee as the Promis'd Seed.

54. *Baptism.* C. M.

- 1 BEHOLD what condescending love
Jesus on earth displays ;
To babes and sucklings he extends
The riches of his grace.
- 2 He still the ancient promise keeps,
To our forefathers given :
Young children in his arms he takes,
And calls them heirs of heaven.
- 3 "Them suffer to draw near," he cries,
Nor scorn their humble name ;
For 'twas to bless such souls as these
The Lord of Angels came.
- 4 We bring them, Lord, with thankful hearts,
And yield them up to Thee ;
Joyful that we ourselves are thine,
Thine let our offspring be ! [Mark x. 18—16.]

55. *Christ our Example.* C. M.

- 1 BEHOLD where, in a mortal form,
Appears each grace divine !
The virtues, all in Jesus met,
With mildest radiance shine.
- 2 To spread the rays of heavenly light,
To give the mourner joy,
To preach glad tidings to the poor,
Was his divine employ.

H Y M N S.

- 3 Lowly in heart, to all his friends
A friend and servant found,
He wash'd their feet, he wip'd their tears,
And heal'd each bleeding wound.
- 4 Midst keen reproach and cruel scorn,
Patient and meek he stood ;
His foes, ungrateful, sought his life :
He labour'd for their good.
- 5 To God he left his righteous cause,
And still his task pursu'd ;
While humble prayer and holy faith
His fainting strength renew'd.
- 6 In the last hour of deep distress,
Before his Father's throne,
With soul resign'd, he bow'd, and said,
“Thy will, not mine, be done !”
- 7 Be Christ our pattern and our guide,
His image may we bear !
Oh may we tread his holy steps,
His joy and glory share !

56.

Funeral Hymn. c. m.

- 1 BENEATH our feet and o'er our head
Is equal warning given :
Beneath us lie the countless dead,
Above us is the Heaven !
- 2 Their names are graven on the stone,
Their bones are in the clay ;
And ere another day is gone,
Ourselves may be as they.
- 3 Death rides on every passing breeze,
And lurks in every flower ;
Each season has its own disease,
Its peril every hour !
- 4 Our eyes have seen the rosy light
Of Youth's soft cheek decay,
And Fate descend in sudden night
On Manhood's middle day.
- 5 Our eyes have seen the steps of Age
Halt feebly to the tomb ;
And yet shall earth our hearts engage,
And dreams of days to come ?

H Y M N S.

- 6 Turn, Mortal, turn ! thy danger know :
Where'er thy foot can tread
The earth rings hollow from below,
And warns thee of her dead !
- 7 Turn, Christian, turn ! thy soul apply
To truths divinely given :
The bones which underneath thee lie
Shall live for Hell or Heaven !

57. *Prayer for the Young.* c. m.

- 1 BESTOW, O Lord, upon our Youth
The gift of saving grace,
And let the seed of sacred truth
Fall in a fruitful place.
- 2 Grace is a plant, where'er it grows,
Of pure and heavenly root ;
But fairest in the youngest shews,
And yields the sweetest fruit.
- 3 Ye careless ones, Oh hear betimes
The voice of sov'reign love !
Your youth is stain'd with many crimes,
But mercy reigns above.
- 4 True you are young, but there's a stone
Within the youngest breast ;
Or half the crimes which you have done
Would rob you of your rest.
- 5 For you the public prayer is made,
Oh join the public prayer !
For you the secret tear is shed,
Oh shed yourselves a tear !
- 6 We pray that you may early prove
The Spirit's power to teach ;
You cannot be too young to love
That Jesus whom we preach.

58. *Jesus "seen of Angels."* c. m.

- 1 BEYOND the glitt'ring starry skies,
Which God's right-hand sustains ;
There, in the boundless worlds of light,
Our Great Redeemer reigns.
- 2 Legions of angels, strong and fair,
In countless armies shine :
At his right-hand, with golden harps,
They offer songs divine.

HYMNS.

- 3 "Hail ! Prince," they cry, "for ever hail,
Whose unexampled love
Mov'd thee to quit these blissful realms,
And royalties above!"
- 4 And while he stoop'd on earth to dwell,
And suffer rude disdain,
They cast their honours at his feet,
And waited in his train.
- 5 In all his toils and conflicts here
Their Sov'reign they attend ;
And pause—and wonder how, at last,
This scene of love will end !
- 6 When all the Powers of Hell combin'd
To fill his cup of woe,
Their wond'ring eyes beheld his tears
In blood and anguish flow.
- 7 As on the torturing Cross he hung,
And darkness veil'd the sky,
Amaz'd, they saw that awful sight—
THE LORD OF GLORY DIE !
- 8 They saw him break the bars of death,
Which none e'er broke before ;
And rise in conqu'ring majesty,
To stoop to death no more.
- 9 They throng'd his chariot up the skies,
And bare him to his throne ;
And with a shout, exulting cried,
"THE GLORIOUS WORK IS DONE."
- 10 Hail, Prince of Life, for ever hail !
We too would catch the sound ;
And spread the glories of thy Name
To earth's remotest bound. [1 Tim. iii. 15]

59.

Praise to Christ. L. M.

BLESSINGS for ever on the Lamb,
Who bore the curse for wretched man :
Let angels sound his sacred Name,
And every creature say, Amen !

60.

For a New Year. SEVENS.

- 1 BLESS, O Lord, each opening year
To the souls assembling here :
Clothe thy Word with power divine,
Make us willing to be thine.

H Y M N S.

- 2 Where Thou hast thy work begun,
Give new strength the race to run ;
Scatter darkness, doubts, and fears,
Wipe away the mourners' tears.
- 3 Bless us all, both old and young :
Call forth praise from every tongue :
Let our whole assembly prove
All thy power and all thy love !

61. *Hope of Heaven by the Resurrection of Christ.* c. m.

- 1 BLEST be the Everlasting God,
The Father of our Lord :
Be his abounding mercy prais'd,
His majesty ador'd.
- 2 When from the dead he rais'd his Son,
And call'd him to the sky,
He gave our souls a lively hope
That they should never die.
- 3 What though our inbred sins require
Our flesh to see the dust ;
Yet as the Lord our Saviour rose,
So all his followers must.
- 4 There's an inheritance divine,
Reserv'd against that day ;
'Tis uncorrupted, undefil'd,
And cannot waste away.
- 5 Saints by the power of God are kept
Till the Salvation come :
We walk by faith, as strangers here,
Till Christ shall call us home. [1 Pet. i. 3—5.]

62. *Praise for Redemption.* c. m.

- 1 BLEST be the wisdom and the power,
The justice and the grace,
Which join'd in council to restore,
And save our ruin'd race.
- 2 Our father ate forbidden fruit,
And from his glory fell ;
And we, his children, thus were brought
To death, and near to hell.
- 3 Blest be the Lord, who sent his Son
To take our flesh and blood :
He for our lives gave up his own,
To make our peace with God.

H Y M N S.

- 4 He honour'd all his Father's laws,
Which we have disobey'd :
He bore our sins upon the Cross,
And our full ransom paid.
- 5 Behold him rising from the grave,
Behold him rais'd on high :
He pleads his merits there, to save
Transgressors doom'd to die.
- 6 There on a glorious throne he reigns ;
And, by his power divine,
Redeems us from the slavish chains
Of Satan and of sin.
- 7 Thence shall the Lord to judgment come,
And, with a sov'reign voice,
Shall call, and break up every tomb,
While waking saints rejoice.
- 8 Oh may we then with joy appear
Before the Judge's face ;
And, with the bless'd assembly there,
Sing his redeeming grace !

63. *Prayer to the Comforter.* s. m.

- 1 BLEST Comforter Divine !
Let rays of heavenly love
Amidst our gloom and darkness shine,
And guide our souls above.
- 2 Draw, with thy "still small voice,"
Us from each sinful way ;
And bid the mourning saint rejoice,
Though earthly joys decay.
- 3 By thine inspiring breath
Make every cloud of care,
And e'en the gloomy vale of death,
A smile of glory wear.
- 4 Oh fill Thou every heart
With love to all our race !
Great Comforter ! to us impart
These blessings of thy grace.

64. *Christian Love.* c. m.

- 1 BLEST is the man whose soft'ning heart
Feels all another's pain ;
To whom the supplicating eye
Is never raised in vain—

H Y M N S.

- 2 Whose breast expands with generous warmth,
A brother's woes to feel ;
And bleeds in pity o'er the wound
He wants the power to heal.
- 3 He spreads his kind supporting arms
To every child of grief :
His secret bounty largely flows,
And brings, unasked, relief.
- 4 To gentle offices of love
His feet are never slow :
He views, through mercy's melting eye,
A brother in a foe.
- 5 Mercy through Christ himself hath found,
Free mercy from above ;
That mercy moves him to fulfil
The perfect law of love.

65. *Christ the Great Physician.* s. m.

- 1 BLEST Jesus, all divine !
We hail thy sacred Name ;
And, with triumphant voices, join
To celebrate thy fame.
- 2 Lord, thine almighty breath
Sets Satan's prisoners free ;
Demons, diseases, pains, and death,
Far from thy presence flee.
- 3 Oh let us feel thy power
To heal the plague within :
Thy cleansing grace alone can cure
The leprosy of sin.

66. *Day of Pentecost.* l. m.

- 1 BLEST season, when our risen Lord
Fulfill'd his own prophetic word ;
Sent down His Spirit, to inspire
His saints baptiz'd with holy fire.
- 2 While by His power these signs were wrought,
And divers tongues His wisdom taught,
His love one only subject gave—
That Jesus died the world to save !
- 3 Sure peace with God !—the joyful sound
Pours wide its sacred influence round ;
Relenting foes the grace receive,
And humbled myriads hear and live ! (Acta ii.)

HYMNS

- 67.** *At a Sermon for Schools. C. M.*
- 1 BLEST work ! the youthful mind to win,
And turn the rising race
From the deceitful paths of sin,
To seek redeeming grace.
 - 2 Children our kind protection claim ;
And God will well approve,
When infants learn to lisp his Name,
And their Redeemer love.
 - 3 Be ours the bliss, in Wisdom's way
To guide untutor'd youth ;
And shew the mind which went astray
The Way, the Life, the Truth !
 - 4 Thy Spirit, Father ! on us shed,
And bless this good design :
The honours of thy Name be spread,
And all the glory thine.

68. *The Gospel Jubilee. P. M.*

- 1 BLOW ye the trumpet, blow
The gladly solemn sound ;
Let all the nations know
To earth's remotest bound,
The Year of Jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home !
- 2 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Hath full atonement made ;
Ye weary spirits rest,
Ye mournful souls be glad :
The Year of Jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.
- 3 Extol the Lamb of God,
The sin-atoning Lamb ;
Redemption in his blood
Through all the world proclaim :
The Year of Jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.
- 4 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive,
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live :
The Year of Jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

HYMNS.

- 5 Ye who have sold for nought
Your heritage above,
Shall have it back unbought,
The gift of Jesu's love:
The Year of Jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.
- 6 The Gospel Trumpet hear,
The news of Heavenly grace ;
And, saved from earth, appear
Before your Saviour's face :
The Year of Jubilee is come ,
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home. [Lev. xxv.]

69. *The Lord's Supper. SEVENS.*

- 1 BREAD of Heaven ! on Thee we feed,
For thy flesh is meat indeed :
Ever let our souls be fed
With this true and living bread !
- 2 Vine of Heaven ! thy blood supplies
This blest cup of sacrifice :
Lord ! thy wounds our healing give,
To thy Cross we look and live.
- 3 Day by day with strength supplied,
Through the life of Him who died ;
Lord of Life ! oh let us be
Rooted, grafted, built on Thee !

70. *The Lord's Supper. P. M.*

- 1 BREAD of the world, in mercy broken !
Wine of the soul, in mercy shed !
By whom the words of life were spoken,
And in whose death our sins are dead.
- 2 Look on the heart by sorrow broken,
Look on the tears by sinners shed ;
And be Thy feast to us the token,
That by Thy grace our souls are fed !

71. *To the Holy Spirit. L. M.*

- 1 BREATHE, Holy Spirit ! from above,
Until our hearts with fervour glow :
Oh kindle there a Saviour's love,
True sympathy with human woe.

H Y M N S.

- 2 Bid our conflicting passions cease,
And terror from each conscience flee ;
Oh speak to every bosom peace,
Unknown to all who know not Thee.
- 3 Give us to taste of heavenly joy,
While here we celebrate thy praise ;
Guide us to wealth without alloy,
Our hopes to cloudless glory raise.
- 4 Extend thy power to every place
Where Christ is nam'd, but not ador'd ;
And lead each fallen Church, through grace
Once more to seek and serve its Lord.
- 5 Pour forth thy light o'er Heathen Lands,
Which under Satan's thraldom groan ;
Turn them from idols made with hands,
To bow before Immanuel's throne.

72. *Names and Offices of Christ.* SEVENS.

- 1 BRIGHT and joyful is the morn,
For to us a Child is born ;
From the highest realms of heaven
Unto us a Son is given.
- 2 On his shoulder He shall bear
Power and majesty, and wear
On his vesture and his thigh,
Names most awful, Names most high.
- 3 Wonderful in counsel He,
The Incarnate Deity,
Sire of Ages ne'er to cease,
King of Kings, and Prince of Peace.
- 4 Come and worship at his feet,
Yield to Christ the homage meet :
From his manger to his throne,
Homage due to God alone ! [Is. ix. 6. Rev. xix.]

73. *The Universal Kingdom of Christ.* L. M.

- 1 BRIGHT as the sun's meridian blaze,
Vast as the blessings he conveys,
Wide as his reign from pole to pole,
And permanent as his controul—
- 2 So, Jesus ! let thy kingdom come :
Then sin and hell's terrific gloom
Shall, at thy brightness, flee away—
The dawn of an eternal day.

H Y M N S.

Then shall the Heathen, fill'd with awe,
Learn the blest knowledge of thy Law ;
And Antichrist, on every shore,
Fall from his throne, to rise no more.

- 4 Then shall thy lofty praise resound
On Afric's shores, through India's ground ;
And Islands of the Southern Sea
Shall stretch their eager arms to Thee.
- 5 Then shall the Jew and Gentile meet
In pure devotion at thy feet ;
And earth shall yield Thee, as thy due,
Her fulness and her glory too.
- 6 Oh, that from Britain now may shine
This heav'nly light, this truth divine ;
Till the whole universe shall be
But one great Temple, Lord, for Thee !

74. *Praise to Christ. P. M.*

- 1 BRIGHTNESS of the Father's glory !
Shall thy praise unutter'd lie ?
Dread each tongue such guilty silence,
Praise the Lord who came to die.
- 2 Hosts of angels sang thy coming,
Watchful shepherds learnt their lays,
Shame would cover us, ungrateful,
Should our tongues refuse their praise.
- 3 From the highest throne in glory,
To the cross of deepest woe,
All to ransom guilty captives !—
Flow our praise, for ever flow !
- 4 Re-ascend, Immortal Saviour !
Leave thy footstool, take thy throne .
Yet return, and reign for ever,
Be the kingdom all thine own !

75. *After a Sermon for the Sick Poor. C. M.*

- 1 BRIGHT Source of everlasting love !
To Thee our souls we raise :
And to thy sov'reign bounty rear
A monument of praise.
- 2 Thy mercy gilds the paths of life,
With every cheering ray ;
And still restrains the rising tear,
Or wipes that tear away.

HYMNS.

- 3 When sunk in guilt, our souls approach'd
The borders of despair;
Thy grace, through Jesu's blood, proclaim'd
A free salvation near.
- 4 What shall we render, bounteous Lord !
For all the grace we see ?
Alas ! the goodness worms can yield
Extendeth not to Thee.
- 5 To tents of woe, to beds of pain,
We cheerfully repair ;
And, with the gift thy hand bestows,
Relieve the mourners' care,
- 6 The widow's heart shall sing for joy,
The orphan shall be glad ;
And hungering souls we'll gladly point
To Christ, the Living Bread.
- 7 Thus passing through the vale of tears,
Our useful light shall shine ;
And others learn to glorify
Our Father's Name divine.

76. *"Are there few that be saved?"* L. M.

- 1 BROAD is the road which leads to death,
And thousands walk together there ;
But wisdom shows a narrower path,
With here and there a traveller.
- 2 "Deny thyself, and take thy cross"—
Is the Redeemer's great command :
Nature must count her gold but dross,
If she would gain this heavenly land.
- 3 The fearful soul that tires and faints,
And walks the ways of God no more,
Is but esteem'd almost a saint,
And makes his own destruction sure.
- 4 Lord, let not all our hopes be vain !—
Create our hearts entirely new ;
Which hypocrites could ne'er attain,
Which false apostates never knew.

77. *For a Public Fast-Day.* L. M.

- 1 BURTHEN'D, O Lord ! with guilt and fears
We pour before thy throne our tears ;
Thy gracious ear with groans assail :
Lord, let our groans and tears prevail !

HYMNS.

Our only plea, our only claim
Is in the great Immanuel's Name :
He, while we bend the suppliant knee,
Cries, " Longer spare the barren tree ! "
Oh let the blood for sinners shed,
Which stream'd from his dear thorn-crown'd head,
His pierced hands, his feet, his heart,
Pardon and peace to us impart !

Lord, save us from our cruel foes,
Who Thee and Thine, enrag'd, oppose :
Us from our low condition raise,
And tune our hearts to sing thy praise.

3. *The Unrighteous excluded from Heaven.* s. m.

CAN sinners hope for heaven,
Who love this world so well ;
Or dream of future happiness,
While in the road to hell ?
Shall they hosannas sing,
With an unhallow'd tongue ;
Shall palms adorn the guilty hand
Which does its neighbour wrong ?
Can sin's deceitful way
Conduct to Zion's hill ;
Or those expect with God to reign
Who disregard his will ?
Thy grace, O God, alone
Can a good hope afford !
The pardon'd and renew'd shall see
The glory of the Lord.

Heb. xii. 14. Rev. xxi. 27. 2 Thess. ii. 16.

3. *Prayer for the Success of the Gospel.* L. M.

CAPTAIN of thine enlisted host,
Display thy glorious banner high !
The summons send from coast to coast,
And call a numerous army nigh.
A solemn jubilee proclaim,
Proclaim the great sabbatic day :
Assert the glories of thy Name ;
Spoil Satan of his captive prey.
Oh bid thy heralds publish loud
The peaceful blessings of thy reign ;
And when they speak of sprinkled blood,
The mystery to the heart explain.

HYMNS.

- 80.** *Contrary Effects of the Gospel.* c. m.
- 1 CHRIST and his Cross be all our theme,
The mysteries which we speak ;
Though scandal in the Jews' esteem,
And folly to the Greek.
 - 2 Our souls, enlighten'd from above,
Glad, shall receive thy Word ;
Shall see what wisdom, power, and love,
Shine in our Dying Lord.
 - 3 The vital savour of his Name
Restores the fainting breath ;
While unbelief perverts the same,
To guilt, despair, and death.
 - 4 Pour, then, thy grace, O God, around,
Like showers of heavenly rain ;
Lest ev'n Apollos sow the ground,
And Paul should plant, in vain !
- 1 Cor. i. 23, 24. 2 Cor. ii. 16. 1 Cor. iii. 6.*

81. *Easter Day.* p. m.

- 1 CHRIST, the Lord, is risen to-day,
Our triumphant Holy Day : Hal.
He endur'd the cross and grave,
Sinners to redeem and save. Hal.
- 2 Lo ! He rises, Mighty King ! Hal.
Where, O Death ! is now thy sting ? Hal.
Lo ! He claims his native sky ! Hal.
Grave ! where is thy victory ? Hal.
- 3 Sinners ! see your ransom paid,
Peace with God for ever made : Hal.
With your risen Saviour rise ; Hal.
Claim with Him the purchas'd skies. Hal.
- 4 Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day,
Our triumphant Holy Day : Hal.
Loud the song of victory raise ; Hal.
Shout the great Redeemer's praise. Hal.

82. *Easter Day.* p. m.

- 1 CHRIST, the Lord, is risen to-day,
Sons of men, and angels, say ! Hal.
Raise your songs and triumphs high ; Hal.
Sing, ye heavens, and earth reply ! Hal.

H Y M N S.

- 2 Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the battle won :
Lo ! our Sun's eclipse is o'er !
Lo ! he sets in blood no more ! Hal.
Hal.
Hal.
Hal
- 3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
Christ hath burst the gates of hell ;
Death in vain forbids his rise,
Christ hath open'd Paradise. Hal.
Hal.
Hal.
Hal.
- 4 Lives again our Glorious King !
Where, O Death, is now thy sting ?
Once he died, our souls to save,
Where thy victory, O Grave ? Hal.
Hal.
Hal.
Hal.
- 5 Soar we now where Christ hath led,
Following our Exalted Head :
Made like Him, like Him we rise,
Ours the Cross, the Grave, the Skies ! Hal.
Hal.
Hal.
Hal.

83.

Nativity of Christ. L. M.

- 1 CHRIST, whom the Virgin Mary bore, -
Let all with humble hearts adore :
Soon may all nations, tribes, and tongues,
To our Immanuel raise their songs !
- 2 God, who to all things being gave,
The fallen human race to save,
Assum'd our feeble flesh and blood,
And for our debt as Surety stood.
- 3 He, who the wants of all supplies,
Now in a manger helpless lies :
He, who the whole creation feeds,
An earthly Mother's nursing needs !
- 4 The angels at his birth rejoice,
And sing his praise with cheerful voice ;
The shepherds, hearing Christ is born,
To Jesus, our chief Shepherd, turn.
- 5 Praise to the Father now be given,
Who sent his Son to us from heaven :
Praise to the Son who saves the lost,
Praise to our Guide the Holy Ghost.

84.

Passion and Exaltation of Christ. S. M.

- 1 COME, all harmonious tongues !
Your noblest music bring ;
'Tis Christ the Everlasting God,
And Christ the Man we sing. :

HYMNS.

- 2 Down to the shades of death,
He bow'd his awful head,
Yet he arose to live and reign
When Death itself is dead.
- 3 No more the bloody spear,
The cross and nails no more ;
For Hell itself shakes at his Name,
And all the heavens adore.
- 4 There the Redeemer sits,
High on his Father's throne ;
The Father lays his vengeance by,
And smiles upon his Son.
- 5 There his full glories shine
With uncreated rays,
And bless his saints' and angels' eyes
To everlasting days.

85. "Worthy the Lamb." P. M.

- 1 COME, all ye saints of God !
Publish through earth abroad,
Jesus's fame :
Tell what his love has done ;
Trust in his Name alone ;
Shout to his lofty throne,
" Worthy the Lamb ! "
- 2 Hence, gloomy doubts and fears !
Dry up your mournful tears ;
Swell the glad theme :
To Christ, our gracious King,
Strike each melodious string,
Join heart and voice to sing,
" Worthy the Lamb ! "
- 3 Hark, how the choirs above,
Fill'd with the Saviour's love,
Dwell on his Name !
There, too, may we be found,
With light and glory crown'd,
While all the heavens resound,
" Worthy the Lamb ! "

[Rev. v

86. Universal Reign of Christ. SEVENS.

- 1 COME, Divine Immanuel, come !
Take possession of thy home :
Now thy mercy's wings expand,
Stretch'd throughout this happy land.

H Y M N S.

- 2 Carry on thy victory,
Spread thy rule from sea to sea :
Call in all the ransom'd race ;
Save us, save us, Lord, by grace !
- 3 Take the purchase of thy blood,
Bring us to a pard'ning God :
Give us eyes to see our day,
Hearts thy glorious truths t' obey :
- 4 Ears to hear the Gospel-sound—
Grace doth more than sin abound !
God appeas'd, and man forgiven !
Peace on earth, and joy in heav'n !
- 5 Now thy mercy's wings expand,
Stretch'd throughout this happy land :
Take possession of thy home,
Come, Divine Immanuel, come ! [Rev. xi. 15.]

87. *Prayer for the Guidance of the Holy Spirit.* L. M.

- 1 COME, gracious Spirit, Heavenly Dove,
With light and comfort from above :
Be Thou our Guardian, Thou our Guide !
O'er every thought and step preside.
- 2 The light of truth to us display,
And make us know and choose thy way :
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from God may ne'er depart.
- 3 Lead us to holiness—the road
Which we must take to dwell with God :
Lead us to Christ—the living way ;
Nor let us from his pastures stray.
- 4 Lead us to God—our final rest,
To be with Him for ever blest :
Lead us to heaven, its bliss to share—
Fulness of joy for ever there ! [Rom. viii. 14.]

88. *To the Holy Spirit.* C. M.

- 1 COME, Holy Ghost, Creator, come !
Inspire the souls of thine ;
Till every heart, which Thou hast made
Is fill'd with grace divine.
- 2 Thou art the Comforter, the gift
Of God, and fire of love ;
The everlasting spring of joy,
And Unction from above.

HYMNS.

- 3 Thy gifts are manifold : Thou writ'st
God's laws in each true heart:
The Promise of the Father, Thou
Dost heavenly speech impart.
- 4 Enlighten our dark souls, till they
Thy sacred love embrace :
Assist our minds, by nature frail,
With thy celestial grace.
- 5 Drive far from us the mortal foe,
And give us peace within ;
That, by thy guidance bless'd, we may
Escape the snares of sin.
- 6 Teach us the Father to confess,
And Son from death reviv'd ;
And, with them both, Thee, Holy Ghost,
Who art from both deriv'd—
- 7 As in all ages heretofore
Has constantly been done ;
As now it is, and shall be so
When time his course has run.

[Annexed to New Version of Psalms]

89.

Baptism. L. M.

- 1 COME, Holy Ghost, descend from high ;
Baptizer of our spirits, Thou !
The sacramental seal apply,
And witness with the water now.
- 2 Pour forth thy energy divine,
And sprinkle the atoning blood ;
May Father, Son, and Spirit join,
To seal this child, a Child of God !

90.

To the Holy Spirit. c. m.

- 1 COME, Holy Ghost, Eternal God,
Proceeding from above,
Both from the Father and the Son,
The God of peace and love !
- 2 Visit our minds ! into our hearts
Thy heav'nly grace inspire ;
That truth and godliness we may
Pursue with full desire.

H Y M N S.

- 3 Thou art the very Comforter,
In grief and all distress ;
The heav'ly gift of God Most High,
No tongue can it express—
- 4 The fountain and the living spring
Of joy celestial ;
The fire so bright, the love so sweet,
The Unction spiritual.
- 5 Thou in thy gifts art manifold ;
By them Christ's Church doth stand :
In faithful hearts Thou writ'st thy Law,
The finger of God's hand.
- 6 According to thy promise, Lord !
Pour out abundant grace ;
That, through thy help, God's praises may
Resound in every place, [Ordination Service.]

91. *Praise to the Saviour.* c. m.

- 1 COME, Holy Ghost ! inspire our songs
With thine immortal flame ;
Enlarge our hearts, unloose our tongues,
To praise the Saviour's Name.
- 2 How great the riches of his grace !
He left his throne above ;
And, swift to save our ruin'd race,
Fled on the wings of love.
- 3 Now pardon, life, and joys divine,
In rich abundance flow,
For guilty rebels, dead in sin,
And doom'd to endless woe.
- 4 Th' Almighty Former of the skies
Stoop'd to our low abode ;
While angels view'd with wond'ring eyes,
And hail'd th' Incarnate God.
- 5 Renew our souls with heavenly strength,
That we may fully prove
The height, and depth, and breadth, and length
Of such transcendent love.

92. *To the Holy Spirit.* c. m.

- 1 COME, Holy Ghost ! our souls inspire,
And lighten with celestial fire :
Thou the anointing Spirit art,
Who dost thy sevenfold gifts impart.

HYMNS.

- 2 Thy blessed Unction from above,
Is comfort, life, and fire of love :
Enable with perpetual light
'The dulness of our blinded sight.
- 3 Anoint and cheer our soiled face
With the abundance of thy grace :
Keep far our foes, give peace at home ;
Where Thou art guide no ill can come.
- 4 Teach us to know the Father, Son,
And Thee, of both, to be but One ;
That through the ages all along,
Thy praise may wake an endless song !
- [Ordination Service.]

93. *Faith realizing to the Mind the Death of Christ.* c. m.

- 1 COME, Holy Ghost ! set to thy seal,
Thine inward witness give ;
To all our waiting souls reveal
The death by which we live.
- 2 Spectators of the pangs divine
Oh that we now may be ;
Discerning in the sacred sign
His passion on the tree !
- 3 Give us to hear the dreadful sound,
Which told his mortal pain,
Tore up the graves, and shook the ground,
And rent the rocks in twain.
- 4 Repeat the Saviour's dying cry
In every heart so loud,
That every heart may now reply
"This was the Son of God!" [Mat. xxvii. 50—51.]

94. *To the Holy Spirit.* s. m.

- 1 COME. Holy Spirit, come !
Let thy bright beams arise :
Dispel all sorrow from our minds,
All darkness from our eyes.
- 2 Convince us all of sin,
Then lead to Jesu's blood ;
And to our wond'ring view reveal
The mercies of our God.

H Y M N S.

- 3 Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove ;
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.
- 4 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life on every part,
And new create the whole :
- 5 Dwell, therefore, in our hearts,
Our minds from bondage free ;
Then shall we know, and praise, and love,
The Father, Son, and Thee.

95. *To the Holy Spirit. c. m.*

- 1 COME, Holy Spirit, God of might,
The Comforter of all !
Teach us to know thy word aright,
That we may never fall.
- 2 O Holy Spirit ! guide aright
All preachers of thy Word ;
That Thou by them may'st cut down sin,
With this thine own sharp sword !
- 3 Depart not from thy pastors, Lord,
But aid them, at their need,
Who break to us the Bread of Life,
Whereon our souls may feed.
- 4 True Faith in us, O Lord, increase,
And let Love so abound,
That all at home may live in peace,
And all about us round.
- 5 In our time give thy peace, O Lord,
To nations far and nigh ;
That they with us, taught from thy Word,
May serve our God Most High !

[Annexed to Old Version of Psalms.]

96. *Prayer for the enlivening Influence of the Spirit. c. m.*

- 1 COME, Holy Spirit, Heav'nly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning powers !
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

HYMNS.

- 2 See how we grovel here below,
Fond of these earthly toys !
Our souls, how heavily they go
To reach eternal joys.
- 3 In vain we tune our lifeless songs,
In vain we strive to rise ;
Hosannahs languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.
- 4 O Saviour ! shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate ?
Our love so faint, so cold to Thee,
And thine to us so great !
- 5 Come, Holy Spirit, Heav'nly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning powers !
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

97. *At a Sermon for Charity Schools. P. M.*

CHILDREN :

- 1 COME let our voices join
In one glad song of praise ;
To God, the God of Love,
Our thankful hearts we'll raise.

CONGREGATION :

To God alone all praise belongs—
Our earliest and our latest songs.

CHILDREN :

- 2 Now we are taught to read
The book of life divine ;
Where our Redeemer's love
And brightest glories shine :

CONGREGATION :

To God alone all praise is due,
Who sends His Word to us and you.

CHILDREN :

- 3 Within these hallow'd walls
Our wand'ring feet are brought,
Where prayer and praise ascend,
And heavenly truths are taught :

CONGREGATION :

To God alone your offerings bring :
Let Young and Old his praises sing.

H Y M N S.

CHILDREN AND CONGREGATION.

- 4 Lord, let this work of love
Be crown'd with full success !
Let thousands, yet unborn,
Thy Sacred Name here bless !
To Thee, O Lord, all praise to Thee,
Shall rise throughout eternity.

98. *Christ adored by all Creation.* c. m.

- 1 COME, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne ;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.
- 2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus :"
"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,
"For He was slain for us."
- 3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and power divine ;
And blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever thine !
- 4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to raise thy glories high,
And speak thy endless praise—
- 5 Let all creation join in one,
To bless the Sacred Name
Of Him, that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb. [Rev. v. 11—14.]

99. *Joining in Covenant with God.* c. m.

- 1 COME, let us join our souls to God,
In everlasting bands ;
And seize the blessings he bestows,
With eager hearts and hands.
- 2 Come, let us to his temple haste,
And seek his favour there ;
Before his footstool humbly bow,
And pour out fervent prayer.
- 3 Come, let us seal, without delay,
The cov'nant of his grace ;
Nor shall the years of distant life
Its memory efface.

HYMNS.

- 4 Thus may our rising offspring haste
To seek their fathers' God ;
Nor e'er forsake the happy path
Their youthful feet have trod. [Is. xliv. 5.]

100. *To the Holy Spirit. L. M.*

- 1 COME, Sacred Spirit ! from above,
And fill the coldest heart with love :
Soften to flesh the rugged stone,
And let thy godlike power be known.
- 2 Oh let a holy flock await,
Numerous around thy temple-gate ;
Each pressing on with zeal to be
A living sacrifice to Thee.

101. *Invitations of Mercy. SEVENS.*

- 1 COME ! said Jesu's sacred voice,
Come and make my paths your choice :
I will guide you to your home ;
Weary pilgrims ! hither come.
- 2 Hither come, for here is found
Balm for every bleeding wound,
Peace which ever shall endure,
Rest eternal—sacred—sure !
- 3 Ye who, houseless, sole, forlorn,
Long have borne the world's proud scorn,
Long have roan'd the barren waste,
Weary pilgrims ! hither haste.
- 4 Ye who, toss'd on beds of pain,
Seek for ease, but seek in vain—
Ye, whose swell'n and sleepless eyes
Watch to see the morning rise—
- 5 Ye by fiercer anguish torn,
In remorse for guilt who mourn,
Here repose your heavy care :
Who can a wounded spirit bear ?
- 6 Hither come, for here is found
Balm for every bleeding wound,
Peace which ever shall endure,
Rest eternal—sacred—sure ! [Matt. xi. 18.]

HYMNS.

102. *The Power of Christ's Resurrection.* L. M.

- 1 COME, see the place where Jesus lay,
For He hath left his gloomy bed :
What Angel roll'd the stone away ?
What Spirit brought him from the dead ?
- 2 By his omnipotence He rose,
By his own Spirit liv'd again ;
To crush for ever all his foes,
To raise for ever ruin'd men.
- 3 Those who his image here partake,
Though worms in dust their flesh consume,
Shall sleep in Jesus, and awake
To life eternal from the tomb.
- 4 What shall restore a world from death,
Where Satan holds his murderous reign ?
Spirit of Jesus ! with thy breath
Shake the dry bones, revive the slain.
- 5 Dead while they live are Adam's race,
By nature, since their father's fall ;
But, lo ! the messengers of grace
Proclaim the Gospel Hope to all.
- 6 Hear it, ye dead, of every clime,
Before the second death begins ;
Come forth to this new life in time—
This resurrection from your sins.
Rom. v. 12, to vi. 12.

103. *The Lord's Supper.* L. M.

- 1 COME, sinners ! view the Lamb of God,
Wounded, and dead, and bath'd in blood !
Behold his side and venture near ;
The well of endless life is here.
- 2 Here we forget our cares and pains :
We drink, yet still our thirst remains :
Only the Fountain-Head above
Can satisfy the thirst of love.
- 3 Oh that we thus could always feel !
Lord, to our hearts thy love reveal :
Then our glad tongues shall loud proclaim
The grace and glory of thy Name.

HYMNS.

104. "The Consolation of Israel." P. M.

- 1 COME, thou long-expected Jesus !
Born to set thy people free ;
From our fears and sins release us,
Let us find our rest in Thee !
- 2 Israel's Strength and Consolation,
Hope of all the earth Thou art ;
Blest Desire of every nation,
Joy of every faithful heart !
- 3 Born, thy people to deliver ;
Born a Child, and yet a King :
Born to reign in us for ever,
Now thy gracious kingdom bring :
- 4 By thine own Eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone ;
By thine all-sufficient merit,
Raise us to thy glorious throne ! [Luke ii. 25.]

105. Before Sermon. P. M.

- 1 COME, Thou soul-transforming Spirit,
Bless the sower and the seed :
Let each heart thy grace inherit ;
Raise the weak, the hungry feed :
From the Gospel—
Now supply thy people's need.
- 2 Help us all to seek the blessing
Which Thou waitest now to give :
Let us all, thy love possessing,
Joyfully the truth receive ;
And for ever—
To thy praise and glory live.

106. A Fountain opened for Sin and Uncleanliness. P. M.

- 1 COME to Calvary's holy mountain,
Sinners ! ruin'd by the fall :
Here a pure and healing fountain
Flows to you, to me, to all ;
In a full, perpetual tide,
Open'd when the Saviour died.
- 2 Come, in poverty and meanness,
Come, defil'd without, within ;
From infection and uncleanness,
From the leprosy of sin,
Wash your robes and make them white ;
Ye shall walk with God in light.

H Y M N S.

- 3 Come, in sorrow and contrition,
Wounded, impotent, and blind ;
Here the guilty, free remission,
Here the troubled, peace may find :
Health this fountain will restore ;
He, that drinks, shall thirst no more.
- 4 He, that drinks, shall live for ever :
'Tis a soul-renewing flood :
God is faithful—God will never
Break his covenant in blood,
Sign'd when our Redeemer died,
Seal'd when He was glorified. [Zech. xiii. 1.]

107. *Weary Sinners invited to Rest.* L. M.

- 1 COME, weary souls, with sin opprest,
Come, and accept the promis'd rest :
The Saviour's gracious call obey,
And cast your gloomy fears away.
- 2 Burden'd with guilt, a painful load,
Oh come and bow before your God !
Divine compassion, mighty love,
Will all the painful load remove.
- 3 Here Mercy's boundless ocean flows,
To cleanse your guilt and heal your woes ;
Pardon, and life, and endless peace ;
How rich the gift ! how free the grace !

Matt. xi. 28.

108. *Sinners invited to Christ.* P. M.

- 1 COME, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
Come in Mercy's gracious hour !
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love, and power :
He is able—
He is willing : doubt no more.
- 2 Come, ye thirsty, ye are welcome !
God's free bounty glorify :
True belief, and true repentance,
Every grace which brings us nigh,
Without money—
Come to Jesus Christ, and buy.

HYMNS.

- 3 Let not conscience make you linger,
 Nor of fitness fondly dream ;
 All the fitness he requireth
 Is to feel your need of him :
 This he gives you—
 'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.
- 4 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
 Lost and ruin'd by the fall ;
 If you tarry till you're better
 You will never come at all.
 Not the righteous—
 Sinners Jesus came to call.
- 5 Agonizing in the garden,
 Lo ! the Saviour prostrate lies !
 On the bloody Cross behold him,
 Hear him cry before he dies—
 "It is finish'd!"—
 —Finish'd the great sacrifice !
- 6 Lo ! th' Incarnate God, ascended,
 Pleads the merit of his blood :
 Venture on him, venture wholly ;
 Let no other trust intrude :
 None but Jesus—
 Can do helpless sinners good.
- 7 Saints and angels, join'd in concert,
 Sing the praises of the Lamb ;
 While the blissful seats of heaven
 Sweetly echo with his Name.
 Hallelujah ! Hallelujah ! Hallelujah !
 Sinners here may sing the same. [Is. lv.]

109. *Christ's Humiliation and Triumph.* P. M.

- 1 COME, ye who love the Lord,
 And feel his quick'ning power,
 Unite with one accord,
 His goodness to adore :
 To heaven and earth aloud proclaim
 Your great Redeemer's glorious Name.
- 2 He left his throne above,
 His glory laid aside,
 Came down on wings of love,
 And wept, and bled, and died :
 The pangs He bore, what tongue can tell,
 To save our souls from death and hell ?

H Y M N S.

- 3 He burst the grave ! He rose
Victorious from the dead ;
And thence his vanquish'd foes
In glorious triumph led :
Up through the heavens the Conqueror rode.
Triumphant, to the throne of God.
- 4 Soon He again will come,
(His chariot will not stay)
To take his children home,
To realms of endless day :
There shall we see Him face to face,
And sing the triumphs of his grace.

110. *Heavenly Joys on Earth.* s. m.

- 1 COME, ye who love the Lord,
And let your joys be known ;
Join in a song, with glad accord,
While ye surround the throne.
- 2 The sorrows of the mind
Be banish'd from this place !
Religion never was design'd
To make our pleasures less.
- 3 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below ;
Celestial fruits on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.
- 4 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.
- 5 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry ;
We're marching through Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

111. *For the Blessing of Father, Son, and Spirit.* l. m.

- 1 COMMAND thy blessing from above,
O God ! on all assembled here :
Behold us with a Father's love,
While we look up with filial fear.
- 2 Command thy blessing, Jesus, Lord !
May we thy true disciples be :
Speak to each heart the mighty word ;
Say to the weakest, " Follow me."

HYMNS.

- 3 Command thy blessing in this hour,
Spirit of Truth ! and fill this place
With humbling and exalting power,
With quick'ning and confirming grace.
- 4 O Thou, our Maker, Saviour, Guide !
One true Eternal God confess ;
May nought in life or death divide
The saints in thy communion blest !

112. *Dead in Sins: created in Christ Jesus unto Good Works.* c. m.

- 1 CONCEIV'D in sin, Oh wretched state !
Soon as we draw our breath,
The first young pulse begins to beat
Iniquity and death.
- 2 Wild and unwholesome as the root
Will all the branches be,
How can we hope for living fruit
From such a deadly tree ?
- 3 What mortal power from things unclean
Can pure productions bring ?
Who can command a vital stream
From an infected spring ?
- 4 Yet, Mighty God ! thy wond'rous love
Can make our nature clean ;
While Christ and grace prevail above
The tempter, death, and sin.
- 5 The Second Adam shall restore
The ruins of the first :
Hosanna to that Sov'reign Power
Which new creates our dust.

Rom. v. 12 &c. Ps. li. 5. Job xiv. 4. Eph. ii. 4—10.

113. *To the Holy Spirit. P. M.*

- 1 CREATOR Spirit ! by whose aid
The world's foundations first were laid,
Come, visit every humble mind ;
Come, pour thy joys on human kind :
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make us temples worthy Thee.
- 2 Thou Strength of his Almighty hand,
Whose power does heaven and earth command !
Thrice Holy Fount ! Thrice Holy Fire !
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire :
Come, and thy sacred Unction bring,
To sanctify us while we sing.

H Y M N S.

- 3 Plenteous of grace, descend from high,
Rich in thy seven-fold energy :
Give us Thyself, that we may see
The Father and the Son by Thee :
Make us eternal truths receive,
And practise all that we believe.
- 4 Chase from our minds th' infernal foe ;
And peace, the fruit of love, bestow :
Our frailties help, our sin controul,
Submit the senses to the soul :
And, lest again we go astray,
Protect and guide us in the way.
- 5 Immortal honour, endless fame,
Attend th' Almighty Father's Name !
The Saviour Son be glorified,
Who for lost man's redemption died !
And equal adoration be,
Eternal Comforter, to Thee !
- 114.** *Christ's Agony in the Garden.* c. m.
1 DARK was the night, and cold the ground
 On which the Lord was laid :
His sweat like drops of blood ran down,
 In agony He pray'd—
- 2 “Father ! remove this bitter cup,
 If such thy sacred will ;
If not, content to drink it up,
 Thy pleasure I fulfil !”
- 3 Go to the Garden, sinner ! see
 Those precious drops that flow :
The heavy load he bore for thee—
 For thee, he lies so low !
- 4 Then learn of Him the cross to bear,
 Thy Father's will obey ;
And when temptations press thee near,
 Awake to watch and pray. [Matt. xxvi. 38—44.]

115. *The Restoration of Israel.* c. m.

- 1 DAUGHTER of Zion ! from the dust
 Exalt thy fallen head ;
Again in thy Redeemer trust,
 He calls thee from the dead.

H Y M N S.

- 2 Awake, awake, put on thy strength,
Thy beautiful array :
The day of freedom dawns at length,
The Lord's appointed day.
- 3 Rebuild thy walls, thy bounds enlarge,
And send thy heralds forth :
Say to the south, " Give up thy charge,
And keep not back, O north ! "
- 4 They come, they come—thine exil'd bands,
Where'er they rest or roam,
Have heard thy voice in distant lands,
And hasten to their home.
- 5 Thus, though the universe shall burn,
And God his works destroy,
With songs thy ransom'd shall return,
And everlasting joy. [Is. lii. 1, 2. xlvi. 6. xxxv. 10.]

116.

Day of Judgment. P. M.

- 1 DAY of Judgment ! day of wonders !
Hark ! the trumpet's awful sound,
Louder than a thousand thunders,
Shakes the vast creation round !
How the summons—
Will the sinner's heart confound !
- 2 See the Judge, our nature wearing,
Cloth'd in majesty divine !
Ye who long for his appearing,
Then shall say " This God is mine ! "
Gracious Saviour !—
Own us in that day for thine !
- 3 At his call the dead awaken,
Rise to life from earth and sea !
All the powers of nature, shaken,
From his face prepare to flee.
Careless sinner !—
What will then become of Thee ?
- 4 But to those who have confessed,
Lov'd, and serv'd the Lord below,
He will say, " Come near, ye Blessed !
See the kingdom I bestow !
You for ever—
Shall my love and glory know."

Matt. xxv. 31, &c.

H Y M N S.

117.

Physician of Souls. L. M.

- 1 DEEP are the wounds which sin has made,
Where shall the sinner find a cure ?
In vain, alas ! is Nature's aid,
The work exceeds all Nature's power.
- 2 Sin like a raging fever reigns,
With fatal strength, in every part ;
The dire contagion fills the veins,
And spreads its poison to the heart.
- 3 And can no sov'reign balm be found ?
And is no kind physician nigh,
To ease the pain and heal the wound,
Ere life and hope for ever fly ?
- 4 See, in the Saviour's dying blood,
Life, health, and bliss abundant flow !
"Tis only this most sacred flood
Can ease thy pain and heal thy woe. [Jer. viii. 22.]

118.

First and Second Adam. L. M.

- 1 DEEP in the dust before thy throne,
Our guilt and our disgrace we own.
Great God ! we own th' unhappy name,
Whence sprung our nature and our shame.
- 2 But while our spirits, fill'd with awe,
Behold the terrors of thy Law,
We sing the honours of thy Grace,
Which sent to save a ruin'd race.
- 3 We sing thine Everlasting Son,
Who join'd our nature to his own :
Adam the second, from the dust,
Raises the ruins of the first.
- 4 Where sin did reign and death abound,
There have the sons of Adam found
Abounding life : there glorious grace
Reigns through the Lord our Righteousness !
Rom. v. 12, &c.

119.

A Living and a Dead Faith. c. m.

- 1 DELUDED souls ! that dream of heaven,
And make their empty boast
Of inward joys, and sins forgiven,
While they are slaves to lust.

HYMNS.

- 2 Vain are our fancies, airy flights,
If faith be cold and dead :
None but a living power unites
To Christ the Living Head.
- 3 'Tis faith that changes all the heart :
'Tis faith that works by love ;
That bids all sinful joys depart,
And lifts the thoughts above.
- 4 'Tis faith that conquers earth and hell,
By a celestial power :
This is the grace that shall prevail
In the decisive hour.
- 5 Faith must obey her Father's will,
As well as trust his grace :
A pardoning God is jealous still
For his own holiness.
- 6 When from the curse he sets us free,
He makes our natures clean ;
Nor would he send his Son to be
The minister of sin.
- 7 His Spirit purifies our frame,
And seals our peace with God :
Jesus, and his salvation, came
By water and by blood.

120. *After Sermon. L. M.*

- 1 DISMISS us with thy blessing, Lord !
Help us to feed upon thy Word.
All that has been amiss forgive,
And let thy truth within us live.
- 2 Though we are guilty, Thou art good :
Wash all our works in Jesu's blood.
Give every troubled soul release ;
And bid us all depart in peace.

121. *The Universal Monarch. L. M.*

- 1 EARTH, with its empires, to thy reign
Submits, Great God, its wide domain !
Whate'er this orb's vast bounds confine,
By just possession, Lord, is thine.
- 2 That orb amid the watery waste
Thy hands, Blest Architect, have placed;
And bid th' unfathomable deep
Beneath its firm foundations sleep.

H Y M N S.

3 Maker of all ! through every land
The trophies of thy Grace shall stand ;
And farthest realms, converted, join
In homage to the Name Divine.

122. *The Divine and Human Natures of Christ.* L. M.

- 1 ERE the blue heavens were stretch'd abroad,
From everlasting was the Word :
With God He was—the Word was God,
And must divinely be ador'd.
 - 2 By His own power were all things made :
By Him supported, all things stand :
He is the whole creation's Head,
And angels fly at His command.
 - 3 Ere sin was born or Satan fell,
He led the host of morning-stars.
Thy generation who can tell,
Or count the numbers of thy years ?
 - 4 But lo ! He leaves those heavenly forms !
The Word descends, and dwells in clay ;
That He may hold converse with worms,
Drest in such feeble flesh as they.
 - 5 Mortals, with joy, beheld His face—
Th' Eternal Father's Only Son !
How full of truth ! how full of grace !
When through His eyes the Godhead shone !
 - 6 Archangels leave their high abode,
To learn new mysteries here, and tell
The love of our descending God,
The glories of Immanuel.
- John i. 1—3, 14. Col. i. 16. Eph. iii. 9, 10.*

123. *Jehovah Supreme.* L. M.

- 1 ETERNAL God ! Almighty Cause
Of earth, and seas, and worlds unknown !
All things are subject to thy laws,
All things depend on Thee alone.
- 2 Thy glorious Being singly stands,
Of all within itself possest :
Controll'd by none are thy commands ;
Thou from thyself alone art blest.
- 3 To Thee alone ourselves we owe :
Let heaven and earth due homage pay :
All other gods we disavow,
Deny their claim, renounce their sway.

HYMNS.

4 Spread thy Great Name through every land :
All Idol Deities dethrone !
Reduce the world to thy command ;
And reign, as thou art, God alone !

124. *Prayer for Spiritual Blessings.* c. m.

- 1 ETERNAL God ! we look to Thee ;
To Thee, for help, we fly :
Thine eye alone our wants can see,
Thy hand alone supply.
- 2 Lord ! let thy fear within us dwell ;
Thy love our footsteps guide :
That love will all vain love expel ;
That fear, all fear beside.
- 3 Not what we wish, but what we want,
Oh ! let thy grace supply :
The good, unasked, in mercy grant ;
The ill, though asked, deny.

125. *Glory awaiting Faithful Missionaries.* l. m.

- 1 ETERNAL Lord ! from land to land
Shall echo thine all-glorious Name ;
Till kingdoms bow at thy command,
And every lip thy praise proclaim.
- 2 Exalted high, on every shore,
The banner of the Cross, unfurl'd,
Shall summon thousands to adore
The Saviour of a ransom'd world.
- 3 Thousands shall join thy pilgrim band,
And, by that sacred standard led,
Press forward to Immanuel's land,
Nor fear the thorny path to tread.
- 4 Triumphant over every foe,
Their ransom'd numbers shall move on,
To that blest world where sin or woe
Shall never mingle with their song. [Ps. cii. 21, 22.]

126. *God exalted above all praise.* l. m.

- 1 ETERNAL Power ! whose high abode
Becomes the grandeur of a God ;
Infinite lengths beyond the bounds,
Where stars revolve their little rounds.
- 2 Not heaven thy presence can contain ;
Nor heaven of heavens thy power restrain :
Thee while the first archangel sings,
He veils his face beneath his wings.

H Y M N S.

- 3 Lord ! what shall earth and ashes do ?
With angels, we adore Thee too ;
From sin and dust to Thee we cry,
The Great, the Holy, and the High !
- 4 Earth from afar hath heard thy fame,
And babes have learnt to lisp thy Name ;
But, Lord ! the glories of thy mind
Leave all our soaring thoughts behind.
- 5 God is in heaven, but man below ;
Be short our strains, our words be few :
A sacred reverence checks our songs,
And praise sits silent on our tongues. [Neh. ix. 5.]

127. *The Year crowned with the Divine Goodness.* L. M.

- 1 ETERNAL Source of every joy !
Well may thy praise our lips employ,
While in thy temple we appear,
To hail Thee Sovereign of the year.
- 2 Wide as the wheels of nature roll,
Thy hand supports and guides the whole :
The Sun is taught by Thee to rise,
And Darkness when to veil the skies.
- 3 The flow'ry Spring, at thy command,
Perfumes the air and paints the land :
The Summer rays with vigour shine,
To raise the corn and cheer the vine.
- 4 Thy hand, in Autumn, richly pours
Through all our coasts redundant stores ;
And Winters, soften'd by Thy care,
No more the face of horror wear.
- 5 Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days
Demand successive songs of praise ;
And be the grateful homage paid
With morning light and evening shade.
- 6 Here in thy House let incense rise,
As circling Sabbaths bless our eyes ;
Till to those lofty heights we soar,
Where days and years are known no more.

128. *To the Holy Spirit.* C. M.

- 1 ETERNAL Spirit ! God of Truth !
Our contrite hearts inspire :
Kindle the flame of heavenly love,
And feed the pure desire.

HYMNS.

- 2 'Tis thine to soothe the sorrowing mind
With guilt and fear oppress :
'Tis thine to bid the dying live,
And give the weary rest.
- 3 Subdue the power of every sin,
Whate'er that sin may be ;
That we, in singleness of heart,
May worship only Thee.
- 4 Then with our spirits witness bear,
That we are sons of God ;
Redeem'd from sin, and death, and hell,
Through Christ's atoning blood.

129. *The Light of God's Countenance.* c. m.

- 1 ETERNAL Sun of Righteousness,
Display thy beams divine ;
And cause the glory of thy face
On all our hearts to shine !
- 2 Light in thy light, O may we see
'Thy grace and mercy prove !
Reviv'd, and cheer'd, and bless'd by Thee,
The God of pard'ning love ! [Num. vi. 24—26.]

130. *Wisdom and Power of God in Creation.* c. m.

- 1 ETERNAL Wisdom, Thee we praise !
Thee, the Creation sings !
With thy lov'd Name, rocks, hills, and seas,
And heaven's high palace rings.
- 2 Thy hand how wide it spreads the sky !
How glorious to behold,
Ting'd with the blue of heavenly dye,
And starr'd with sparkling gold !
- 3 Thy glories blaze all nature round,
And strike the gazing sight,
Through skies, and seas, and solid ground,
With terror and delight.
- 4 Infinite strength, and equal skill,
Shine through the worlds abroad ;
Our souls with vast amazement fill,
And speak the builder God.
- 5 But still the wonders of thy grace
Our softer passions move ;
Pity divine in Jesu's face
We see, adore, and love.

H Y M N S.

• *Christ exalted to be a Prince and a Saviour.* L. M.

XALTED Prince of Life ! we own
he royal honours of thy throne :
is fix'd by God's almighty hand,
nd seraphs bow at thy command.

xalted Saviour ! we confess
he sov'reign triumphs of thy grace
here beams of gentle radiance shine,
nd temper majesty divine.

ide thy resistless sceptre sway,
ill all thine enemies obey !
ide may thy Cross its virtues prove,
nd conquer millions by its love.

ighty to vanquish and forgive !
ine Israel shall repent and live ;
nd loud proclaim thy healing breath,
hich works their life who wrought thy death.

Acts v. 31.

• *The Universal Kingdom of Christ.* L. M.

XERT thy power, thy rights maintain,
sus, Thou everlasting King !
he glories of thy crown increase,
nd strangers to thy footstool bring !

hy prophecies shall be fulfill'd,
ough Earth and Hell should dare oppose :
ne stone cut from the mountain's side,
ough unobserv'd, to empire grows.

ion shall the mingled image fall,
ass, silver, iron, gold, and clay,
nd Superstition's gloomy reign
Light and Liberty give way.

one vast symphony of praise,
entile and Jew shall then unite
nd all thine enemies, ashamed,
nk in th' abyss of endless night.

rom east to west, from north to south,
manuel's kingdom shall extend ;
nd every man in every face,
all meet a brother and a friend. (Dox. &c. 34, 35.)

133.

The Year of Jubilee. P. M.

- 1 FAIR shines the morning-star !
 The silver trumpets sound,
 Their notes re-echoing far,
 While dawns the day around !
 Joy to the slave !—the slave is free !
 It is the Year of Jubilee.
- 2 Prisoners of hope ! in gloom
 And silence left to die,
 With Christ's unfolding tomb
 Your portals open fly ;
 Rise with the Lord !—He sets you free :
 It is the Year of Jubilee.
- 3 Ye, who have sold for nought
 The land your fathers won,
 Behold how God hath wrought
 Redemption through his Son !
 Your heritage again is free,
 It is the Year of Jubilee.
- 4 Ye, who yourselves have sold
 For debts to justice due,
 Ransom'd, but not with gold,
 He gave Himself for you :
 The blood of Christ hath made you free !
 It is the Year of Jubilee.
- 5 Captives of sin and shame,
 O'er earth and ocean, hear
 An angel's voice proclaim
 The Lord's accepted year :
 Let Jacob rise, be Israel free,
 It is the Year of Jubilee. [Lev. xxv.]

134.

The Power of Faith. c. m.

- 1 FAITH adds new charms to earthly bliss,
 And saves us from its snares :
 Its aid in every duty brings,
 And softens all our cares.
- 2 Faith deadens still the thirst of sin ;
 And lights the sacred fire
 Of love to God and heavenly things,
 And feeds the pure desire.
- 3 The wounded conscience knows its power,
 The healing balm to give ;
 That balm the saddest heart can cheer,
 And make the dying live.

H Y M N S.

- 4 Wide it unveils the heavenly worlds,
Where deathless pleasures reign ;
And bids us seek our portion there,
Nor bids us seek in vain.
- 5 Faith shews the promises all seal'd
With the Redeemer's blood ;
And helps our feeble hope to rest
Upon a faithful God.
- 6 There, still unshaken, would we rest,
Till this vile body dies ;
And then, on Faith's triumphant wings,
To endless glory rise.

135. *Faith precious, and the Gift of God.* s. m.

- 1 FAITH is a precious grace,
Where'er it is bestow'd ;
It boasts of a celestial birth,
And is the gift of God.
- 2 Jesus it owns as King,
And all-atoning Priest ;
It claims no merit of its own,
But looks for all in Christ.
- 3 On Him it safely leans,
In times of deep distress ;
Flies to the fountain of his blood,
And trusts his righteousness.
- 4 All through the wilderness,
It is our strength and stay ;
Nor can we miss the heavenly road,
While it directs our way.
- 5 Lord, 'tis thy work alone,
And that divinely free ;
Send down the Spirit of thy Son,
To work this faith in me !

136. "All Nations shall serve Him." l. m.

- 1 FALL down, ye Nations, and adore
Jehovah on the Mercy-seat ;
Like prostrate seas on every shore,
That cast their billows at your feet.
- 2 Let hallelujahs to the skies,
With ocean's everlasting sound,
(The voice of many waters) rise,
Day without night, as time goes round.

HYMNS.

- 3 Yet, as the peasant's careful toil
Hath to the bosom of the soil
The seeds of future plenty given,
Waiting the warmer suns of heaven—
- 4 So, early, in the vigorous age
Of life's uncertain pilgrimage,
Let us our fleeting prime employ,
Sowing in hope to reap in joy.
- 5 Still at God's altar let us raise
The song of gratitude and praise ;
Still to His throne our incense bring,
Whose presence is eternal spring—
- 6 To Him who died for sinners here ;
And Him the promis'd Comforter ;
To each our voices lift, with those
Whose cherub quires heaven's court compose.

140. *God Glorious, and Sinners saved.* c. m.

- 1 FATHER, how wide thy glory shines !
How high thy wonders rise !
Known through the earth by thousand signs,
By thousand through the skies.
- 2 Those mighty orbs proclaim thy power,
Their motions speak thy skill ;
And, on the wings of every hour,
We read thy patience still.
- 3 Part of thy Name divinely stands
On all thy creatures writ :
They shew the labours of thy hands,
Or impress of thy feet.
- 4 But, when we view thy great design
To save rebellious worms,
There vengeance and compassion join
In their divinest forms !
- 5 Here the whole Deity is known,
Nor dares a creature guess
Which of the glories brightest shone,
The justice or the grace.
- 6 Now the full glories of the Lamb
Adorn the heavenly plains :
Bright seraphs learn Immanuel's Name,
And try their choicest strains !

HYMNS.

7 Oh, may we bear some humble part
In their immortal song !
Wonder and joy shall tune each heart,
And love command each tongue.

141. *Sunday-School Anniversary.* L. M.

- 1 FATHER ! if the untutor'd cry,
The simple prayer of infancy,
May to thy glorious mansion rise,
Accept our annual sacrifice.
- 2 Our blessings to thy hand we owe,
And see thy power in all below,
Earth's various fruits withheld or given,
The radiance or the storms of heaven.
- 3 If e'er beneath a sicklier sun
Our seasons seem their course to run,
Reward Thou still the reaper's toil
With all the treasure of the soil.
- 4 May our fair pastures never cease
To give the blessings of increase ;
Nor mildew, canker-worm, nor rains
Blight the fair product of our plains !
- 5 And Oh for those, whose tender care
Would heaven's rich harvest here prepare,
Be theirs to see the toil bestow'd
Return a hundred-fold to God !

142. *Praise to the Holy Trinity.* s. m. DOUBLE.

- 1 FATHER ! in whom we live,
In whom we are and move,
The glory, power, and praise receive
Of thy creating love :
Let all the angel-throng
Give thanks to God on high,
While earth repeats the joyful song,
And echoes to the sky.
- 2 Incarnate Deity !
Let all the ransom'd race
Render in thanks their lives to Thee,
For thy redeeming grace :
The grace to sinners shew'd
Ye heavenly choirs proclaim,
And cry Salvation to our God,
Salvation to the Lamb !

HYMNS.

3 Spirit of Holiness !
 Let all thy saints adore
 Thy sacred energy, and bless
 Thy heart-renewing power :
 Not angel-tongues can tell
 Thy love's extatic height,
 The glorious joy unspeakable,
 The beatific sight !

4 Eternal Triune Lord !
 Let all the hosts above,
 Let all the sons of men record,
 And dwell upon thy love :
 When heaven and earth are fled
 Before thy glorious face,
 Sing all the saints thy love hath made
 Thine everlasting praise !

143. *Christ's Universal Reign.* c. m.

1 FATHER ! is not thy promise pledg'd
 To thine Exalted Son,
 That through the nations of the earth
 Thy Word of Life shall run ?

2 " Ask, and I give the Heathen Lands
 For thine inheritance ;
 And to the world's remotest shores
 Thine empire shall advance."

3 From east to west, from north to south,
 Then be His Name ador'd :
 Europe, with all thy millions, shout
 Hosannahs to thy Lord !

4 Asia and Africa, resound
 From shore to shore his fame ;
 And thou, America, in songs
 Redeeming love proclaim !

[*Ps. ii. 8.*]

144. *The Universal Prayer.* c. m.

1 FATHER of All ! and God of Love !
 By earth and heaven ador'd ;
 In worlds below, and worlds above,
 The Universal Lord !

2 Thou, Great First Cause ! least understood,
 Hast all our sense confin'd
 To know but this, that Thou art good,
 And that ourselves are blind.

H Y M N S.

- 3 What conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns us not to do,
This, teach us more than death to shun,
That, more than life pursue.
- 4 Where we are right, thy grace impart
Still in the right to stay :
Where we are wrong, teach, Lord, our heart
To find the better way.
- 5 Save us alike from foolish pride
And impious discontent,
At aught thy wisdom hath denied,
Or aught thy goodness lent.
- 6 This day, be bread and peace our lot :
All else beneath the sun
Thou know'st if best bestow'd or not,
And let thy will be done !
- 7 To Thee, whose temple is all space,
Whose altar—earth, sea, skies !
One chorus let all beings raise !
All nature's incense rise !

145. *The Lord's Prayer. c. m.*

- 1 FATHER of all ! we bow to Thee,
Who dwell'st in heaven, ador'd ;
But present still, through all thy works,
The Universal Lord.
- 2 For ever hallow'd be thy Name,
By all beneath the skies ;
And let thy kingdom still advance,
Till grace to glory rise.
- 3 A grateful homage let us yield,
With hearts resign'd to Thee ;
And as in heav'n thy will is done,
On earth so let it be !
- 4 From day to day we humbly own
The hand that feeds us still :
Give us our bread, and teach to rest
Contented in thy will.
- 5 Our sins before Thee we confess :
Oh may they be forgiv'n !
As we to others mercy shew,
We mercy beg from heaven.

HYMNS.

- 6 Still let thy grace our lives direct,
From evil guard our way ;
And in temptation's fatal path
Permit us not to stray.
- 7 For thine the power, the kingdom thine ,
All glory's due to Thee ;
Thine from eternity they were,
And thine shall ever be.

146. *To the Holy Trinity. P. M.*

- 1 FATHER of all ! whose mighty voice
Call'd forth this universal frame ;
Whose mercies over all rejoice,
Through endless ages still the same :
Thou by thy Word upholdest all,
Thy bounteous love to all is shew'd,
Thou hear'st whene'er thy creatures call,
And fillest every mouth with good.
- 2 Son of the Father's endless love !
Take to thyself thy mighty power ;
Let all earth's sons thy mercy prove,
Let all thy bleeding love adore.
The triumphs of thy grace display,
In every heart reign Thou alone,
Till all thy foes confess thy sway,
And glory ends what grace begun.
- 3 Spirit of Grace and Health and Power !
Fountain of Light and Love below !
Abroad thy healing influence shower,
O'er all the nations let it flow.
Inflame our hearts with holy love,
In us the work of faith fulfil ;
So, not heaven's hosts shall swifter move
Than we on earth to do thy will.

147. *The Coming of Christ in His Kingdom. S. M.*

- 1 FATHER of boundless grace !
Thou hast in part fulfill'd
Thy promise made to Abraham's race,
In God Incarnate seal'd.
- 2 A few from every land
At first to Salem came,
And saw the wonders of thy hand,
And saw the tongues of flame.

HYMNS.

- 3 From thence thy heralds ran
To earth's remotest bound,
And made thy glorious mercy known,
And spread the joyful sound.
- 4 Yet still we wait the end,
The coming of our Lord ;
The full accomplishment attend
Of thy Prophetic Word.
- 5 Thy promise deeper lies
In unexhausted grace ;
And new discover'd worlds arise
To sing their Saviour's praise.

148. *Prayer for the Jews. P.M.*

- 1 FATHER of faithful Abraham ! hear
Our earnest suit for Abraham's seed :
Justly they claim the fervent prayer
From us, adopted in their stead ;
Who mercy, through their fall, obtain,
And Christ, by their rejection, gain.
- 2 Outcasts from Thee, and scatter'd wide
Through every nation under heaven,
Blaspheming whom they crucified,
Unsav'd, unpity'd, unforgiven—
Branded, like Cain, they bear their load,
Abhor'd of men, and curs'd of God.
- 3 But hast thou finally forsook,
For ever cast thine own away ?
Wilt thou not bid the murderers look
On Him they pierc'd, and weep and pray ?
Yes ! gracious Lord, thy Word is past—
“ All Israel shall be sav'd at last.”
- 4 Come, then, thou great Deliverer, come !
The veil from Jacob's heart remove :
Receive thine ancient people home,
That, quicken'd by thy dying love,
In their recovery we may find
Life from the dead for all mankind.

149. *Praise to the Holy Trinity. C.M.*

- 1 FATHER of Glory ! to thy Name
Immortal praise we give,
Who dost an act of grace proclaim,
And bid us rebels live.

HYMNS.

- 2 Immortal honour to the Son,
Who makes thine anger cease ;
Our lives he ransom'd with his own,
And died to make our peace.
- 3 To thy Almighty Spirit be
Immortal glory given ;
Whose influence brings us near to Thee,
And trains us up for heaven.
- 4 Let men, with their united voice,
Adore th' Eternal God,
And spread his honours, and their joys,
Through nations far abroad.
- 5 Let faith, and love, and duty join
One general song to raise ;
Let saints, in earth and heaven, combine
In harmony and praise.

150. *Prayer to the Holy Trinity.* L. M.

- 1 FATHER of Heaven ! whose love profound
A ransom for our souls hath found,
Before thy throne we sinners bend ;
To us thy pard'ning love extend.
- 2 Almighty Son ! Incarnate Word !
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord !
Before thy throne we sinners bend ;
To us thy saving grace extend.
- 3 Eternal Spirit ! by whose breath
'The soul is rais'd from sin and death,
Before thy throne we sinners bend ;
To us thy quick'ning power extend.
- 4 Jehovah ! Father, Spirit, Son !
Mysterious Godhead ! Three in One !
Before thy throne we sinners bend ;
Grace, pardon, life, to us extend !

151. *At a Charity Sermon for Schools.* C. M.

- 1 FATHER of Mercies ! God of Grace !
Each perfect gift is thine ;
Through various channels flow the streams.
The source is still divine.
- 2 Thy kindness call'd us into life,
And all the good we know,
Each present comfort, future hope,
Thy liberal hands bestow.

HYMNS.

- 3 The friends whose charity provides
This refuge, where to flee
From want, from ignorance, and vice,
Were raised up by Thee.
- 4 To Thee we owe the full supply,
Which by their hands is given,
To make us useful here below,
And train our souls for heaven.
- 5 Bestow thy peace upon them here,
And heavenly joy above ;
While we improve, with grateful hearts,
The labour of their love.

152. *The Excellency of the Scriptures.* c. m.

- 1 FATHER of Mercies ! in thy Word
What endless glory shines !
For ever be thy Name ador'd
For these celestial lines.
- 2 Here springs of consolation rise,
To cheer the fainting mind :
The needy here receive supplies,
And rest the weary find.
- 3 Divine Instructor ! Gracious Lord !
Be thou for ever near :
Teach us to love thy Sacred Word,
And view our Saviour there.

153. *At a Sermon for the Poor.* c. m.

- 1 FATHER of Mercies ! send thy grace,
All-powerful, from above ;
To form, in our obedient souls,
The image of thy love.
- 2 Oh may our sympathizing breasts
That generous pleasure know,
Freely to share in others' joy,
And weep for others' woe.
- 3 Whene'er the helpless sons of grief
In low distress are laid,
Soft be our hearts their pains to feel,
And swift our hands to aid.
- 4 So Jesus look'd on dying man,
When thron'd above the skies ;
And, midst the glories of his state,
Felt his compassion rise.

H Y M N S.

5 On wings of love the Saviour flew
To raise us from the ground ;
And shed the richest of his blood,
A balm for every wound. [Luke x. 30—

154. *At a Charity Sermon for Schools.* C. M.

- 1 FATHER of Mercy ! hear our prayers
For those who do us good ;
Whose love for us a place prepares,
And kindly gives us food.
- 2 Each hand and heart that lends us aid,
Thou dost inspire and guide ;
Nor is their bounty unrepaid,
Who for the poor provide.
- 3 Thou still shalt be our grateful theme,
Thy praise we 'll ever sing ;
Our friends the kind refreshing stream,
But thou th' unfailing spring.
- 4 For those whose goodness founded this,
A better house prepare ;
Receive them to thy heavenly bliss,
And let us meet them there !
- 5 Let all the pleasing pains they share
Be crown'd with wish'd success ;
The present age applaud their care,
And future ages bless.
- 6 So shall the helpless who remain
Expos'd as we before,
Increasing still our humble train,
With louder songs adore.

155. *Christians perfected by Grace through Christ.*

- 1 FATHER of Peace ! and God of Love !
We own thy power to save ;
That power by which our Shepherd rose,
Victorious o'er the grave.
- 2 We triumph in that Shepherd's Name,
Still watchful for our good ;
Who brought th' eternal cov'nant down,
And seal'd it with his blood.
- 3 So may thy Spirit seal our souls,
And mould them to thy will ;
That our fond hearts no more may stray,
But keep thy cov'nant still.

HYMNS.

4 Still may we gain superior strength,
And press with vigour on,
Till full perfection crown our hopes,
And fix us near thy throne. [Heb. xii. 20, 21.]

156. *Nativity of Christ.* s. m. DOUBLE.

- 1 FATHER ! our hearts we lift
Up to thy gracious throne ;
And bless Thee for the precious gift
Of thine Incarnate Son :
Salvation through His Name . . .
To lost mankind is given ;
And loud his infant-cries proclaim
A peace 'twixt earth and heaven.
- 2 A peace on earth he brings,
Which never more shall end ;
The Lord of Hosts, the King of Kings,
Declares himself our Friend :
His kingdom from above
He doth to us impart—
Righteousness, peace, and joy, and love,
O'erflow the faithful heart.
- 3 May all mankind receive
The new-born Prince of Peace ;
And meekly in his spirit live,
And in his love increase !
Till he convey us home,
Cry ev'ry soul aloud—
“Come, thou Desire of Nations, come,
And take us all to God !”

157. “*Thou hast wrought all our Works in us.*” c. m.

- 1 FATHER ! to Thee our souls we lift,
On Thee our hope depends ;
For every good and perfect gift
From Thee in heaven descends.
- 2 We cannot speak one useful word,
One holy thought conceive,
Unless, in answer to our Lord,
Thyself the blessing give.
- 3 The poor returns which sinners make
They first from Thee obtain ;
And 'tis of grace that thou wilt take
Such poor returns again.

HYMNS.

4 Oh ! let it then our glory be,
(Whoe'er may boast their store,)
In time, and to eternity,
To owe Thee more and more. [Is. xxii.]

158. *Frability of Life.* C. M.

- 1 FEW are thy days, and full of woe,
O Man, of woman born !
Thy doom is written—" Dust thou art,
And shalt to dust return !"
- 2 Determin'd are the days that fly
Successive o'er thy head ;
The number'd hour is on the wing,
Which lays thee with the dead.
- 3 Gay is thy morning : flattering hope
Thy sprightly steps attends ;
But soon the tempest howls behind,
And the dark night descends !
- 4 Before its splendid hour, the cloud
Comes o'er the beam of light ;
A pilgrim in a weary land,
Man tarries but a night !

Job xiv. 1, 2, 5. Gen. iii. 19. Jer. xiv. 8.

159. *Divine Forgiveness.* L. M.

- 1 FORGIVENESS ! 'tis a joyful sound
To malefactors doom'd to die :
Proclaim the bliss the world around :
Ye seraphs, shout it from the sky !
- 2 O'er sins unnumber'd as the sand,
And like the mountains for their size,
The seas of sov'reign grace expand—
The seas of sov'reign grace arise.
- 3 For this stupendous love of Heaven
What grateful honours shall we show ?
Where much transgression is forgiven,
Let love with equal ardour flow.
- 4 By this inspir'd, let all our days
With peace and holiness be crown'd ;
Let truth and goodness, prayer and praise
In all abide, in all abound. [Luke vii.]

HYMNS.

160. *The Glory of the Church in the Latter Day.* c. m.

- 1 FOR Zion's sake I will not cease
 In agony of prayer to cry :
 No, never will I hold my peace,
 Till God proclaim salvation nigh—
- 2 Worthy in her great Saviour's worth,
 Till Zion doth illustrious shine,
 And as a burning lamp goes forth,
 The blaze of righteousness divine.
- 3 Thy righteousness the world shall see,
 And Gentiles on thy beauty gaze ;
 And all the kings of earth agree,
 In wond'ring at thy glorious grace.
- 4 Thy glorious grace, what tongue can tell ?
 The Lord shall a new Name impart,
 Th' unutterable Name reveal,
 And write it on his people's heart.
- 5 Zion, for thee thy God shall care,
 And claim thee as his just reward ;
 Thee for his crown of glory wear,
 The Royal Diadem of thy Lord. [Is. lxii. 1—3.]

161. *Thanksgiving for a Good Harvest.* c. m.

- 1 FOUNTAIN of Mercy ! God of Love !
 How rich thy bounties are !
 The changing seasons, as they move,
 Proclaim thy constant care.
- 2 When in the bosom of the earth
 The sower hid the grain,
 Thy goodness mark'd its secret birth,
 And sent the early rain.
- 3 The spring's sweet influence, Lord, was thine ;
 The plants in beauty grew :
 Thou gav'st resplendent suns to shine,
 And soft, refreshing dew.
- 4 These varied mercies from above
 Matur'd the swelling grain ;
 A kindly harvest crowns thy love,
 And plenty fills the plain.
- 5 We own and bless thy gracious sway ;
 Thy hand all nature hails :
 Seed-time nor harvest, night nor day,
 Summer nor winter, fails. [Gen. viii. 22.]

H Y M N S.

162. *By the Children at a Charity-School Sermon.* L. M.

- 1 FRIENDS of the ignorant and poor,
Enrich'd by God with ampler store,
To you our anxious hopes we raise,
Oh lead to God our infant days
- 2 'Tis yours to form our early years,
To cheer our lot, to calm our fears :
'Tis yours to teach a Saviour's love,
And bring us comfort from above.
- 3 Oh ! by the record of His woes,
The only source whence mercy flows,
Impart to us the means of grace,
And bid us all his goodness trace.
- 4 So Thou, dread Lord of high and low !
Shalt give us power thyself to know ;
Our sins shalt hide, our dangers see,
And guide at last our souls to Thee !

163. *Appeal from Poor Children.* c. m.

- 1 FRIENDS of the poor, the young, the weak,
Regard our humble train :
Compassion at your hands we seek ;
—Shall Children plead in vain ?
- 2 Were you not children once ?—Review
The time when young as we :
Think of the friends who nourish'd you,
And hearken to our plea.
- 3 Are there not feelings from above,
In every heart to reign ?
The pulse, the voice, the look of love :
—Shall Nature plead in vain ?
- 4 Have you no dear ones round your hearth ,
As weak and young as we ?
Think, if like ours had been THEIR birth,
Could you resist their plea ?
- 5 Have you not known a Saviour's grace,
For man's redemption slain ?
Behold that Saviour in our place !
—Shall Jesus plead in vain ?
- 6 No !—by His early griefs and tears,
When poor and young as we,
By all His woes in after-years,
Accept your Saviour's plea.

HYMNS.

164. *Prayer for our Country.* P. M.

- 1 FROM foes that would the land devour;
From guilty pride, and lust of power;
From wild sedition's lawless hour;
From yoke of slavery;
From blinded zeal, by faction led;
From giddy change, by fancy bred;
From poisonous error's serpent head—
Good Lord, preserve us free!
- 2 Defend, O God! with guardian hand
The Laws and Ruler of our land,
And grant our Church thy grace to stand
In faith and unity!
The Spirit's help of Thee we crave,
That Thou, whose blood was shed to save,
May'st, at thy second coming, have
A flock to welcome 'Thee'!

165. *"Come over, and help us."* P. M.

- 1 FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand,
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from Error's chain.
- 2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile;
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;
The Heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.
- 3 Shall we whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! Oh Salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim;
Till each remotest nation
Has learnt Messiah's Name!

HYMNS.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll ;
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole ;
Till, o'er our ransom'd nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

166. *Condemnation by the Law—Peace by the Gospel.* L.M.

- 1 FROM Sinai's mount, in might array'd,
The Lord his fiery Law display'd :
Through heaven and earth its mandates fly,
“Do this, and live—transgress, and die !”
- 2 “Do this, and live !” Oh who may stand
Before that precept's strict command ?
“Transgress, and die !”—then all are dead,
And every hope of life is fled.
- 3 Hark ! from the Cross a voice of peace
Bids Sinai's awful thunder cease !
Sinner ! that voice of love obey,
From Christ, the Truth, the Life, the Way.
- 4 How else his presence wilt thou bear,
When he in Judgment shall appear ?
When slighted love to wrath shall turn,
And all the earth like Sinai burn ?

167. *Sinners invited by Christ.* P. M.

- 1 FROM the cross up lifted high,
Where the Saviour deigns to die,
What melodious sounds we hear
Bursting on the ravish'd ear !
“Love's redeeming work is done ;
Come and welcome, sinner, come !
- 2 Sprinkled now with blood the throne,
Why beneath thy burdens groan ?
On My pierced body laid,
Justice owns the ransom paid :
Bow the knee, and kiss the Son ;
Come and welcome, sinner, come !
- 3 Spread for thee the festal board,
See with richest dainties stor'd ;
To thy Father's bosom prest,
Yet again a child confess ;
Never from his house to roam ;
Come and welcome, sinner, come .

H Y M N S.

1 " Soon the days of life shall end ;
Lo, I come, your Saviour, Friend !
Safe your spirits to convey
To the realms of endless day,
Up to My eternal home ;
Come and welcome, sinner, come !'"

John xix. 30. Matt. xi. 28. Rev. xxii. 17.

168. *By the Children at a Charity-School Sermon.* C. N.

1 FROM the first dawn of infant life,
Thy goodness we have shar'd ;
And still we live to sing thy praise,
By sov'reign mercy spar'd.

2 To seek thy grace, to do thy will,
O Lord, our hearts incline ;
And o'er the paths of future life
Command thy light to shine.

3 While taught to read the Word of Truth,
May we that Word receive ;
And when we hear of Jesu's Name,
In that Blest Name believe !

4 Let not our feet incline to tread
Sin's broad destructive road ;
But trace those holy paths which lead
To glory and to God.

169. *For a National, British, Charity, or Sunday-School Anniversary.* L. M.

1 FROM year to year in love we meet,
From year to year in peace we part ;
The tongues of children uttering sweet
The bosom-joy of every heart.

2 But time rolls on ; and, year by year,
We change, grow up, or pass away :
Not twice, the same assembly here
Have hail'd the children's festal day.

3 Death, ere another year, shall strike
Some in our number, mark'd to fall :
Be young and old prepar'd alike,
The warning is to each, to all.

4 This sole occasion then is ours !
This day we ne'er again shall see !
Lord God, awaken all our powers
To spend it for eternity !

HYMNS.

- 5 Our times, our lives, are in thy hand :
On Thee for all things we rely ;
Assured, while in thy grace we stand,
To live is Christ, and gain to die.
- 6 Meanwhile our failing ranks renew :
Send Children, Teachers, in our place—
More humble, docile, faithful, true—
More like thy Son, from race to race.

170. *Triumph of Christ. P. M.*

- 1 GIRD on thy conqu'ring sword,
Ascend thy shining car ;
And march, Almighty Lord,
To wage thy holy war.
Before his wheels, In glad surprise,
Ye valleys rise, And sink ye hills !
- 2 Fair Truth and holy Love,
And injur'd Righteousness,
In thy retinue move,
And seek from Thee redress :
Thou, in their cause, Shalt prosp'rous ride,
And far and wide Dispense thy laws.
- 3 Before thine awful face
Millions of foes shall fall ;
The captives of thy grace,
That grace which conquers all.
The world shall know, Great King of Kings,
What wond'rous things Thine arm can do.

P. & xlvi. 2-4.

171. *Enlargement of the Church. SEVENS.*

- 1 "GIVE us room that we may dwell,"
Zion's children cry aloud :
See their numbers, how they swell,
How they gather like a cloud !
- 2 Oh how bright the morning seems !
Brighter from so dark a night :
Zion is like one that dreams,
Fill'd with wonder and delight.
- 3 Lo ! thy sun goes down no more,
God himself will be thy light :
All that caus'd thee grief before
Buried lies in endless night.

HYMNS.

4 Zion, now arise and shine :
Lo ! thy light from heaven is come !
These that crowd from far are thine,
Give thy sons and daughters room. [*Is. xlvi. 21.*]

172. *The Glory and Grace of the Church.* P. M.

- 1 GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God :
He, whose word cannot be broken,
Form'd thee for his own abode.
- 2 On the Rock of Ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose ?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.
- 3 See, the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove !
- 4 Who can faint, while such a river
Ever flows, their thirst to assuage ?
Grace, which, like the Lord, the Giver,
Never fails from age to age.

Ps. cxxxii. 14. Matt. xvi. 18. Is. xxvi. 1. Ps. xlvi. 4.

173. *Praise to the Holy Trinity.* SEVENS

- 1 GLORY be to God on high,
God, whose glory fills the sky ;
Peace on earth to man forgiven,
Man, the well-beloved of heaven !
- 2 Sov'reign Father ! Heavenly King !
Thee we now presume to sing ;
Glad thine attributes confess,
Glorious all, and numberless.
- 3 Hail ! by all thy works ador'd !
Hail, the Everlasting Lord !
Thee, with thankful hearts, we prove
Lord of Power, and God of Love.
- 4 Holy Spirit ! Thee we own ;
Thee, and Christ, the Only Son —
Lamb of God, the victim slain,
Man to save from endless pain.

HYMNS.

5 Praise the Name of God Most High ;
Praise Him, all below the sky :
Praise Him, all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

174. *Nativity of Christ. s. m.*

- 1 GLORY to God on high,
And heavenly peace on earth ;
Good-will to men, to angels joy,
At the Redeemer's birth !
- 2 In worship so divine,
Let saints employ their tongues :
With the celestial hosts we join,
And loud repeat their songs.
- 3 Glory to God on high,
And heavenly peace on earth,
Good-will to men, to angels joy,
At the Redeemer's birth !

[Luke ii. 14.]

175. *Evening Hymn. L. M.*

- 1 GLORY to Thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light :
Keep me, Oh keep me, King of Kings !
Beneath thine own Almighty wings.
- 2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done ;
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.
- 3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed :
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the Judgment-day.
- 4 Oh may my soul on Thee repose,
And with sweet sleep mine eyelids close !
Sleep, which may me more vigorous make,
To serve my God when I awake.
- 5 When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply :
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No Powers of Darkness me molest.
- 6 Let my blest guardian, while I sleep,
His watchful station near me keep ;
My heart with love celestial fill,
And guard me from th' approach of ill.

HYMNS.

- 7 Lord, let my soul for ever share,
The bliss of thy paternal care :
'Tis heaven on earth, 'tis heaven above,
To see thy face, and sing thy love !
- 8 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow ;
Praise Him, all creatures here below :
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host :
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

176. *Propagation of the Gospel through the World.* L. M.

- 1 GO, Christians ! and aloud proclaim
Him whom by grace yourselves have found :
Publish His ever-precious Name
To all the wond'ring nations round.
- 2 Go tell through earth each wretched slave,
Who groans beneath a tyrant's rod,
You bring—a Freedom bought with blood,
The blood of an Incarnate God :
- 3 And tell the panting sable chief,
On Ethiopia's scorching sand,
You come—with a refreshing Stream
To cheer and bless his thirsty land.
- 4 Go tell through all wide Asia's shores,
From western Syria to Japan,
That to enrich the deathless Mind
You come—the friends of God and Man.
- 5 Tell all the scatter'd Heathen Isles,
Which lie in darkness and the grave,
You come—a glorious Light to bring ;
You come—their souls to seek and save.

177. *Vanity of the World.* L. M.

- 1 GOD gives his mercies to be spent,
Your hoard will do your soul no good :
Gold is a blessing only lent,
Repaid by giving others food.
- 2 The world's esteem is but a bribe :
To buy their peace you sell your own ;
The slave of a vain-glorious tribe,
Who hate you while they make you known.
- 3 The joy which vain amusements give,
Oh sad conclusion that it brings !
The honey of a crowded hive,
Defended by a thousand stings !

HYMNS.

- 4 'Tis thus the world rewards the fools
Who live upon her treach'rous smiles :
She leads them, blindfold, by her rules,
And ruins all whom she beguiles.
- 5 God knows the thousands who go down
From pleasure into endless woe ;
And, with a long despairing groan,
Blaspheme their Maker as they go.
- 6 Oh fearful thought ! be timely wise :
Delight but in a Saviour's charms ;
And God shall take you to the skies,
Embrac'd in everlasting arms.

178. *The Blessings of the New Covenant.* L. M.

- 1 GOD, in the Gospel of his Son,
Makes his eternal counsels known :
There Love in all its glory shines,
And Truth is drawn in fairest lines.
- 2 Here sinners, of an humble frame,
May taste his grace and learn his Name ;
May read, in characters of blood,
The wisdom, power, and grace of God.
- 3 The prisoner here may break his chains,
The weary rest from all his pains,
The captive feel his bondage cease,
The mourner find the way of peace.
- 4 Here faith reveals to mortal eyes
A brighter world beyond the skies :
Here shines the light which guides our way
From earth to realms of endless day.
- 5 Oh grant us grace, Almighty Lord !
To read and mark thy holy Word ;
Its truths with meekness to receive,
And by its holy precepts live.

179. *God incomprehensible.* L. M.

- 1 GOD is a Name my soul adores—
Th' Almighty Three, th' Eternal One !
Nature and grace, with all their powers,
Confess the Infinite Unknown.
- 2 Thy voice produc'd the seas and spheres,
Bid the waves roar and planets shine ;
But nothing like Thyself appears,
Through all these spacious works of thine.

H Y M N S.

- 3 Still restless nature dies and grows ;
From change to change the creatures run :
Thy Being no succession knows,
And all thy vast designs are one.
- 4 Thrones and dominions round Thee fall,
And worship in submissive forms :
Thy presence shakes this lower ball,
This little dwelling-place of worms.
- 5 How shall affrighted mortals dare
To sing thy glory or thy grace !
Beneath thy feet we lie so far,
And see but shadows of thy face.
- 6 Who can behold the blazing light ?
Who can approach consuming flame ?
None but thy Wisdom knows thy Might :
None but thy Word can speak thy Name.

180. *Christ the King of Glory.* P. M.

- 1 GOD is gone up on high,
With a triumphant noise :
The clarions of the sky
Proclaim th' angelic joys !
Join all on earth, rejoice and sing—
Glory ascribe to Glory's King.
- 2 God in the flesh below,
For us he reigns above :
Let all the nations know
The Saviour's conqu'ring love !
Join all on earth, rejoice and sing—
Glory ascribe to Glory's King.
- 3 All power to our great Lord
Is by the Father given :
By angel hosts ador'd,
He reigns supreme in heaven !
Join all on earth, rejoice and sing—
Glory ascribe to Glory's King.
- 4 High on his holy seat,
He bears the righteous sway :
His foes beneath his feet
Shall sink and die away !
Join all on earth, rejoice and sing—
Glory ascribe to Glory's King.

HYMNS.

- 5 His foes and ours are one,
Satan, the world, and sin ;
But he shall tread them down,
And bring his kingdom in !
Join all on earth, rejoice and sing—
Glory ascribe to Glory's King.
- 6 Till all the earth renew'd
In righteousness divine,
With all the hosts of God
In one great chorus join,
Join all on earth, rejoice and sing—
Glory ascribe to Glory's King.

181. *Glory to God. SEVENS.*

- 1 GOD is goodness, wisdom, power,
Love him, praise him, evermore :
Let us strive, and never cease,
Him in every thing to please.
- 2 Born for this intent we are,
Our Creator to declare ;
God to love, and serve, and praise,
God to honour all our days.
- 3 Lift we then our hearts to God,
Like the Church above employ'd :
Day and night the angels sing
Praises to their Heavenly King.
- 4 Him that sitteth on the throne,
Him that died for man to atone,
God and the triumphant Lamb
They eternally proclaim.
- 5 Let us then to God aspire,
Rivals of the heavenly choir :
Cherubim our faces wear,
Let us their enjoyments share.
- 6 Holy, Holy, Holy Lord !
Live by heaven and earth ador'd !
Fill'd with Thee, let all things cry,
Glory be to God Most High.

182. *The Wisdom of redeeming Time. L.M.*

- 1 GOD of Eternity ! from Thee
Did infant-time his being draw :
Moments, and days, and months, and years,
Revolve by thine unvaried law.

H Y M N S.

- 2 Silent and slow they glide away,
Steady and strong the current flows,
Lost in eternity's wide sea,
The boundless gulph, from which it rose.
- 3 With it the thoughtless sons of men
Before the rapid stream are borne,
On to that everlasting home,
Whence not one soul can e'er return.
- 4 Great Source of Wisdom ! teach our hearts
'To know the price of every hour ;
That time may bear us on to joys
Beyond its measure and its power. [Eph. v. 15, 16.]

183. *New Year. c. m.*

- 1 GOD of our lives ! thy various praise
Our voices shall resound :
Thy hand directs our fleeting days,
And brings the seasons round.
- 2 To Thee shall annual incense rise,
Our Father and our Friend ;
While annual mercies from the skies
In genial streams descend.
- 3 In every scene of life, thy care,
In every age, we see :
And, constant as thy favours are,
So let our praises be.
- 4 Still may thy love, in every scene,
To every age, appear ;
And let the same compassion deign
To bless the opening year.
- 5 If mercy smile, let mercy bring
Our wand'ring souls to God :
And in affliction we shall sing,
If Thou wilt bless the rod.

184. *At a Charity-School Sermon. l. m.*

- 1 GOD over all ! the sun by day
Reveals thy glory in his light ;
The moon and stars thy voice obey,
And shew thy presence through the night.
- 2 God over all ! the earth, which yields
Her flowers and fruits at thy command,
From mountains, rivers, woods, and fields,
Pours the rich bounties of thy hand.

HYMNS.

- 3 To us, the children of the poor,
High as Thou art, thy care descends :
Thy mercies are for ever sure ;
Thou art our Father—these, our friends.
- 4 Are these our friends ?—Thou God of Grace,
Reward their love a thousand fold ;
And let them ever, in thy face,
Their best, their dearest Friend behold.
- 5 Art Thou our Father ?—we confess,
With grief and shame, our sin and guilt :
Oh turn from our unrighteousness,
And look on him whose blood was spilt.
- 6 He bore the chast'ning of thy rod,
That we might by his stripes be heal'd :
He died for us—the Lamb of God !
He rose—and our redemption seal'd.
- 7 And shall we, dare we, can we still
Resist thy fear, thy love despise ?
Oh, take us—soul, affection, will—
A free and living sacrifice.

185. *Hope from the Gospel only.* s. m.

- 1 GOD'S Holy Law, transgress'd,
Speaks nothing but despair ;
Burden'd with guilt, with grief oppress'd,
We find no comfort there.
- 2 Not all our groans and tears,
Nor works which we have done,
Nor vows, nor promises, nor prayers,
Can e'er for sin atone.
- 3 Relief alone is found
In Jesu's precious blood :
'Tis this that heals the mortal wound,
And reconciles to God.
- 4 High lifted on the Cross,
The spotless victim dies :
This is Salvation's only source.
Hence all our hopes arise.

186. *God glorified by the Death of Christ.* l. m.

- 1 GOD'S Nature and his Name we read,
When we behold the Saviour bleed ;
And, when we hear his dying groan,
His shame and grief explain our own !

HYMNS.

- 2** The lustre of the Holy Law,
Thus honour'd, fills our minds with awe ;
And Calv'ry's scenes at once reveal
More love and wrath than heaven and hell.
- 3** How pure the Truth which would not spare
Thine equal, thine eternal Heir !
How great the Love which freely gave
Thy Son thine enemies to save !
- 4** Thy just Commands, by Him obey'd,
In all their beauties stand display'd :
Thy righteous Vengeance, falling there,
Fills earth and heaven with holy fear.

187. *Peace with God.* L. M.

- 1** GOD, the offended God Most High,
Ambassadors to rebels sends :
His messengers his place supply,
And Jesus begs us to be friends.
- 2** Us, in the stead of Christ, they pray ;
Us, in the stead of God, entreat
To cast our arms, our sins, away,
And find forgiveness at his feet.
- 3** Our God in Christ, thine embassy
And proffer'd mercy we embrace ;
And gladly, reconcil'd to Thee,
Thy condescending mercy praise.
- 4** Poor debtors, by our Lord's request
A full acquittance we receive :
And criminals, with pardon blest,
We, at our Judge's instance, live ! [2 Cor. v. 20.]

188. *"Freely ye have received, freely give."* L. M.

- 1** GO forth, and plant the sacred tree,
The Tree of Life—'tis God's command ;
For health and healing it shall be,
A blessing meant for every land.
- 2** In every soil and clime it grows :
Beneath the sun its fruit is found :
It thrives amidst the winter snows,
When all is waste and dead around.
- 3** Speed then your way to every land !
Convey to all the gift of heaven :
We thus obey our Lord's command,
We freely give what's freely given.

Rev. xxii. 2. Matt. x. 8.

189.

The Victories of Messiah. c. m.

- 1 GO forth, ye saints, behold your King,
With Godlike honours crown'd :
The wondrous progress of his Word
Shall spread his fame around.
- 2 Where'er the sun begins its race,
Or stops its swift career,
Both East and West shall own his grace,
And Christ be honour'd there.
- 3 Ten thousand crowns encircling show,
The victories he hath won :
Oh may his conquests ever grow,
While time its course shall run !
- 4 Ride forth, thou Mighty Conqueror, ride,
And millions more subdue :
Destroy our unbelief and pride,
And we will crown Thee too. [Rev. xix. 12.]

190.

Power and Grace of Christ. l. m.

- 1 "GO through the gates"—'tis God commands :
Workers with God ! the charge obey :
Remove whate'er his work withstands ;
Prepare, prepare his people's way.
- 2 Lift up, for all mankind to see,
The standard of their Saviour-God ;
And point them to the shameful tree,
The Cross—all stain'd with hallow'd blood.
- 3 Zion ! thy Suffering Prince behold !
Thy Saviour and Salvation too !
He comes, he comes, so long foretold,
Cloth'd in a vest of bloody hue.
- 4 Himself prepares his people's hearts,
Breaks and binds up, and wounds and heals ;
A mystic death and life imparts,
Empties the full, the emptied fills.
- 5 He fills whom first he hath prepar'd :
With Him all needful grace is given :
Himself is here their great reward,
Their future and their present heaven.

I. xii. 10—12.

HYMNS.

91. *Christ our Example in Suffering.* P. M.

- 1 GO to dark Gethsemane,
 Ye who feel the Tempter's power :
Your Redeemer's conflict see ;
 Watch with him one bitter hour :
Turn not from his griefs away ;
Learn from Him to watch and pray.
- 2 See him at the judgment-hall,
 Beaten, bound, revil'd, arraign'd :
See him meekly bearing all !
 Love to man his soul sustain'd !
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss ;
Learn of Christ to bear the Cross.
- 3 Calvary's mournful mountain view :
 There the Lord of Glory see,
Made a sacrifice for you,
 Dying on th' accursed tree :
“ It is finish'd,” hear him cry :
Trust in Christ, and learn to die.
- 4 Early to the tomb repair,
 Where they laid his breathless clay ;
Angels kept their vigils there :
 Who hath taken him away ?
“ Christ is risen !” he seeks the skies ;
Saviour ! teach us so to rise.

92. *Departure of Missionaries.* SEVENS.

- 1 GO ! ye messengers of God,
Like the beams of morning, fly :
Take the wonder-working rod,
Wave the Banner-Cross on high !
- 2 Where th' aspirant minaret
Gleams along the morning skies,
Wave it till the crescent set,
And the “ Star of Jacob” rise.
- 3 Go ! to many a tropic isle,
In the bosom of the deep ;
Where the skies for ever smile,
And th' oppress'd for ever weep !
- 4 O'er the negro's night of care
Pour the living light of heaven ;
Chase away the fiend despair,
Bid him hope to be forgiven !

HYMNS.

- 5 When the golden gates of day
Open on the palmy east,
Wide the bleeding Cross display,
Spread the Gospel's richest feast :
- 6 Circumnavigate the ball,
Visit every soil and sea ;
Preach the Cross of Christ to all—
Jesu's love is full and free !

193. *To the Holy Spirit. c.m.*

- 1 GRANT us the grace that we may know
The Father of all might,
That we of His beloved Son
May gain the blissful sight ;
- 2 And that we may, with perfect faith,
Ever acknowledge Thee,
Spirit of Father and of Son,
One God in Persons Three.
- 3 To God the Father laud and praise,
And to His blessed Son,
And the Holy Spirit of grace,
Co-equal Three in One.
- 4 And pray we that our only Lord
Would still His Spirit send,
On all that shall profess His Name,
From hence to the world's end.

Ordination Service.

194. *Prayer for Grace. c.m.*

- 1 GREAT Author of each perfect gift,
Thy sov'reign grace display ;
That our rebellious roving hearts
May hearken and obey.
- 2 Inspir'd by Thee, our feeble souls
Shall pass victorious on ;
As the faint dawning light improves
To all the blaze of noon.

195. *Return of Spring. a.m.*

- 1 GREAT God, at thy command
Seasons in order rise :
Thy power and love in concert reign
Through earth, and seas, and skies.

H Y M N S.

- 2 How balmy is the air !
How warm the sun's bright beams
While, to refresh the ground, the rains
Descend in gentle streams.
- 3 With grateful praise we own
Thy providential hand,
While grass for kine, and herbs and corn
For men, enrich the land.
- 4 But greater still the gift
Of thine Incarnate Son ;
By Him forgiveness, peace, and joy,
Through endless ages run.

196. *Gods' Eternal Dominion.* c. m.

- 1 GREAT God, how infinite art Thou !
What worthless worms are we !
Let the whole race of creatures bow
In homage unto Thee.
- 2 Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Ere seas or stars were made :
Thou art the Ever-living God,
Were all the nations dead.
- 3 Eternity, with all its years,
Stands present in thy view :
To Thee there's nothing old appears,
Great God, there's nothing new.
- 4 Our lives through various scenes are drawn,
And vex'd with trifling cares ;
While thine eternal thought moves on
Thine undisturb'd affairs.
- 5 Great God, how infinite art thou !
What worthless worms are we !
Let the whole race of creatures bow
In homage unto Thee.

197. *To the Unknown God.* l. m.

- 1 GREAT God ! in vain man's narrow view
Attempts to look thy nature through :
Our labouring powers with rev'rence own
Thy glories never can be known.
- 2 Not the high seraph's mighty thought,
Who countless years his God hath sought,
Such wondrous height or depth can find,
Or fully trace thy boundless mind.

H Y M N S.

- 3 Yet, Lord ! thy kindness deigns to shew,
Enough for mortal minds to know ;
While wisdom, goodness, power divine,
Through all thy works and dealings shine.
- 4 Oh may our souls with rapture trace
Thy works of nature and of grace ;
Explore thy Sacred Name, and still
Press on to know and do thy will !

198. *For the Conversion of the Jews.* L. M.

- 1 GREAT God of Abrah'm ! hear our prayer
Let Abrah'm's seed thy mercy share :
Oh may they now at length return,
And look on Him they pierc'd, and mourn.
- 2 Remember Jacob's flock of old :
Bring home the wand'lers to thy fold :
Remember too thy promis'd Word,
"Israel at last shall seek the Lord."
- 3 Though outcasts still, estrang'd from Thee,
Cut off from their own olive-tree,
Why should they longer such remain ?
For thou canst graft them in again.
- 4 Lord, put thy law within their hearts,
And write it in their inward parts :
The veil of darkness rend in two,
Which hides Messiah from their view.
- 5 Oh haste the day, foretold so long,
When Jew and Greek, (a glorious throng,)
One House shall seek, one Prayer shall pour
And one Redeemer shall adore.

199. *Hymn for a Fast-Day in Time of War.* L. M.

- 1 GREAT God of heaven and earth arise,
And hear our loud united cries !
See Britain bow before thy face,
Through all her coasts, and seek thy grace.
- 2 No arm of flesh we make our trust ;
Nor sword, nor horse, nor ships we boast :
Thine is the land, and thine the main,
And human force and skill are vain.
- 3 Our guilt might draw thy vengeance down
On every shore, on every town ;
But view us, Lord, with pitying eye,
And lay thy lifted thunder by.

HYMNS.

- 4 Forgive the follies of our times,
And purge our land from all its crimes :
Reform'd, and deck'd with grace divine,
Let princes, priests, and people shine.
- 5 So shall our God delight to bless,
And crown our arms with wide success ;
Our foes shall dread Jehovah's sword,
And conqu'ring Britain praise the Lord.
Deut. xxiii. 9.

200. *For the Universal Propagation of the Gospel.* C. M.

- 1 GREAT God ! the nations of the earth
Are by creation thine ;
And in thy works, by all beheld,
Thy power and glory shine.
- 2 But, Lord ! thy greater love hath sent
Thy Gospel to mankind ;
Unveiling what rich stores of grace
Are treasur'd in thy mind.
- 3 Command that these glad tidings spread
The spacious earth around,
Till every tribe and every soul
Shall hear the joyful sound !
- 4 Oh when shall Afric's sable sons
Enjoy the Heavenly Word ;
And vassals, long enslav'd, become
The freemen of the Lord ?
- 5 When shall th' untutor'd Heathen Tribes,
A dark bewilder'd race,
Sit down at our Immanuel's feet,
And learn and sing his grace ?
- 6 Haste, Sov'reign Mercy ! and transform
Their cruelty to love ;
Soften the tiger to a lamb,
The vulture to a dove.
- 7 Smile, Lord ! on each divine attempt
To spread the Gospel-rays ;
And build on sin's demolish'd throne
The temples of thy praise.

201. *By the Children at a Charity-School Sermon.* P. M.

- 1 GREAT God ! our voice to Thee we raise,
Tune Thou our lips and hearts with praise,
Thy goodness to adore :

H.YMNS.

Our life, our health, and every friend,
From Thee arise, on Thee depend,
Kind Father of the poor !

- 2 Stretch o'er our heads thy guardian wing
Secure the weak, O King of Kings !
 Our Shield and Refuge be :
Thy Spirit, Lord, conduct our youth,
Through Christ, the Life, the Way, the T
 That we may come to Thee !
- 3 While friends their generous aid afford,
Accept the kind intention, Lord,
 And crown it with thy love ;
Then joy shall tune our humble songs,
Till we shall join immortal tongues
 In nobler praise above.

202. *Sunday-School Hymn. c. m.*

- 1 GREAT God ! to Thee, a youthful band
 We raise our humble prayer ;
And bless thy kind and gracious hand,
 For all the good we share.
- 2 Once, with a helpless, hopeless throng,
 E'en on thy holy day,
In sin we held our course along,
 And trifled time away.
- 3 Unknown, untutor'd, and forlorne,
 We sought the downward road ;
Far, on the stream of pleasure borne ;
 From happiness and God.
- 4 Now let the word of truth divine
 Our earliest thoughts engage ;
On life's unfolding prospect shine,
 And crown our growing age.

203. *Angels ministering to Christ and Saints. L*

- 1 GREAT God, to what a glorious height
Hast thou advanc'd the Lord thy Son !
Angels, in all their robes of light,
Are made the servants of his throne.
- 2 Before his feet their armies wait,
And swift as flames of fire they move,
To manage his affairs of state,
In works of vengeance or of love.

HYMNS.

- 3 Now they are sent to guide our feet
Up to the gates of thine abode,
Through all the dangers that we meet
In travelling the heavenly road.
- 4 Lord ! when we leave this mortal ground,
And thou shalt bid us rise and come,
Send thy beloved angels down
Safe to conduct our spirits home.

204. *The Last Judgment. P. M.*

- 1 GREAT God ! what do I see and hear !
The end of things created !
Behold the Judge of man appear,
On clouds of glory seated !
The trumpet sounds ! the graves restore
The dead, which they contain'd before !
Prepare, my soul ! to meet Him.
- 2 The dead in Christ shall first arise,
At the last trumpet's sounding ;
Caught up to meet Him in the skies,
With joy their Lord surrounding :
No gloomy fears their souls dismay ;
His presence sheds eternal day
On those prepar'd to meet Him.
- 3 But sinners, fill'd with guilty fears,
Behold his wrath prevailing ;
For they shall rise, and find their tears
And sighs are unavailing :
The day of grace is past and gone !
Trembling they stand before the throne,
All unprepar'd to meet Him.
- 4 Great God ! what do I see and hear !
The end of things created !
Behold the Judge of man appear,
On clouds of glory seated !
Low at his Cross, I view the day
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
And thus prepare to meet Him.

205. *Christ's Peaceful Kingdom. L. M.*

- 1 GREAT God ! whom heaven, and earth, and sea,
With all their countless hosts, obey ;
Upheld by Thee the nations stand,
And empires fall at thy command.

HYMNS.

Beneath thy long-suspended ire
Let every Antichrist expire :
Thy knowledge spread from sea to sea,
Till every nation bows to Thee.

- 3 Then shew thyself the Prince of Peace,
Command the din of war to cease :
With sacred love the world inspire,
And burn its chariots in the fire.
- 4 In sunder break each warlike spear ;
Let all the Saviour's ensigns wear :
The Universal Sabbath prove—
The utmost rest of Christian Love !
- 5 The world shall then no discord know,
But, hand in hand, to Canaan go ;
Jesus, the peaceful King, adore,
And learn the art of war no more.

Ps. xli. 9. Is. ii. 4.

206. *Prayer for Youth. S. M.*

- 1 GREAT God ! with heart and tongue,
For all our Youth we pray ;
Oh may they learn, while they are young,
To walk in wisdom's way !
- 2 Now, in their early days,
Teach them thy will to know ;
O God, thy sanctifying grace
On every heart bestow !
- 3 Make their defenceless youth
The object of thy care ;
Cause them to choose the way of truth,
And fly from every snare.
- 4 Their hearts, to folly prone,
Renew by power divine ;
Unite them to thyself alone,
And make them wholly Thine.
5. Lord, let thy Sacred Word
Their warmest thoughts employ ;
There let them daily find the road
Which leads to endless joy.

HYMNS.

207.

Kingdom of Christ. s. m.

- 1 GREAT Heir of David's throne !
 Thy royal power assume,
 To reign in faithful hearts alone,
 Thou with thy Father come.
- 2 Set up thy throne of Grace
 In all the Heathens' sight ;
 Thy kingdom of true holiness,
 And order it aright.
- 3 Now, for thy promise' sake,
 O'er earth exalted be :
 The kingdom, power, and glory take,
 Which all belong to Thee !
- 4 In zeal for God and man,
 Thy full salvation bring :
 The Universal Monarch reign,
 The saints' Eternal King.

[Is. ix. 7.]

208.

Converting Grace. c. m.

- 1 GREAT King of Glory and of Grace !
 We own, with humble shame,
 How vile is our degenerate race,
 And our first father's name.
- 2 From Adam flows our tainted blood,
 The poison reigns within,
 Makes us averse to all that's good,
 And willing slaves to sin.
- 3 We live estrang'd afar from God,
 And love the distance well ;
 With haste we run the dangerous road
 That leads to death and hell.
- 4 And can such rebels be restor'd !
 Such natures made divine !
 Let sinners see thy glory, Lord,
 And feel this power of thine.
- 5 We raise our Father's Name on high,
 Who his own Spirit sends
 To bring rebellious strangers nigh,
 And turn his foes to friends.

HYMNS.

209. *Divine Goodness in moderating Afflictions.* C. M.

1 GREAT Ruler of all nature's frame !

We own thy power divine ;

We hear thy breath in every storm,

For all the winds are thine.

2 Wide as they sweep their sounding way,

They work thy sov'reign will ;

And, aw'd by thy majestic voice,

Confusion shall be still.

3 Thy mercy tempers every blast

To them that seek thy face ;

And mingles with the tempest's roar

The whispers of thy grace.

[Is. xxvii. 8.]

210.

Thanksgiving for Peace. L. M.

1 GREAT Ruler of the earth and skies !

A word of thine Almighty breath

Can sink the world, or bid it rise :

Thy smile is life—thy frown is death !

2 When angry nations rush to arms,

And rage, and noise, and tumult reign ;

And war resounds its dire alarms,

And slaughter dyes the hostile plains —

3 Thy sov'reign eye looks calmly down,

And marks their course, and bounds their power:

Thy word the angry nations own,

And noise and war are heard no more.

4 Theu good, and wise, and righteous Lord !

All move subservient to thy will ;

And peace and war await thy word,

And thy sublime decrees fulfil.

5 To thee we raise our grateful songs,

Thy kind protection still implore,

Oh may our hearts, and lives, and tongues,

Confess thy goodness, and adore !

211.

Prayer, by Children, for Divine Instruction. L. M.

1 GREAT Saviour ! who didst condescend

Young children in thine arms to take,

Still prove thyself the children's friend,

And save us for thy mercy's sake.

HYMNS.

- 2 Lord, by the guidance of thy hand,
We now within thy house appear ;
And in thine awful presence stand,
To hear thy Word, and join in prayer.
- 3 Like precious seed in fruitful ground,
Let the instruction we receive
With fruits of righteousness abound :
Oh let us to thy glory live !
- 4 While in the slipp'ry paths of youth,
Be Thou our Guardian and our Guide ;
That we, directed by thy truth,
May never from thy precepts slide.
- 5 To read thy Word, our hearts incline ;
To understand it, light impart :
O Saviour ! let us all be thine !
Take full possession of each heart.

12. *Descent of the Holy Spirit.* L. M.

- 1 GREAT was the day, the joy was great,
When the divine disciples met ;
While on their heads the Spirit came,
And sat like tongues of cloven flame.
- 2 What gifts, what miracles He gave ;
And power to kill, and power to save !
Furnish'd their tongues with wondrous words
Instead of shields, and spears, and swords !
- 3 Thus arm'd, he sent the champions forth,
From east to west, from south to north :
“ Go, and assert your Saviour's cause !
Go, spread the mystery of his Cross ! ”
- 4 These weapons of the holy war,
Of what almighty force they are,
To make our stubborn passions bow,
And lay the proudest rebel low !
- 5 Nations, the learned and the rude,
Are by these heavenly arms subdued ;
While Satan rages at his loss,
And hates the doctrine of the Cross. [Acts ii.]

13. *The Pilgrims' Prayer.* P. M.

- 1 GUIDE us, O Thou Great Jehovah !
Pilgrims through this barren land :

H Y M N S.

We are weak, but Thou art mighty,
Hold us with thy powerful hand :
Bread of heaven—
Feed us till we want no more.

2 Open Thou the living Fountain,
Whence the healing waters flow :
Let the fiery cloudy pillar
Lead us all our journey through :
Strong Deliv'rer—
Be Thou still our Strength and Shield.

3 When we tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid our anxious fears subside :
Bear us through th' o'erwhelming torrent,
Land us safe on Canaan's side :
Songs of praises—
We will ever give to Thee.

214. *The Fountain of Life.* P. M.

1 HAIL, Everlasting Spring !
Celestial Fountain, hail !
Thy streams Salvation bring,
Thy waters never fail :
Still they endure ; And still they flow,
For all our woe A sov'reign cure.

2 Blest be his wounded side,
And blest his bleeding heart ;
Who all in anguish died
Such favours to impart !
His sacred blood Shall make us clean
From ev'ry sin, And fit for God.
3 To that dear source of love
Our souls this day would come ;
And thither, from above,
Lord, call the nations home ;
That Jew and Greek, With rapt'rous songs
On all their tongues, Thy praise may speak.
Zeck. xiii. 1.

215. *Dissemination of the Scriptures.* P. M.

HAIL that blissful day approaching,
When the Sacred Word shall spread
To the earth's remotest regions,
And to life restore the dead ;
When all nations—
Shall acknowledge Christ their Head.

216. *Kingdom of Christ. P. M.*

- 1 HAIL to the Lord's Anointed,
 Great David's greater Son !
 Hail, in the time appointed,
 His reign on earth begun !
 He comes to break oppression,
 To set the captive free ;
 To take away transgression,
 And rule in equity.
- 2 He shall come down like showers
 Upon the fruitful earth ;
 And joy and hope, like flowers,
 Spring in his path to birth :
 Before Him, on the mountains,
 Shall Peace, the herald, go ;
 And Righteousness, in fountains,
 From hill to valley flow.
- 3 Arabia's desert-ranger
 To Him shall bow the knee ;
 The Ethiopian stranger
 His glory come to see :
 With offerings of devotion,
 Ships from the Isles shall meet,
 To pour the wealth of ocean
 In tribute at his feet.
- 4 Kings shall fall down before Him,
 And gold and incense bring :
 All nations shall adore Him,
 His praise all people sing :
 For He shall have dominion
 O'er river, sea, and shore,
 Far as the eagle's pinion
 Or dove's light wing can soar.
- 5 For Him shall prayer unceasing,
 And daily vows ascend ;
 His Kingdom still increasing,
 —A Kingdom without end :
 The mountain-dew shall nourish
 A seed, in weakness sown,
 Whose fruit shall spread and flourish,
 And shake like Lebanon.

6 O'er every foe victorious,
 He on his throne shall rest ;
From age to age more glorious,
 All-blessing and all-blest :
The tide of Time shall never
 His Covenant remove ;
His Name shall stand for ever ;
—His great, best Name, of lo

217. *The Keys of Death and the Unseen W^He*
Hand. L.M.

- 1 HAIL to the Prince of Life and I
Who holds the keys of death and I
'The spacious world unseen is His,
And sov'reign power becomes him
- 2 In shame and torment once he die
But now he lives for evermore :
Bow down, ye saints ! around his
And, all ye angel-bands ! adore.
- 3 So live for ever, Glorious Lord !
To crush thy foes and guard thy I
While all thy chosen tribes rejoice,
That thy dominion never ends.
- 4 Worthy thy hand to hold the keys,
Guided by wisdom and by love ;
Worthy to rule o'er mortal life,
O'er worlds below and worlds abo
- 5 When death thy servants shall invi
When Powers of Hell thy Church
Control'd by Thee, their rage shall
The cause they labour'd to destroy
- 6 For ever reign, Victorious King !
Wide through the earth thy Name
Oh call each longing soul to sing
Sublimer anthems near thy throne.

218. *Praise to the Deliverer.* R.

- 1 HAIL ! to the sov'reign power wh
The strength of sin's tyrannic yoke
 And freed our captive race ;
Did all the rage of hell confound,
 And gave to death his fatal wound
 All hail, victorious Grace !

H Y M N S.

- 2 Hail ! to the Friend of human kind,
Who his celestial throne resign'd,
 To succour man distrest ;
Who could unnumber'd wrongs forgive
Who groan'd the rebel to relieve,
 And died to make him blest !
- 3 To Thee our lives, our souls we owe,
Our peace, and purest joys below,
 And brighter hopes above :
Then let our lives and all that's ours,
Our souls, our passions, and our powers,
 Be sacred to thy love.
- 4 Oh when shall that great day arise,
When, in full glory, to our eyes
 Thy beauties shall appear !
Then, with a far more noble strain,
We'll praise Thee, on the blissful plain,
 Through heaven's eternal year.
1 Cor. xv. 56, 57.

219. *Heavenly Wisdom.* L. M.

- 1 HAPPY the man who finds the grace,
The blessing of God's chosen race—
The wisdom coming from above,
The faith which sweetly works by love.
- 2 Happy, beyond description, he,
Who knows "The Saviour died for me?"
The gift unspeakable obtains,
And heavenly understanding gains.
- 3 Wisdom to silver we prefer,
And gold is dross compar'd to her :
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her flowery paths are peace.
- 4 Happy the man who wisdom gains,
In whose obedient heart she reigns :
He owns, and will for ever own,
Wisdom and Christ and Heaven are one.

Prov. iii. 13—17.

220. *The Glory of the Latter-Day.* P. M.

- 1 HARK ! a cry among the nations—
"Come, and let us seek the Lord !

H Y M N S.

Vain our former expectations :

Vain the idols we ador'd :

Zion's King is God alone,
Let us bow before his throne."

2 See ! from every quarter flowing,
Joyful crowds assemble round !

Love in every heart is glowing,
Praise is heard in every sound.

While Jehovah shews his face,
Glory fills the sacred place.

3 Weapons, meant for mutual slaughter,
Now are instruments of peace :

They who taste the living water
Learn from war and strife to cease.

Jesus reigns ! the earth is still !
All the nations do his will !

[Is. ii. 2-

221. *True Liberty given by Christ.* c. m.

1 HARK ! for 'tis God's own Son who calls
To life and liberty !

Transported, fall before His feet,
Who makes the pris'ners free.

2 The cruel bonds of sin he breaks,
And breaks the Tempter's chain :
Gracious, he deals those pardons round,
Which free from endless pain.

3 Into the captive heart he pours
His Spirit from on high :
We lose the terrors of the slave,
And "Abba, Father !" cry.

4 Shake off your bonds, and sing his grace :
The sinner's friend proclaim ;
And call on all around to seek
True freedom by his Name.

5 Walk on, at large, till you attain
Your Father's house above :
There shall you wear immortal crowns,
And sing immortal love.

[John viii. 3

222. *New Year. SEVENS.*

1 HARK ! how Time's wide-sounding bell
Strikes on each attentive ear ;
Tolling loud the solemn knell
Of the last departed year !

HYMNS.

- 2 Years, like mortals, wear away,
Have their birth and dying day,
Youthful spring and wintry age,
Then to others quit the stage.
- 3 Oh what numbers, blithe and gay,
Fell by Death's unsparing scythe :
While they thought the world their own,
Suddenly he mow'd them down !
- 4 Safe are they who know thy love :
Thou wilt all thy truth perform ;
To our souls a Refuge prove
From the rage of every storm !

223. *Christ's Commission.* C. M.

- 1 HARK the glad sound ! the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promis'd long !
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.
- 2 He comes, the pris'ners to release,
In Satan's bondage held :
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.
- 3 He comes, from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray,
And on the eye long clos'd in night
To pour celestial day.
- 4 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure ;
And, with the riches of his grace,
To bless the humble poor.
- 5 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace !
Thy welcome shall proclaim ;
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved Name. [Luke v. 18, 19.]

224. *The Song of Angels.* SEVENS.

- 1 HARK ! the herald angels sing—
“ Glory to the New-born King !
Glory in the highest heaven,
Peace on earth, and man forgiven.”
- 2 Joyful, all ye nations, rise !
Join the triumph of the skies ;
With th' angelic host proclaim,
“ Christ is born in Bethlehem !”

HYMNS.

- 3 Christ, by highest heaven ador'd,
Christ, the Everlasting Lord ;
Late in time behold him come,
Offspring of a virgin's womb !
- 4 Veil'd in flesh the Godhead see,
Hail th' Incarnate Deity !
Pleas'd as man with men to dwell,
Jesus our Immanuel.
- 5 Hail the heaven-born Prince of Pe
Hail the Sun of Righteousness !
Light and Life to all He brings,
Ris'n with healing in his wings.
- 6 Lo ! He lays his glory by !
Born, that man no more may die ;
Born, to raise the sons of earth ;
Born, to give them second birth.
- 7 Sing we then, with angels sing—
“Glory to the New-born King !
Glory in the highest heaven,
Peace on earth, and man forgiven.”

225.

In Time of War. a.m.

- 1 HARK ! the loud trumpet of our G
Sounds an alarm of war !—
Attend, O Earth !—ye nations, hear,
And tremble from afar !
- 2 With humble reverence and with awe
We hear the sacred word ;
And, trembling, own the sentence just
Which dooms us to the sword.
- 3 Yet not in war would we repine
The murd'ring sword to view,
Might the same stroke, that wastes the world,
Destroy its vices too.
- 4 But we shall hail the happy day,
Which ends the painful doom ;
When earth shall, like the world above,
In peace and virtue bloom.
- 5 Still let our songs declare His Name,
Who guards the British Race :
The God of Justice we adore,
And bless the God of Grace.

H Y M N S.

226.

Universal Reign of Christ. SEVENS.

- 1 HARK ! the Song of Jubilee,
Loud—as mighty thunders roar ;
Or the fulness of the sea,
When it breaks upon the shore—
- 2 Hallelujah ! for the Lord,
God Omnipotent, shall reign :
Hallelujah ! let the word
Echo round the earth and main.
- 3 Hallelujah !—hark ! the sound,
From the centre to the skies,
Wakes above, beneath, around,
All Creation's harmonies !
- 4 See Jehovah's banners furl'd,
Sheath'd his sword : He speaks—'tis done,
And the Kingdoms of this world
Are the Kingdom of his Son.
- 5 He shall reign from pole to pole
With illimitable sway :
He shall reign, when, like a scroll,
Yonder heavens have pass'd away !
- 6 Then the end—beneath his rod,
Man's last enemy shall fall :
Hallelujah ! Christ in God,
God in Christ, is All in All.

227.

"It is finished." P. M.

- 1 HARK ! the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary !
See ! it rends the rocks asunder,
Shakes the earth, and veils the sky !
"It is finish'd!"—
Hear the dying Saviour cry.
- 2 Oh what joy to helpless sinners
These triumphant words afford !
Heavenly blessings without measure
Flow to us, through Christ the Lord :
"It is finish'd!"—
Saints ! His dying words record.
- 3 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs !
Strike them to Immanuel's Name :
All on earth, and all in heaven,
Join the triumph to proclaim—
"It is finish'd!"—
Glory to the bleeding Lamb ! *[John xix. 30.]*

HYMNS.

228. *The Passing Bell.* c. m.

- 1 HARK ! 'tis the bell with solemn toll,
That speaks the spirit's flight
From earth, to realms of endless day,
Or everlasting night.
- 2 "Ashes to ashes, dust to dust,"
Sin's awful curse demands :
Oh well ! if pure before the throne
The soul accepted stands.
- 3 Oh well ! for if unclean'd from guilt,
Through Christ's atoning blood,
With what dismay she now beholds
The presence of her God !
- 4 To live through an eternal death,
Eternal woe to bear !—
Father of Mercy ! God of Grace !
Inspire and hear our prayer.
- 5 From sin, the sting of death and hell,
From enmity to Thee,
Extend thine own almighty arm,
To set the bond-slaves free.
- 6 So when the bell, with solemn toll,
Shall speak our spirits' flight,
Angels their glad approach shall hail
To realms of bliss and light.

229. "*Come and help us !*" c. m.

- 1 HARK ! what mean those lamentations,
Rolling sadly through the sky ?
'Tis the cry of Heathen Nations—
"Come and help us, or we die !"
- 2 Hear the Heathens' sad complaining,
Christians ! hear their dying cry ;
And, the love of Christ constraining,
Haste to help them, ere they die.

230. *Fall of Babylon.* l. m.

- 1 HARK ! what stupendous shouts arise,
And roll like thunder through the skies !
He comes ! He comes ! the victory's won,
Low in the dust lies Babylon !

HYMNS.

- 2 Praise, praise Immanuel's glorious power ;
The Sorceress falls to rise no more !
Down she descends to endless pains ;
He, King of Kings, for ever reigns !
- 3 Saw ye the Conqu'ror as He rode,
Clad in a vesture dipt in blood ?
His armies following rob'd in white,
For justice marshals all the fight ?
- 4 Heard you that awful, just command,
When thus He charg'd His chosen band—
“ Go, and avenge My righteous cause
On impious men, who scorn My laws.
- 5 “ Proud Babylon My wrath shall taste,
Who spoil'd My Church, and laid it waste :
‘ Tis just her sorrows should abound,
From whom My saints no pity found.
- 6 “ Fill to the brim the crimson cup,
And make the harlot drink it up :
Strike ! let her take her righteous meed ;
Blood was her drink, and she shall bleed ! ”

231. *The Universal Reign of Christ.* L. M.

- 1 HARK ! what triumphant strains are these,
Which echo through the vault of heaven !
To Jesus, once on Calvary slain,
The Kingdoms of the earth are given.
- 2 Hark the new song before the throne,
Which only the redeem'd can raise !
Angels may tune their golden harps,
But cannot reach these notes of praise.
- 3 They worship our Exalted Lord,
And hail him Universal King ;
But saints, the purchase of His blood,
Can strike a sweeter, nobler string.
- 4 The wonders of his dying love
Their hallelujahs loud proclaim ;
While, with extatic joy, they shout
New honours to his Sacred Name.
- 5 From every kindred, every tongue,
From barb'rous nations long unknown,
From polish'd Greeks, and Scythians rude,
A countless host surround the throne—

H Y M N S.

6 In robes of spotless white array'd,
And palms of victory in their hand ;
With holy wonder and delight,
The trophies of his grace they stand.

Rev. xi. 15. xiv. 3.

232. *The Sinner Hastened.* L. M.

- 1 HASTEN, O sinner ! to be wise,
And stay not for to-morrow's sun :
The longer Wisdom you despise,
The harder is it to be won.
- 2 Oh hasten, mercy to implore,
And stay not for to-morrow's sun ;
Lest thy brief season should be o'er,
Before this evening stage be run.
- 3 Oh hasten, sinner ! to return,
And stay not for to-morrow's sun ;
For fear thy lamp should cease to burn
Before the needful work is done.
- 4 Oh hasten, sinner ! to be blest,
And stay not for to-morrow's sun ;
For fear the curse should thee arrest,
Before to-morrow is begun.
- 5 O Lord ! do Thou the sinner turn !
Now rouse him from his senseless state !
Oh let him not thy counsel spurn,
Nor rue his fatal choice too late !

233. *Seeking to God for the Communication of his Spirit*
L. M.

- 1 HEAR, Gracious Sovereign ! from thy throne
And send thy various blessings down :
While by thine Israel thou art sought,
Attend the prayer thy Word hath taught.
- 2 Come, Sacred Spirit ! from above,
And fill the coldest hearts with love :
Soften to flesh the flinty stone,
And let thy Godlike power be known.
- 3 Speak thou ; and from the haughtiest eyes
Shall floods of contrite sorrow rise ;
While all their glowing souls are borne
To seek that grace which now they wear.

H Y M N S.

4 Oh, let a holy flock await,
Numerous around thy temple-gate !
Each pressing on with zeal to be
A living sacrifice to Thee. [Ezek. xxxvi. 37]

234. *Prayer for the Conversion of the World.* L. M.

- 1 HEAR, Saviour ! from thy glorious throne,
And send thy servants to proclaim
Salvation to a world undone,
And sound through all the earth thy Name.
- 2 Oh bless their labours who invite
The wand'ring, wretched outcasts home ;
And let thy sov'reign Spirit's might
Compel the Heathen World to come.
- 3 From Afric's wide and burning sands,
From Asia's mild, resplendent sky,
Let converts, from all Heathen Lands,
As doves unto their windows fly.
- 4 With Europe let them join to bless
Thy Saving Name, thy praise prolong ;
And Islands of the Southern Seas
Join, with America, the song.

235. *The Day of Judgment.* L. M.

- 1 HE comes ! He comes ! the Judge severe !
The seventh trumpet speaks him near :
His lightnings flash, his thunders roll :
How welcome to the faithful soul !
- 2 From heaven angelic voices sound,
See the Almighty Jesus crown'd !
Girt with omnipotence and grace,
And glory decks the Saviour's face.
- 3 Descending on his glorious throne,
He claims the kingdoms for his own ;
The kingdoms all obey his word,
And hail him their triumphant Lord.
- 4 Shout, all ye people of the sky,
And all ye saints of God Most High !
Jesus, who now his right obtains,
For ever and for ever reigns !

HYMNS.

236. *Christ dying, rising, and reigning.* L. M.

- 1 HE dies ! the friend of sinners dies !
Lo ! Salem's daughters weep around :
A solemn darkness veils the skies,
And sudden trembling shakes the ground.
- 2 Draw near, and trace in sad review
His grief, who groan'd beneath your load :
He gave his precious life for you,
The ransom of your soul, to God.
- 3 But, lo ! the Lord forsakes the tomb !
In vain his foes forbid his rise :
Angelic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies.
- 4 Cease, cease your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high our great Deliv'rer reigns :
Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of Hell,
And led his captive, Death, in chains.
- 5 Sing, "Live for ever, wond'rous King !
Born to redeem, and strong to save :
Thine arm hath borne from Death its sting,
And snatch'd the vict'ry from the Grave !"

237. *For a Charitable Occasion.* L. M.

- 1 HELP us, O Lord ! thy yoke to wear,
Delighting in thy perfect will ;
Each other's burdens learn to bear,
And thus thy law of love fulfil.
- 2 Who sparingly his seed bestows,
He sparingly shall also reap ;
But whoso plentifully sows,
The plenteous sheaves his hands shall heap.
- 3 Teach us, with glad and cheerful hearts,
As Thou hast bless'd our various store,
From our abundance to impart
A liberal portion to the poor.
- 4 To Thee our all devoted be,
In whom we breathe, and move, and live :
Freely we have received from Thee ;
Freely may we rejoice to give.
- 5 And while we thus obey thy Word,
And every call of want relieve,
Oh ! may we find it, gracious Lord !
More bless'd to give than to receive.

H Y M N S.

238.

After Sermon. s. m.

- 1 HELP us, with hearts unfeign'd,
 To praise Thee for thy Word ;
 To bless Thee for the joyful news
 Of our Redeeming Lord.
- 2 Like as the kindly rain
 Returns not back to heaven,
 But cheers and fruitful makes the earth,
 The end for which 'twas given—
- 3 So let thy present voice
 Accomplish thy design ;
 Distil on all our thirsty souls,
 And consecrate us thine.
- 4 Water the sacred seed,
 And give it large increase :
 Let neither fowls, nor rocks, nor thorns,
 Hinder the fruits of peace.
- 5 Then, though we weeping sow,
 And tears our hours employ,
 We know we shall return again,
 And bring our sheaves with joy.
Is. iv. 10, 11. Matt. xiii. 4—7. Ps. cxxvi. 6.

239.

The Lord's Supper. c. m.

- 1 HERE at thy table, Lord, we meet,
 To feed on food divine :
 Thy body is the bread we eat,
 Thy precious blood the wine.
- 2 He who prepares the rich repast,
 Himself comes down and dies ;
 And then invites us thus to feast
 Upon the sacrifice.
- 3 The bitter torments he endur'd
 Upon the shameful Cross,
 For us, his welcome guests, procur'd
 These heart-reviving joys.

240.

The Lord's Supper. l. m.

- 1 HERE let us see thy face, O Lord,
 And view Salvation with our eyes ;
 And taste and feel the living Word,
 The bread descending from the skies.

HYMNS.

- 2 Thou hast prepar'd this dying Lamb
Hast set his blood before our face,
To teach the terrors of thy Name,
And shew the wonders of thy grace.
- 3 Jesus ! our light ! our morning-star !
Shine Thou on nations yet unknown ;
The glory of thy people here,
And joy of spirits near thy throne.

241. *Christ a Refuge, Rock, and Friend.* c. m.

- 1 He who on earth as Man was known,
And bore our sins and pains,
Now, seated on th' eternal throne,
The Lord of Glory reigns !
- 2 His righteousness, to faith reveal'd,
Wrought out for guilty worms,
Affords a hiding-place and shield
From enemies and storms.
- 3 When troubles, like a burning sun,
Their fainting souls invade,
To this eternal Rock they run,
And find a welcome shade.
- 4 How glorious He ! how happy they,
In their Almighty Friend !
His love secures them all the way,
And crowns them at the end. [Is. xxxii. 2.]

242. *Nativity of Christ.* c. m.

- 1 HIGH let us swell our tuneful notes,
And join th' angelic throng ;
The angels no such love have known
As we, to wake their song.
- 2 Good-will to sinful men is shewn,
And peace on earth is given :
For, lo ! th' Incarnate Saviour comes
With truth and love from heaven.
- 3 Justice and Grace, with sweet accord,
His rising beams adorn :
Let heaven and earth in concert join—
The promis'd child is born.

HYMNS.

- 4 Glory to God in highest strains,
 By highest worlds is paid ;
Be glory then by us proclaim'd,
 And by our lives display'd—
- 5 Till we shall reach those blissful realms
 Where Christ exalted reigns,
And learn of the celestial choir
 Their own exalted strains.

243. *At a Charity Sermon.* c. m.

- 1 HIGH on a throne of light, O Lord !
 Dost Thou exalted shine !
What can our poverty bestow,
 Since the whole world is thine ?
- 2 But Thou hast brethren here below,
 Partakers of thy grace,
Whose humble names Thou wilt confess
 Before thy Father's face.
- 3 In them, Thou may'st be cloth'd, and fed,
 And visited, and cheer'd ;
And, in their accents of distress,
 Our Saviour's voice be heard.
- 4 Whate'er our willing hands can give,
 Lord, at thy feet we lay ;
Grace will the humble gift receive,
 And grace at length repay.

244. *Invitation to Israel.* l. m.

- 1 HIGH on the bending willows hung,
 Israel ! still sleeps the tuneful string ?
Still mute remains the sullen tongue,
 And Zion's song denies to sing ?
- 2 Awake ! thy loudest raptures raise,
 Let heart and voice unite their strains :
Thy promis'd King his sceptre sways ;
 Behold ! thy own Messiah reigns !
- 3 Nor fear thy Salem's hills to wrong,
 If other lands the triumph bear :
A heavenly city claims thy song,
 A brighter Salem rises there.

H Y M N S.

- 4 By foreign streams no longer roam ;
And, weeping, think of Jordan's flood :
In every clime behold a home !
In every temple see thy God !
- 5 No taunting foes thy song require ;
No strangers mock thy captive chain :
Thy friends provoke the silent lyre,
And brethren ask the holy strain.
- 6 Then why on bending willows hung,
Israel ! still sleeps the tuneful string ?
Why mute remains the sullen tongue,
And Zion's song delays to sing ? [Ps. cxxxvii.]

245. *The Brazen Serpent.* C. M.

- 1 High on the Cross the Saviour hung,
High in the heavens he reigns :
Here sinners, by the Serpent stung,
Look, and forget their pains.
- 2 When God's Own Son is lifted up,
A dying world revives :
The Jew beholds the glorious hope,
Th' expiring Gentile lives. [John iii. 14—16.]

246. *Invitation of the Gospel.* L. M.

- 1 HO ! every one, that thirsts, draw nigh—
'Tis God invites the fallen race—
Mercy and free salvation buy ;
Buy wine, and milk, and Gospel-grace.
- 2 Come to the living waters, come !
Sinners ! obey your Maker's voice :
Return, ye weary wand'lers, home,
And in my saving grace rejoice.
- 3 See, from the Rock, a fountain rise !
For you in healing streams it rolls :
Money ye need not bring, nor price,
Ye lab'ring, burden'd, contrite souls !
- 4 Nothing ye in exchange shall give :
Leave all you have, and are, behind :
Frankly the gift of God receive,
Pardon and peace in Jesus find.

HYMNS.

- 5 Why seek ye that which is not bread,
Nor can your hungry souls sustain ?
On ashes, husks, and air ye feed :
Ye spend your little all in vain.
- 6 Harken to me with earnest care,
And freely eat substantial food :
The sweetness of my mercy share,
And taste that I alone am good.
- 7 Your willing ear and heart incline ;
My words believably receive :
Quicken'd your soul by faith divine,
An everlasting life shall live. [Is. iv. 1—3.]

247. *To the Holy Spirit. P. M.*

- 1 HOLY Ghost ! dispel our sadness,
Pierce the clouds of nature's night :
Come, Thou source of joy and gladness,
Breathe thy life, and spread thy light :
- 2 Hear, oh ! hear our supplication,
Blessed Spirit ! God of Peace !
Rest upon this congregation,
With th' abundance of thy grace.
- 3 Author of our new creation !
Bid us all thine influence prove :
Make our souls thy habitation ;
Shed abroad the Saviour's love.

248. *Praise to Christ. L. M.*

- 1 HOSANNA to King David's Son,
Who reigns on a superior throne !
We bless the Prince, of heavenly birth,
Who brings salvation down to earth.
- 2 Let every nation, every age,
In this delightful work engage :
Old men and babes in Zion sing
The growing glories of her King.

249. *Triumph of Christ. C. M.*

- 1 HOSANNA to our Conquering King !
All hail, Incarnate Love !
Ten thousand songs and glories wait
To crown thy head above.

H Y M N S .

2 Thy victories and thy deathless fame,
Through the wide world shall run;
And everlasting ages sing
The triumphs Thou hast won.

250.

Hosanna. P. M.

- 1 HOSANNA to the King,
Of David's ancient blood !
Behold, he comes to bring
Forgiving grace from God !
Let old and young Attend his way,
And at his feet Their honours lay.
- 2 Glory to God on high,
Salvation to the Lamb !
Let earth and sea, and sky,
His wond'rous love proclaim :
Upon his head Shall honours rest,
And every age Pronounce him blest.

251.

Advent Sunday. L. M.

- 1 HOSANNA to the Living Lord !
Hosanna to th' Incarnate Word !
To Christ, Creator, Saviour, King,
Let earth, let heaven, Hosanna sing.
- 2 Hosanna, Lord ! thine angels cry ;
Hosanna, Lord ! thy saints reply :
Above, beneath us, and around,
The dead and living swell the sound.
- 3 O Saviour ! with protecting care,
Return to this thy house of prayer :
Assembled in thy sacred Name,
Here we thy parting promise claim !
- 4 But, chiefest, in our cleansed breast,
Eternal ! bid thy Spirit rest,
And make our secret soul to be
A temple pure, and worthy Thee !
- 5 So, in the last and dreadful day,
When earth and heaven shall melt away,
Thy flock, redeem'd from sinful stain,
Shall swell the sound of praise again.

H Y M N S.

252. *Resurrection and Ascension of Christ.* C. M.

- 1 HOSANNA to the Prince of Light,
Who cloth'd himself in clay ;
Enter'd the iron gates of death,
And tore the bars away.
- 2 Death is no more the king of dread,
Since our Immanuel rose :
He took the tyrant's sting away,
And spoil'd our cruel foes.
- 3 See how the Conqu'ror mounts aloft,
And to his Father flies ;
With scars of honour in his flesh,
And triumph in his eyes.
- 4 Raise your devotion, mortal tongues,
To reach his blest abode !
Sweet be the accents of your songs
To our Incarnate God.

253. *Death of the Good Shepherd.* s. m.

- 1 HOW awful was the hour,
When God our wand'ring laid,
And did at once his vengeance pour
Upon the Shepherd's head !
- 2 How glorious was the grace,
When Christ sustain'd the stroke !
His blood and life the Shepherd pays
A ransom for his flock.
- 3 His honour and his breath
Were taken both away :
Rank'd with the wicked in his death,
And deem'd as vile as they.
- 4 But God hath rais'd his head
O'er all the sons of men :
The glory of his ransom'd seed
Shall recompense his pain. [Is. liii. 6—11.]

254. *Blessedness of the Times of the Gospel.* s. m.

- 1 HOW beauteous are their feet,
Who stand on Zion's hill ;
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal !

H Y M N S.

- 2 How charming is their voice !
How sweet the tidings are !
- “ Zion, behold thy Saviour King !
He reigns and triumphs here.”
- 3 How happy are our ears,
That hear this joyful sound ;
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found !
- 4 How blessed are our eyes,
That see this heavenly light !
Prophets and kings desir'd it long,
But died without the sight.
- 5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ :
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.
- 6 The Lord makes bare his arm,
Through all the earth abroad :
Let every nation now behold
Its Saviour and its God.

Is. lvi. 7—10. Matt. xiii. 16, 17.

255. *The Happy Change.* c. m.

- 1 HOW blest thy creature is, O God !
When, with a single eye,
He views the lustre of thy Word,
The day-spring from on high !
- 2 Through all the storms which veil the skies,
And frown on earthly things,
The Sun of Righteousness he eyes,
With healing on his wings.
- 3 Struck by that light, the human heart,
A barren soil no more,
Sends the sweet smell of grace abroad,
Where serpents lurk'd before.
- 4 The soul, a dreary province once
Of Satan's dark domain,
Feels a new empire form'd within,
And owns a heavenly reign.

HYMNS.

256.

Te Deum. P. M.

- 1 HOW can we adore, or worthily praise,
Thy goodness and power, Thou God of all Grace
With honour and blessing, before Thee we fall,
Most gladly confessing Thee Father of all.
- 2 Thou, Saviour ! art one, with God the supreme ;
His Eternal Son, and equal with him :
Invested with glory, on high dost Thou sit ;
While angels adore Thee, and bow at thy feet.
- 3 How great was thy love ! how wondrous thy grace !
Thou cam'st from above to save a lost race ;
And, man to deliver, of woman wast born,
That every believer to God might return.
- 4 How soon will thy seat of judgment appear !
Prepare us to meet and welcome Thee there ;
Thy witnessing Spirit in us shed abroad,
And bid us inherit the kingdom of God.

257.

Condescending Love of Christ. c. m.

- 1 HOW condescending and how kind
Was God's Eternal Son !
Our misery reach'd his heavenly mind,
And pity brought him down.
- 2 When Justice, by our sins provok'd,
Drew forth its dreadful sword,
He gave his soul up to the stroke,
Without a murmuring word.
- 3 He sunk beneath our heavy woes,
To raise us to his throne ;
No gift on us his hand bestows
But cost his heart a groan.
- 4 This was compassion like a God,
That when the Saviour knew
The price of pardon was his blood,
His pity ne'er withdrew.
- 5 Now, though he reigns exalted high,
His love is still as great :
Well he remembers Calvary,
Nor let his saints forget.

H Y M N S.

258.

" Looking unto Jesus." P. M.

- 1 HOW glorious the Lamb is seen on the throne !
His labours are o'er, his conquests are won :
A kingdom is given into the Lamb's hand,
In earth and in heaven for ever to stand.
- 2 Ye sinners below ! then trust in the Lord :
Look up to his arm, his honour, his word :
Athirst for his favour, his Godhead adore,
Look up to your Saviour, rejoice evermore.

259. *The World crucified to us by the Cross.* L. M.

- 1 HOW great the wonders of the Cross,
Where our Redeemer bled and died !
Its noblest life our spirit draws
From his deep wounds and pierced side.
- 2 It cost him death to save our lives ;
To buy our souls, it cost his own :
And all the unknown oys he gives
Were bought with agonies unknown.
- 3 Let sin's delights be all forgot,
And earth grow less in our esteem :
Christ and his love fill every thought,
And faith and hope be fixed on Him !

Gal. vi. 14.

260. *On a Year of threatening Drought or Rain.* C.M.

- 1 HOW hast Thou, Lord, from year to year,
Our land with plenty crown'd !
And generous fruit and golden grain
Have spread their riches round.
- 2 But we thy mercies have abus'd,
To more abounding crimes :
What heights, what daring heights in sin,
Mark and disgrace our times !
- 3 To Thee alone we look for help !
None else, of dew or rain,
Can give the world the smallest drop,
Or smallest drop restrain.

261. *Christ our Wisdom, Righteousness, &c.* S. M.

- 1 HOW heavy is the night
That hangs upon our eyes,
Till Christ, with his reviving light,
Upon our souls arise !

HYMNS.

- 2 Our guilty spirits dread
To meet the wrath of heaven ;
But, in his righteousness array'd,
We see our sins forgiven.
- 3 Unholy and impure
Are all our thoughts and ways,
His hands infected nature cure
With sanctifying grace.
- 4 The Powers of Hell agree
To hold our souls in vain :
He sets the sons of bondage free,
And breaks the iron chain.
- 5 Lord, we adore thy ways,
To bring us near to God ;
Thy sov'reign power, thy healing grace,
And thine atoning blood. [1 Cor.i.30.]

262. *Providence of God in the Seasons.* P. M.

- 1 HOW pleasing is the voice
Of God our Heavenly King,
Who bids the frosts retire,
And wakes the lovely spring !
Bright suns arise, The mild wind blows,
And beauty glows, Through earth and skies.
- 2 The morn, with glory crown'd,
His hand arrays in smiles :
He bids the eve decline,
Rejoicing o'er the hills :
The evening breeze His breath perfumes
His beauty blooms In flowers and trees.
- 3 With life he clothes the spring,
The earth with summer warms :
He spreads th' autumnal feast,
And rides on wintry storms :
His gifts divine Through all appear ;
And round the year His glories shine.
Ps. lxv. 11. Acts xiv. 17.

263. *God holy, just, and supreme.* C. M.

- 1 HOW should the sons of Adam's race
Be pure before their God ?
If he contend in righteousness,
We fall beneath his rod.

H Y M N S.

- 2 To vindicate my words and thoughts
I'll make no more pretence ;
Not one of all my thousand faults
Can bear a just defence.
- 3 Strong is his arm, his heart is wise,
What vain presurers dare
Against their Maker's hand to rise,
Or tempt th' unequal war ?
- 4 Mountains, by his almighty wrath,
From their old seats are torne :
He shakes the earth from south to north,
And all her pillars mourn.
- 5 He bids the sun forbear to rise,
Th' obedient sun forbears :
His hand with sackcloth spreads the skies,
And seals up all the stars.
- 6 He walks upon the raging sea,
Flies on the stormy wind :
None can explore his wondrous way,
Or his dark footsteps find. [Job ix. 2—10.]

264. *The House appointed for all Living.* C. M.

- 1 HOW still and peaceful is the grave !
Where, life's vain tumults past,
Th' appointed house, by heaven's decree,
Receives us all at last.
- 2 The wicked there from troubling cease,
Their passions rage no more ;
And there the weary pilgrim rests
From all the toils he bore.
- 3 There rest the pris'ners, now releas'd
From slav'ry's sad abode :
No more they hear th' oppressor's voice,
Or dread the tyrant's rod.
- 4 There servants, masters, poor, and rich,
Partake the same repose ;
And there, in peace, the ashes mix
Of those who once were foes.
- 5 All, levell'd by the hand of death,
Lie sleeping in the tomb,
Till God in judgment call them forth,
To meet their final doom.

HYMNS.

265. *Reflections on the State of our Fathers.* s. m.

- 1 HOW swift the torrent rolls,
Which bears us to the sea !
The tide which hurries thoughtless souls
To vast Eternity !
- 2 Our Fathers, where are they,
With all they call'd their own ?
Their joys and griefs, and hopes and cares,
And wealth and honour gone !
- 3 But joy or grief succeeds
Beyond our mortal thought,
While the poor remnant of their dust
Lies in the grave forgot.
- 4 There, where the Fathers lie,
Must all the children dwell ;
Nor other heritage possess,
But such a gloomy cell.
- 5 God of our Fathers, hear,
Thou Everlasting Friend !
While we, as on life's utmost verge,
Our souls to Thee commend.
- 6 Of all the pious dead
May we the footsteps trace,
Till with them, in the land of light,
We dwell before thy face. [Zech. i. 5.]

266. *Vanity of the World, and Happiness of Heaven.* l. m.

- 1 HOW vain is all beneath the skies !
How transient every earthly bliss !
How slender all the fondest ties,
That bind us to a world like this !
- 2 The evening cloud, the morning dew,
The withering grass, the fading flower,
Of earthly hopes are emblems true—
The glory of a passing hour !
- 3 But, though earth's fairest blossoms die,
And all beneath the skies is vain,
There is a land whose confines lie
Beyond the reach of care and pain.

HYMNS.

4 Then let the hope of joys to come
 Dispel our cares, and chase our fears :
 If God be ours, we're travelling home,
 Though passing through a vale of tears.
Heb. xiii. 14.

267. *Before Sermon. s. m.*

- 1 HUNGRY, and faint, and poor,
 Behold us, Lord, again
 Assembled at thy mercy's door,
 Thy bounty to obtain.
- 2 Thy word invites us nigh,
 Or we must starve indeed ;
 For we no money have to buy,
 Nor righteousness to plead.
- 3 The food our spirits want
 Thy hand alone can give :
 Oh hear the prayer of faith ! and grant
 That we may eat and live !

268. *Remembrance of Christ. c. m.*

- 1 IF human kindness meets return,
 And owns the grateful tie ;
 If tender thoughts within us burn,
 To feel a friend is nigh—
- 2 Oh shall not warmer accents tell
 The gratitude we owe
 To Him who died, our fears to quell,
 Our more than orphan's woe !
- 3 While yet in anguish he survey'd
 Those pangs he would not flee ;
 What love his latest words display'd,
 "Meet and remember me !"
- 4 Remember Thee ! thy death, thy shame,
 Our sinful hearts to share !
 O memory, leave no other Name
 But His recorded there !

269. *Living by Faith. s. m.*

- 1 IF through unruffled seas
 Toward heaven we calmly sail,
 With grateful hearts, O God, to Thee,
 We'll own the fostering gale.

H Y M N S.

- 2 But should the surges rise,
And rest delay to come,
Blest be the sorrow, kind the storm,
Which drives us nearer home.
- 3 Soon shall our doubts and fears
All yield at thy controul :
Thy tender mercies shall illume
The midnight of the soul.
- 4 Teach us, in every state,
To make thy will our own ;
And when the joys of sense depart
To live by faith alone.

270. *By the Children of a Charity School.* I. M.

BOYS and GIRLS.

- 1 IN cheerful notes of artless praise,
Would we our feeble voices raise ;
And celebrate with one accord
The wondrous goodness of the Lord.

BOYS.

- 2 Great God ! thy universal love
Is sung by all thy saints above ;
And we thy children here below
The greatness of thy love would show.

GIRLS.

- 3 When cheerless poverty had spread
Its threatening clouds around our head,
Soon did our gracious God appear,
And gave us an asylum here—

BOYS and GIRLS.

- 4 Our lives protected by thy care,
Our feet preserv'd from every snare ;
Our minds directed to the road
Which leads our souls through Christ to God.

271. *Christ's Second Coming.* s. m.

- 1 IN expectation sweet,
We'll wait, and sing, and pray,
Till Christ's triumphal car we meet,
And see an endless day.
- 2 He comes ! the Conqueror comes !
Death falls beneath his sword ;
The joyful pris'ners burst the tombs,
And rise to meet their Lord.

HYMNS.

- 3 The trumpet sounds, "Awake!
 Ye dead, to judgment come!"
The pillars of creation shake,
 While hell receives her doom.
- 4 Thrice happy morn for those
 Who love the ways of peace:
No night of sorrow e'er shall close,
 Or shade their perfect bliss. [2 Thess. i. 7—10.]

272.

To Dawn. T. M.

- 1 INFINITE God! to Thee we raise
Our hearts, in solemn songs of praise:
By all thy works on earth ador'd,
We worship Thee, the Common Lord;
The Everlasting Father own;
And bow our souls before thy throne.
- 2 Thee all the choir of angels sing,
The Lord of Hosts, the King of Kings!
Cherubs proclaim thy praise aloud,
And seraphs shout the Triune God!
And "Holy, Holy, Holy," cry—
"Thy glory fills both earth and sky!"
- 3 God of the patriarchal race,
The ancient seers record thy praise!
The goodly apostolic band,
In highest joy and glory stand;
And all the saints and prophets join,
To extol thy Majesty Divine.
- 4 Head of the martyrs' noble host,
Of Thee they justly make their boast:
The Church, to earth's remotest bounds,
Her Heavenly Founder's praise resounds;
And strives with those around the throne
To hymn the mystic Three in One.
- 5 Father of endless majesty,
All might and love they render Thee;
Thy true and only Son adore,
The same in dignity and power
And God the Holy Ghost declare.

H Y M N S.

273.

Nativity of Christ. C. M.

- 1 IN heaven the rapt'rous song began,
And sweet seraphic fire
Through all the shining legions ran,
And swept each sounding lyre.
- 2 The theme, the song, the joy was new
To each angelic tongue:
Swift through the realms of light it flew,
And loud the echo rung.
- 3 Down, through the portals of the sky,
The pealing anthem ran;
And angels flew, with eager joy,
To bear the news to man.
- 4 Hark ! the cherubic armies shout,
And Glory leads the song:
Peace and Salvation swell the note
Of all the heavenly throng.
- 5 With joy the chorus we repeat—
“ Glory to God on high !
Good-will and peace are now complete :
Jesus is born to die !”
- 6 Hail ! Prince of Life ! for ever hail !
Redeemer, Brother, Friend !
Though life, and earth, and time must fail,
Thy praise shall never end. [Luke ii.14.]

274.

Poor Children's Appeal. L. M.

- 1 IN Israel's fane, by silent night,
The lamp of God was burning bright ;
And there, by viewless angels kept,
Samuel, the child, securely slept.
- 2 A voice unknown the stillness broke :
“ Samuel ! ” it call'd, and thrice it spoke :
He rose—he ask'd, Whence came the word ?
From Eli ? no—it was the Lord.
- 3 Thus early call'd to serve his God,
In paths of righteousness he trod :
Prophetic visions fired his breast,
And all the chosen tribes were blest.

HYMNS.

278. "Speak, for thy Servant heareth." P.M.

- 1 IN thy Name, O Lord, assembling,
We, Thy people, now draw near ;
Teach us to rejoice with trembling ;
Speak, and let Thy servants hear—
Hear with meekness—
Hear thy Word with godly fear.
- 2 While our days on earth are lengthen'd,
Let us give them, Lord, to Thee :
Cheer'd by hope, and daily strengthen'd,
We would run, nor weary be ;
Till thy glory—
Without clouds in heaven we see.
- 3 There in worship, purer, sweeter,
All thy people shall adore ;
Tasting of enjoyment greater,
Than they could conceive before ;
Full enjoyment—
Full, unmix'd, for evermore. [1 Sam. viii. 19]

279. *The Atonement of Christ.* C. M.

- 1 IN vain we seek for peace with God
By methods of our own :
Nothing, O Saviour ! but thy blood
Can bring us near the throne.
- 2 The threat'nings of thy broken Law
Impress the soul with dread :
If God his sword of vengeance draw,
It strikes the spirit dead.
- 3 But thine illustrious sacrifice
Hath answer'd all demands ;
And peace and pardon from the skies
Come to us by thy hands.
- 4 'Tis by thy death we live, O Lord !
'Tis on thy Cross we rest :
For ever be thy love ador'd,
Thy Name for ever blest.

280. *The Restoration of Israel.* L. M.

- 1 ISRAEL ! thy mournful night is past,
Thy bitter cup wrung out at last !
A day of rest to thee is given,
The promise is laid up in heaven.

HYMNS.

- 2 The Lord will not forget the grace
Reserv'd for faithful Abraham's race :
His love their wand'rings shall restore ;
And guide them, that they stray no more.
- 3 Israel ! 'tis thine accepted day :
Thy God, Himself, prepares the way—
Behold his ensign from afar !
Behold the light of Jacob's star !
- 4 That star, which once o'er Bethlehem rose,
A token on thy mountains glows :
The morn of earth's blest jubilee
Sheds its sweet early light on thee.
- 5 And Thou ! who once on Israel's ground
A homeless wanderer wast found—
Redeemer ! on thy heavenly throne,
Still call that Ancient Church thine own.
- 6 Bid her departed light return :
Thy holy splendor round her burn :
From prostrate Judah's ruins raise
A living temple to thy praise.

281.

The Divine Perfections. L. M.

- 1 JEHOVAH reigns ! his throne is high,
His robes are light and majesty !
His glory shines with beams so bright,
No mortal can sustain the sight.
- 2 His terrors keep the world in awe :
His justice guards his holy Law :
His love reveals a smiling face,
His truth and promise seal the grace.
- 3 Through all his works his wisdom shines,
And baffles Satan's deep designs :
His power is sov'reign to fulfil
The noblest counsels of his will.
- 4 And will this glorious Lord descend
To be my Father and my Friend ?
Then let my songs with angels join ;
Heaven is secure, if God be mine.

HYMNS.

282. *Salvation, Righteousness, and Strength in Christ.* L. M.

- 1 JEHOVĀH speaks—let Israel hear :
Let all the earth rejoice and fear ;
While God's Eternal Son proclaims
His sov'reign honours and his Names.
- 2 “I am the Last, and I the First ;
The Saviour God, and God the Just :
There's none beside pretends to shew
Such justice and salvation too.
- 3 “Ye, that in shades of darkness dwell,
Just on the verge of death and hell,
Look up to Me from distant lands,
Light, life, and heaven are in My hands.
- 4 “I by my Holy Name have sworn,
Nor shall the word in vain return—
To Me shall all things bend the knee,
And every tongue shall swear to Me.
- 5 “In Me, alone, shall men confess,
Lie all their strength and righteousness ;
But such as dare despise my Name,
I'll clothe them with eternal shame.
- 6 “In Me, the Lord, shall all the seed
Of Israel from their sins be freed ;
And, by their shining graces, prove
Their interest in my pard'ning love.”

Is. xlvi. 21—25.

283. *Christ our Refuge.* SEVENS. DOUBLE.

- 1 JESU ! lover of my soul !
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high :
Hide me, O my Saviour ! hide,
Till the storm of life is past :
Safe into the haven guide,
Oh receive my soul at last !
- 2 Other refuge have I none—
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee :
Leave, ah ! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me !

HYMNS.

All my trust on Thee is stay'd,
All my help from Thee I bring :
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ ! art all I want ;
More than all in Thee I find :
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind :
Just and holy is thy Name,
I am all unrighteousness ;
Vile and full of sin I am—
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous Grace with Thee is found—
Grace to pardon all my sin :
Let the healing streams abound ;
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of Life the Fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee :
Spring Thou up within my heart—
Rise to all eternity !

284. *Death and Glory of Christ.* P. M.

1 JESUS drinks the bitter cup,
The wine-press treads alone ;
Tears the graves and mountains up,
By his expiring groan.
Lo ! the powers of heaven he shakes,
Nature in convulsions lies :
Earth's profoundest centre quakes,
The Great Jehovah dies !

2 Lives our Head to die no more !
Power is all to Jesus given ;
Worshipp'd as he was before—
Th' immortal King of Heaven.
We shall see our Heavenly King,
All his glorious love proclaim,
Help the angel-choirs to sing
Our great triumphant Lamb !

285. *Prayer for Humility, from the Example of Christ* C. M.

1 JESUS ! exalted far on high,
To whom a Name is given ;
A Name surpassing every name,
That's known in earth or heaven !

HYMNS.

- 2 Before thy throne shall every knee
 Bown down with one accord :
Before thy throne shall every tongue
 Confess that Thou art Lord.
- 3 Jesus ! Thou, in the form of God,
 Didst equal honour claim ;
Yet, to redeem our guilty souls,
 Didst stoop to death and shame !
- 4 Oh ! may that mind in us be form'd,
 Which shone so bright in Thee ;
An humble, meek, and lowly mind,
 From pride and envy free !
- 5 To others we would stoop, and learn
 To emulate thy love ;
So shall we bear thine image here,
 And share thy throne above. [*Phil. ii. 5—11*]

286. *The Lord's Supper.* L. M.

- 1 JESUS, how heavenly is the place,
 Where thy own servants wait for Thee !
Where the rich fountain of thy grace
 Stands ever open, full, and free.
- 2 Hungry, and poor, and lame, and blind,
 Hither thy ransom'd people fly ;
In thy deep wounds a balsam find,
 And live, while they behold Thee die.
- 3 Here they forget their doubts and fears,
 While thy sharp sorrows meet their eyes ;
And bless the hand which dries their tears,
 And each returning want supplies.
- 4 How vast the mysteries of thy love !
 How high, how wide, how deep it rolls !
Its fountain springs in heaven above,
 Its streams revive our drooping souls.

287. *Prayer for the Reign of Christ.* C. M.

- 1 JESUS, Immortal King, arise !
 Assume, assert thy sway ;
Till earth, subdued, its tribute brings
 And distant lands obey.

H Y M N S.

- 2 Ride forth, victorious Conqueror, ride,
Till all thy foes submit,
And all the Powers of Hell resign
Their trophies at thy feet !
- 3 Send forth thy Word, and let it fly
This spacious earth around;
Till every soul beneath the sun
Shall hear the joyful sound !
- 4 Oh may the great Redeemer's Name
Through every clime be known !
And Heathen Gods, like Dagon, fall,
And Jesus reign alone !
- 5 From sea to sea, from shore to shore,
May Jesus be ador'd !
And Earth, with all her millions, shout
Hosannas to the Lord ! [Ps. xlv. 3.]

288.

Christ and Aaron, c. m.

- 1 JESUS, in Thee our eyes behold
A thousand glories more
Than the rich gems and polish'd gold
The sons of Aaron wore.
- 2 They first their own burnt-off' rings brought,
To purge themselves from sin—
Thy life was pure, without a spot,
And all Thy nature clean.
- 3 Fresh blood, as constant as the day,
Was on their altar spilt—
But Thy one off' ring takes away
For ever all our guilt.
- 4 Their priesthood pass'd through various hands,
For mortal was their race—
Thy never-changing priesthood stands,
Eternal as thy days.
- 5 Once in the circuit of a year,
With blood, but not their own,
The priests within the veil appear
Before the golden throne—

HYMNS.

6 But Christ, by His Own precious blood,
Ascends above the skies,
And, in the presence of our God,
Shews His Own sacrifice.

7 Jesus is King ! behold Him reign
On Zion's heavenly hill :
He seems the Lamb that had been slain,
And wears his priesthood still.

8 Above he lives to intercede,
By virtue of his blood ;
And ceases not for all to plead,
Who come by Him to God.

[*Heb. vii. ix.*]

289. *The Lord's Supper.* s. m.

1 JESUS invites his saints
To meet around his board :
Here pardon'd sinners kneel and hold
Communion with their Lord.

2 Here we survey that love,
Which spoke in every breath ;
Which crown'd each action of his life,
And triumph'd in his death.

3 Here let our powers unite,
His glorious Name to raise :
Pleasure and joy fill every mind.
And every voice be praise.

290. *Relieving Christ in His poor Members.* c. m.

1 JESUS, our Lord, how rich thy grace !
Thy bounties how complete !
How shall we count the matchless sum ?
How pay the mighty debt ?

2 High on a throne of radiant light
Dost thou exalted shine ;
What can our poverty bestow,
When all the worlds are Thine ?

3 But Thou hast Brethren here below,
The partners of thy grace ;
And wilt confess their humble names
Before thy Father's face.

HYMNS.

- 4 In them, Thou may'st be cloth'd, and fed,
And visited, and cheer'd ;
And in their accents of distress
The Saviour's voice is heard !
- 5 Thy face, with reverence and with love,
We in thy Poor would see :
Oh rather let us beg our bread,
Than hold it back from Thee ! [Matt. xxv. 40.]

291.

Easter Day. P. M.

- | | |
|--|-------------|
| 1 JESUS, rising from the dead, | <i>Hal.</i> |
| Bruis'd to-day the Serpent's head : | <i>Hal.</i> |
| Now the vanquish'd Powers of Hell | <i>Hal.</i> |
| Swift from heaven like lightning fell. | <i>Hal.</i> |
| | |
| 2 Love's redeeming work is done ; | <i>Hal.</i> |
| Fought the fight, the battle won : | <i>Hal.</i> |
| Vain the stone—the watch how vain ! | <i>Hal.</i> |
| Christ hath burst to life again ! | <i>Hal.</i> |
| | |
| 3 Soar we now, where Christ hath led, | <i>Hal.</i> |
| Following our Exalted Head ; | <i>Hal.</i> |
| Made like Him, like Him we rise ; | <i>Hal.</i> |
| Ours the cross, the grave, the skies. | <i>Hal.</i> |
| | |
| 4 Sinners! glad your voices raise ; | <i>Hal.</i> |
| Sing your great Redeemer's praise : | <i>Hal.</i> |
| Raise your joys and triumphs high ; | <i>Hal.</i> |
| Sing ye heavens ! Thou, earth, reply . | <i>Hal.</i> |

292. *Christ's Kingdom among the Gentiles. L. M.*

- | | |
|--|--|
| 1 JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Doth his successive journeys run :
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more. | |
| 2 To him shall endless prayer be made,
And princes throng to crown his head :
His Name, like sweet perfume, shall rise,
With every morning sacrifice. | |
| 3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song ;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his Name. | |

HYMNS.

- 4 Blessings abound where'er He reigns :—
The prisoner leave to lose his chains ;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.
- 5 Where He displays his healing power
Death and the curse are known no more :
In Him the tribes of Adam boast
More blessings than their father lost.
- 6 Let every creature rise, and bring
Peculiar honours to our King ;
Angels descend with songs again,
And Earth repeat the loud Amen. [A. Ixii.]

293. *Christ's Exaltation and Intercession.* a. m.

- 1 JESUS, the Conqueror, reigns,
In glorious strength array'd ;
His kingdom over all maintains,
And bids the earth be glad.
- 2 Ye sons of men rejoice
In Jesu's mighty love :
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
To Him who rules above.
- 3 Extol his Kingly power,
Kiss the exalted Son,
Who died, but lives, to die no more,
High on his Father's throne.
- 4 Our Advocate with God,
He undertakes our cause,
And spreads through all the earth abroad
The victory of his Cross.

294. *For Grace to follow Christ.* c. m.

- 1 JESUS ! Thou Man of Sorrows, born
To suffering here below,
To toil through poverty and scorn,
Through weakness and through woe—
- 2 Immanuel ! Thou, by every grief,
By each temptation tried,
Hast lived to yield our wants relief,
And, to redeem us, died !

H Y M N S.

- 3 If gaily cloth'd and richly fed,
 In careless ease we dwell,
Remind us of thy manger-bed
 And lowly cottage-cell.
- 4 If press'd by penury severe,
 In envious want we pine,
Let conscience whisper in our ear,
 A poorer lot was thine.
- 5 From all the subtle snares of sin
 Preserve us firm and free :
As Thou, like us, hast tempted been,
 Oh keep us pure with Thee.

295. *None excluded from Hope. c. m.*

- 1 JESUS ! thy blessings are not few,
 Nor is thy Gospel weak :
Thy grace can melt the stubborn Jew,
 And bow th' aspiring Greek.
- 2 Wide as the reach of Satan's rage
 Doth thy salvation flow :
'Tis not confin'd to sex or age,
 The lofty or the low.
- 3 While grace is offer'd to the prince,
 The poor may take their share :
No mortal has a just pretence
 To perish in despair.
- 4 Be wise, ye men of strength and wit !
 Nor boast your native powers ;
But to his sov'reign grace submit,
 And glory shall be yours.
- 5 Come, all ye vilest sinners ! come !
 He'll form your souls anew :
His Gospel and his Heart have room,
 For rebels such as you.
- 6 His doctrine is almighty love :
 There's virtue in his Name,
To turn the raven to a dove,
 The lion to a lamb. [Rom. i. 16.]

H Y M N S.

296.

Baptism. C. M.

(The words *him* and *his* to be changed, if the infant be a Female, See *Act.*)

1 JESUS, we lift our souls to Thee !

Thy Holy Spirit breathe ;
And let this little infant be
Baptiz'd into thy death.

2 Oh let thine unction on *him* rest,

Thy grace *his* soul renew ;
And write within *his* tender breast
Thy name and nature too.

3 If Thou shouldst quickly end *his* days,

His place with Thee prepare ;
And if Thou lengthen out *his* race,
Continue still thy care.

4 Thy faithful servant let *him* prove,

Begirt with truth divine ;
A sharer in thy dying love,
A follower of thine.

5 Lord, plant us all into thy death,

That we thy life may prove ;
Partakers of thy Cross beneath,
And of thy Crown above.

297. *The Saviour our Prophet, Priest, and King. P. M.*

1 JOIN all the glorious names
Of wisdom, love, and power,
That ever mortals knew,
That angels ever bore :

All are too mean to speak His worth,
Too mean to set the saviour forth.

2 Great prophet of our God,
Our tongues shall bless Thy Name ;
By Thee the joyful news
Of our salvation came,
The joyful news of sins forgiven,
Of hell subdued, and peace with heaven.

3 Jesus, our great HIGH-PRIEST,
Has shed His blood and died ;
Our guilty conscience needs
No sacrifice beside :
His precious blood did once atone,
And now it pleads before the throne.

H Y M N S.

1 O Thou Almighty Lord,
Our Conqueror and our KING;
Thy sceptre and Thy sword,
Thy reigning grace we sing :
Thine is the power, Oh make us sit
In willing bonds beneath Thy feet.

298. *The Divine Goodness in the Seasons.* L. M.

- 1 JOIN every tongue to praise the Lord !
All nature rests upon his Word :
Mercy and truth his courts maintain,
And own his universal reign.
- 2 At thy command the morning ray
Smiles in the east and leads the day ;
Thou guid'st the sun's declining wheels
Beneath the verge of western hills.
- 3 Seasons and times obey thy voice ;
The evening and the morn rejoice
To see the earth made soft with show'rs,
Laden with fruit, and dress'd in flow'rs.
- 4 Thy works pronounce thy power divine !
In all the earth thy glories shine !
Through every month thy gifts appear ;
Great God ! thy goodness crowns the year.

299. *Christ the Saviour of the World.* P. M.

- 1 JOY, joy, to the nations afar,
Whose long-darken'd hemisphere glows
With the dawn of the bright morning-star,
And whose day breaks that never shall close !
Come, Christians ! by sharing their joy,
Your bonds of fraternity prove ;
To those whom His wrath might destroy,
God sends forth his heralds of love.
- 2 They go, the Adorable Name
Of Jesus to publish abroad,
To the ends of the earth to proclaim
The acceptable year of the Lord :
Rejoice ! ye that feelingly know
What comfort that Name can impart,
To the mourners who heaven-ward go
What balm to the sin-wounded heart.

HYMNS.

3 They go, to enable the blind,
And the sitters in darkness, to see ;
To loosen the chains of the mind,
And bid Satan's bondsmen be free :
Rejoice in the heart-cheering thought,
Ye who liv'd under sin's iron rod,
But now to the freedom are brought,
Enjoy'd by the children of God !

4 They go, that the warnings of fear
May awaken the careless from sleep :
That mercy may pierce the deaf ear,
And love make the cripple to leap ;
That the Gospel's still voice may be heard
In the regions of silence and death,
And dry bones, at the sound of the Word
May be quicken'd with motion and strength.

5 They go, with the promise from heaven,
To penitent sinners reveal'd,
Of all their offences forgiven,
And all their infirmities heal'd ;
That the sons of the East may be blest,
With the tidings, that, through the Beloved,
As far as that East from the West,
Their sins are for ever remov'd.

6 They go, that each covert of lies,
Each refuge of darkness, may fall,
Till the Sun in full glory shall rise,
And the Saviour be All unto All ;
That the idols of silver and gold
To the moles and the bats may be thrown,
And, under one Shepherd, one fold
May worship Jehovah alone.

7 Thou, Lord ! who surveyest all lands,
Who metest the world with a span,
Oh prosper the work of their hands,
And complete the salvation of man !
That, from the earth's uttermost shore,
The sea's loneliest island may ring
With the praises of Him we adore,
Our Prophet, our Priest, and our King.

H Y M N S.

300. "*Let the Wicked forsake his way.*" I. M.

- 1 LADEN with guilt, oppress'd with fear,
No peace is found for wicked men ;
Conscience proclaims intestine war,
Short-lived their bliss, their hope is vain.
- 2 Their noisy mirth, design'd to hide
The inward anguish of the mind,
Will in a moment's time be fled,
And endless horror left behind.
- 3 Though Providence increase their store,
Their table rich with dainties spread,
They tremble at the Thunderer's power,
With storms impending o'er their head.
- 4 Mortal diseases seize their frame,
Whither for safety can they fly ?
Their souls are cover'd o'er with shame,
And their destruction draweth nigh.
- 5 Go, sinners ! to the throne of grace ;
Bow in the dust before the Lord :
The blood of Christ will conscience ease,
His Spirit succour will afford.
- 6 The dreaded vengeance He'll restrain,
Your aggravated sins forgive,
Subdue your fears and soothe your pain,
And bid the dying sinner live. [Is. iv. 7.]

301. *The Lord's Supper.* P. M.

- 1 LAMB of God ! whose bleeding love
We now recall to mind,
Send the answer from above,
And let us mercy find :
Think on us, who think on Thee,
And every burden'd soul release ;
Oh remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace !
- 2 By thine agonizing pain,
And bloody sweat, we pray ;
By thy dying love to man,
Take all our sins away :
Burst our bonds, and set us free,
From all iniquity release ;
Oh remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace !

HYMNS.

3 Through thy blood, by faith applied,
Let sinners pardon feel ;
Speak us freely justified,
And all our sickness heal :
By thy passion on the tree,
Let all our griefs and troubles cease ;
Oh remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace !

302. *The Incarnate God adored by Angels.* P. M.

- 1 LET angels and archangels sing
The Wonderful Immanuel's Name ;
Adore with us our new-born King,
And still the joyful news proclaim :
All heaven and earth be ever join'd,
To praise the Saviour of mankind.
- 2 The Everlasting God comes down,
To sojourn with the sons of men !
Without his majesty or crown,
The Great Invisible is seen !
Of all his dazzling glories shorn,
The Everlasting Word is born !
- 3 Angels ! behold that Infant's face,
With rapturous awe the Godhead own :
'Tis all your heaven on him to gaze,
And cast your crowns before his throne :
Though now he on his footstool lies,
Ye know, he built both earth and skies.
- 4 By Him into existence brought,
Ye sang the All-creating Word ;
Ye heard him call our world from nought
Again, in honour of your Lord,
Ye morning-stars ! your hymns employ,
And shout, ye sons of God ! for joy.

Is. ix. 6. 1 Tim. iii. 16. Phil. ii. 10, 11. Job xxxviii. 7.

303. *Majesty of Christ's Kingdom.* L. M.

- 1 LET earthly kings increase their stores,
And boast of honour and renown ;
Their conquests spread to distant shores,
And govern regions once unknown—

H Y M N S.

- 2 In greater glory Jesus reigns,
And brighter wreaths adorn his brow ;
Sinners are made to serve in chains,
And saints before his sceptre bow.
- 3 O'er every kingdom His extends,
With ease He rules the wide expanse ;
Nor can the world's remotest ends
Set bounds to His inheritance.
- 4 On a resplendent throne he sits,
Dispensing justice and rewards ;
While on his thigh his Name is writ,
The "King of Kings and Lord of Lords."

Rev. xix. 16.

304. *Invitation of the Gospel.* C. M.

- 1 LET every mortal ear attend,
And every heart rejoice ;
The trumpet of the Gospel sounds
With an inviting voice.
- 2 Ho ! all ye hungry starving souls
That feed upon the wind,
And vainly strive with earthly toys
To fill an empty mind—
- 3 Eternal Wisdom has prepar'd
A soul-reviving feast,
And bids your longing appetites
The rich provision taste.
- 4 Ho ! ye that pant for living streams,
And pine away and die,
Here you may quench your raging thirst
With springs that never dry.
- 5 Rivers of love and mercy here
In a rich ocean join !
Salvation in abundance flows,
Like floods of milk and wine.
- 6 O God ! the treasures of thy love
Are everlasting mines,
Deep as our helpless miseries are,
And boundless as our sins.

HYMNS.

7 The happy gates of Gospel-grace
Stand open night and day ;
Lord ! we are come to seek supplies,
And drive our wants away.

Is. iv. 1, 2. Prov. ix. 1—5.

305. *The Influence of the Holy Spirit.* c. m.

- 1 LET songs of praises fill the sky !
Christ, our ascended Lord,
Sends down his Spirit from on high,
According to his Word.
- 2 The Spirit, by his heavenly breath,
New life creates within :
He quickens sinners from the death
Of trespasses and sin.
- 3 The things of Christ the Spirit takes,
And shews them unto men ;
The fallen soul His temple makes,
God's image stamps again.
- 4 Come, Holy Spirit ! from above,
With thy celestial fire ;
Come, and with flames of zeal and love
Our hearts and tongues inspire !

306. *The Success of the Gospel.* l. m.

- 1 "LET there be light !" Thus spake the Wo
The Word was God !—" and there was light
Still the creative voice is heard,
A day is born from every night—
- 2 And every night shall turn to day,
While months, and years, and ages roll—
But we have seen a brighter ray
Dawn on the chaos of the soul.
- 3 Nor we alone : its wak'ning smiles
Have broke the gloom of nature's sleep ;
The Word hath reach'd the utmost isles,
The Spirit moves upon the deep.
- 4 Already from the dust of death,
Man in his Maker's image stands ;
Already draws immortal breath,
And stretches forth to heaven his hands.

H Y M N S.

- 5 From day to day, before our eyes,
Glows and extends the work begun !
When shall the new creation rise
O'er every land beneath the sun ?
- 6 When, in the sabbath of his love,
Shall God from all his labours rest ;
And, bending from his throne above,
Again pronounce his creatures blest ?
- 7 Soon the redeem'd in every clime,
Yea, all that breathe, and move, and live,
To Christ, through every age of time,
Shall kingdom, power, and glory give.

307. *The Sounding of the Seventh Angel.* L. M.

- 1 LET the seventh angel sound on high,
Let shouts be heard through all the sky :
Kings of the earth ! with glad accord
Give up your kingdoms to the Lord.
- 2 Almighty God ! thy power assume,
Who wast, and art, and art to come :
Jesus the Lamb, who once wast slain,
For ever live, for ever reign !
- 3 The angry nations fret and roar,
That they can slay the saints no more ;
On wings of vengeance flies our God,
To pay the long arrears of blood.
- 4 Now must the rising dead appear,
Now the decisive sentence hear ;
Now the blest martyrs of the Lord
Receive an infinite reward. [Rev. xi. 15—19.]

308. *The Lord's Supper.* C. M.

- 1 LET us adore the Eternal Word,
'Tis He our souls hath fed :
Thou art our Living Stream, O Lord !
And Thou the Immortal Bread.
- 2 Bless'd be the Lord, who gives his flesh
To nourish dying men !
And often spreads his table fresh,
Lest we should faint again.

HYMN

3 Our souls shall draw their heavenly breath
While Jesus finds supplies ;
Nor shall our graces sink to death,
For Jesus never dies. [John vi. 31—40.]

309. *The gracious Call of God to Sinners.* C. M.

- 1 LET us adore the grace which seeks
To draw our hearts above :
For, lo ! the great Jehovah speaks,
And every word is love.
- 2 Though, fill'd with awe before his throne,
Each angel veils his face,
He claims a people for his own
Among our sinful race.
- 3 "Repent, and live ! no more pursue
The paths which lead to death :
Look unto Him who died for you :
Look, and be saved through faith !
- 4 "My sons and daughters you shall be,
Through the atoning blood ;
And you shall claim, and find in Me,
A Father and a God."
- 5 Lord, help us now to seek thy face.
By Christ the Living Way ;
And praise Thee for this hour of grace
Through an eternal day !

310. *Ministers watching for Souls.* C. M.

- 1 LET Zion's watchmen all awake,
And take th' alarm they give :
Now let them from the mouth of God
Their awful charge receive.
- 2 "Tis not a Cause of small import
The Pastor's care demands ;
But what might fill an Angel's heart,
And fill'd a Saviour's hands.*
- 3 They watch for souls, for which the Lord
Did heavenly bliss forego ;
For souls, which must for ever live
In happiness or woe.

* *Ezod. xxix. 9. "consecrate;" mary, "fill the Word."*

HYMNS.

- 4 All to the dread tribunal haste,
 Account to render there !
And shouldst Thou strictly mark our faults,
 Lord ! how shall we appear ?
- 5 May they that Jesus whom they preach
 Their own Redeemer see !
And watch Thou daily o'er their souls,
 That they may watch for Thee !.

311. *Life the Day of Grace and Hope.* L. M.

- 1 LIFE is the time to serve the Lord,
 The time to win the great reward ;
And, while the lamp holds out to burn,
 The vilest sinner may return.
- 2 Life is the hour which God has given
 To flee from hell and seek for heaven ;
The day of grace, and mortals may
 Secure the blessings of the day.
- 3 Then what our thoughts design to do,
 Our hands, with all your insight pursue ;
Since no device nor work is found,
 Nor faith, nor hope, beneath the ground.
- 4 There are no acts of pardon past
 In the cold grave to which we haste ;
But darkness, death, and long despair
 Reign in eternal silence there ! [Eccl. ix. 10.]

312. *Christ the Light of Men.* P. M.

- 1 LIGHT of those whose dreary dwelling
 Borders on the shades of death !
Rise on us, Thyself revealing,
 Rise and chase the clouds beneath.
- 2 The new heaven and earth's Creator !
 In our deepest darkness rise ;
Scattering all the night of nature,
 Pour the day upon our eyes.
- 3 Still we wait for thine appearing ;
 Life and joy thy beams impart ;
Chasing all our fears, and cheering
 Every meek and contrite heart.

HYMNS.

- 4 Save us, in thy great compassion,
 Oh thou Prince of peace and love!
 Give the knowledge of salvation,
 Fix our hearts on things above.
- 5 By thine all-sufficient merit,
 Every burden'd soul release;
 Every weary, wand'ring spirit
 Guide into thy perfect peace.

313. *Humiliation and Reward of Christ.* C. M.

- 1 LIKE sheep we went astray,
 And broke the fold of God;
 Each wand'ring in a diff'rent way,
 But all the downward road.
- 2 How dreadful was the hour,
 When God our wand'rings laid,
 And did at once his vengeance pour
 Upon the Shepherd's head!
- 3 How glorious was the grace,
 When Christ sustain'd the stroke!
 His life and blood the Shepherd pays
 A ransom for the flock.
- 4 His honour and his breath
 Were taken both away;
 Join'd with the wicked in his death,
 And made as vile as they.
- 5 But God shall raise his head
 O'er all the sons of men,
 And make him see a num'rous seed
 To recompense his pain.
- 6 "I'll give him," saith the Lord,
 "A portion with the strong:
 He shall possess a large reward,
 And hold his honours long." [Is. viii.]

314. *Praise for the Fulfilment of Prophecy.* C. M.

- 1 LO! former scenes, predicted once,
 Have risen before our view;
 And future scenes, expected still,
 Shall be unfolded too!

HYMNS.

- 2 Hail, then, the Kingdom of the Lord !
 Let earth his praise resound ;
And they who on the ocean dwell,
 Shout from the isles around.
- 3 O City of the Lord ! begin
 The universal song ;
And let the scatter'd villages
 The joyful notes prolong.
- 4 Let Kedar's wilderness afar
 Lift up the lonely voice ;
And let the tenants of the rock
 With accent rude rejoice.
- 5 Oh from the streams of distant lands
 Unto Jehovah sing !
And joyful, from the mountains' tops,
 Shout to the Lord the King !
- 6 Let all, combin'd with one accord,
 The Saviour's glories raise,
Till in remotest bounds of earth
 The nations sound his praise. [Is. xlvi. 9—12.]

315. *The Presence of God in His House.* P.M.

- 1 LO ! God is here ! let us adore,
 And own how dreadful is this place !
Let all within us feel his power,
 And silent bow before his face.
Who know his power, his grace who prove,
 Serve him with awe, with rev'rence love.
- 2 Lo ! God is here ! Him day and night
 Th' united choirs of angels sing ;
To Him, enthron'd above all height,
 Heaven's host their noblest praises bring :
Disdain not, Lord ! our meander song,
 Who praise Thee with a stamm'ring tongue.
- 3 Being of Beings ! may our praise
 Thy courts with grateful incense fill !
Still may we stand before thy face,
 Still hear and do thy sov'reign will !
To Thee may all our thoughts arise,
 Ceaseless, accepted sacrifice. [Gen. xxviii. 16, 17.]

HYMNS.

316. "Prepare ye the Way of the Lord." P. M.

- 1 Lo ! He comes ! Let all adore Him :
 'Tis the God of Grace and Truth !
Haste ! prepare the way before Him ;
 Make the rugged places smooth.
Lo ! He comes ! the mighty Lord !
Great his work, and his reward !
- 2 Let the valleys all be raised !
 Haste ! and make the crooked straight :
Let the mountains be abased ;
 Let all nature change its state !
Through the desert make a road :
Make a highway for our God !
- 3 Through the desert God is going,
 Through the desert waste and wild ;
Where no goodly plant is growing,
 Where no verdure ever smil'd :
But the desert shall be glad,
And with verdure soon be clad.
- 4 Where the thorn and briar flourish'd,
 Trees shall there be seen to grow ;
Planted by the Lord, and nourish'd,
 Stately, fair, and fruitful too :
See ! they rise on every side !
See ! they spread their branches wide !
- 5 From the hills and lofty mountains,
 Rivers shall be seen to flow ;
There the Lord will open fountains,
 Thence supply the plains below —
As he passes, every land
Shall confess His powerful hand.

Is. xl. 3, 4. xxxv. 1. lv. 13. xli. 18, 19.

317. Second Advent of Christ. P. M.

- 1 LO ! He comes ! with clouds descending,
 Once for favour'd sinners slain ;
Thousand thousand saints attending,
 Swell the triumph of his train :
Hallelujah ! —
 Hallelujah ! Amen.

H Y M N S.

2 Every eye shall now behold Him,
Rob'd in dreadful majesty ;
Those who set at nought and sold him,
Pierc'd and nail'd him to the tree,
Deeply wailing—
Shall the true Messiah see.

3 Every island, sea, and mountain,
Heaven and earth shall flee away ;
All who hate him must, confounded,
Hear the trump proclaim the day ;
Come to Judgment !—
Come to Judgment ! come away !

4 Now Redemption, long expected,
See ! in solemn pomp appear !
All his saints, by man rejected,
Now shall meet him in the air !
Hallelujah !—
See the Day of God appear !

5 Answer thine own Bride and Spirit,
Hasten, Lord, the general doom :
The new heaven and earth t' inherit,
Take thy pining exiles home :
All creation—
Travails, groans, and bids Thee come !

6 Yea, Amen ! let all adore Thee,
High on thine eternal throne !
Saviour ! take the power and glory ;
Claim the kingdom for thine own !
Oh come quickly—
Hallelujah ! Come, Lord, come !

*Rom. viii. 22. 1 Thess. iv. 17. 2 Thess. i. 7—10. 2 Pet. iii. 13.
Jude 14. Rev. i. 7. xx. 11. xxii. 17, 20.*

318. *Harvest. c. m.*

- 1 LONG did the patient peasants toil,
And wait for plenteous crops :
Heaven on their labours deign'd to smile,
Nor would deceive their hopes.
- 2 Rich were the fields of waving corn,
Which recompens'd their care ;
And, to their barns in safety borne,
Crown'd the revolving year.

HYMNS.

- 3 And now, their annual labours o'er,
With joy we see them come ;
In triumph view their precious store,
And hail the harvest home.
- 4 Not theirs, alone, Heaven's gracious care
Nor theirs, alone, the song :
We in its bounties richly share,
And will the notes prolong.
- 5 God of our mercies ! let each voice
Unite to sound thy praise ;
And Britain's utmost coasts rejoice
In thine abounding grace.
- 6 Since all we have to Thee we owe,
May we be wholly thine ;
And serve Thee, first, in worlds below,
And then in realms divine.

319. *Prayer against Coldness and Inconstancy.* c

- 1 LONG have we heard the joyful sound
Of thy salvation, Lord !
Yet still how weak our faith is found,
And knowledge of thy Word !
- 2 How cold and feeble is our love !
How negligent our fear !
How low our hope of joys above !
How few affections there !
- 3 Great God ! thy sov'reign power impart,
To give thy Word success !
Write thy salvation in each heart,
And make us learn thy grace.
- 4 Shew our forgetful feet the way
That leads to joys on high ;
Where knowledge grows without decay
And love shall never die.

320. *God entreated for Zion.* L. M.

- 1 LOOK down, O God, with pitying eye,
And view the desolations round :
See what wide realms in darkness lie,
And hurl their idols to the ground !

H Y M N S.

- 2 Loud let the Gospel-trumpet blow,
And call the nations from afar :
Let all the Isles their Saviour know,
And earth's remotest ends draw near.
- 3 With gentle beams on Britain shine,
And bless her Rulers and her Priests ;
And, by thy energy divine,
Let sacred love o'erflow their breasts.
- 4 On all our souls let grace descend,
Like heavenly dew, in copious showers ;
That we may call our God our Friend,
That we may hail salvation ours.
- 5 Then shall each age and rank agree
United shouts of joy to raise ;
And Zion, made a praise by Thee,
To Thee shall render back the praise.

321. "*Can these Dry Bones live ?*" L. M.

- 1 LOOK down, O Lord, with pitying eye !
See Adam's race in ruin lie :
Sin spreads its trophies o'er the ground,
And scatters slaughter'd heaps around.
- 2 And can these mould'ring corpses live ?
And can these perish'd bones revive ?
That, Mighty God ! to Thee is known ;
That wondrous work is all thine own !
- 3 Thy Ministers are sent in vain,
To prophesy upon the slain ;
In vain they call, in vain they cry,
Till thine Almighty aid is nigh.
- 4 But if thy Spirit deign to breathe,
Life spreads through all the realms of Death !
Dry bones obey thy powerful voice—
They move—they waken—they rejoice !
- 5 So when thy trumpet's awful sound
Shall shake the heavens and rend the ground,
Dead saints shall from their tombs arise,
And spring to life beyond the skies.

Ez. xxxvii. 1-10.

HYMNS.

322. *The Cross the Way to the Crown.* P. M.

- 1 LOOK up to yonder world,
See myriads round the throne !
Each bears a golden harp,
And wears a glorious crown :
With zeal they strike The sacred lyre,
And strive to raise Their praises higher.
- 2 Believing in his Name,
They in his footsteps trod ;
His righteousness their hope,
Their only plea his blood :
Lo, now they reign With him above,
Behold his face, And sing his love.
- 3 And shall we not aspire,
Like them our course to run ?
The crown if we would wear,
That crown must first be won :
Divinely taught, They shewed the way,
First to believe, And then obey.

323. " *And He shall reign for ever and ever !*" P. M.

- 1 LOOK, ye saints, the sight is glorious,
See the Man of Sorrows now !
From the fight return'd victorious ;
Every knee to him shall bow :
Crown Him—
Crowns become the Victor's brow !
- 2 Crown the Saviour ! Angels crown him !
Rich the trophies Jesus brings :
In the seat of power enthrone him,
While the vault of heaven rings :
Crown Him—
Crown the Saviour " King of Kings. "
- 3 Sinners in derision crown'd him,
Mocking thus the Saviour's claim ;
Saints and angels crowd around him,
Own his title, praise his Name ;
Crown Him—
Spread abroad the Victor's fame !

HYMNS.

324. "Therefore with Angels and Archangels, &c." Rev.

- 1 LORD and God of Heavenly Powers !
Theirs—yet oh benignly ours !
"Glorious King !" let earth proclaim :
Worms attempt to sing thy Name.
- 2 Thee to laud in songs divine,
Angels and Archangels join ;
We with them our voices raise,
Echoing thine eternal praise.
- 3 Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord !
Live, by heaven and earth ador'd !
Full of Thee, they ever cry
Glory be to God Most High !

325. *Prayer for the Heathen.* P. M.

- 1 LORD ! art Thou God of Jews alone,
And not the God of Gentiles too ?
To Gentiles make thy goodness known ;
Thy judgment to the nations shew :
Awake them by thy Gospel-call ;
Light of the World ! enlighten all !
- 2 The servile progeny of Ham
Take as the purchase of thy blood :
Let all the Heathen know thy Name !
From idols to the Living God
All dark idolaters convert,
And shine in every Pagan heart !
- 3 As lightning lanc'd from east to west,
The coming of thy Kingdom be !
To Thee, by angel-hosts confess,
Bow every soul and every knee !
Thy glory let all flesh behold,
And then fill up thy heavenly fold.

326. "God be merciful to me a Sinner!" c. m.

- 1 LORD ! at thy feet we sinners lie,
And knock at Mercy's door ;
With heavy heart and downcast eye,
Thy favour we implore.
- 2 On us the vast extent display
Of thy forgiving love ;
Take all our heinous guilt away ;
This heavy load remove.

HYMNS.

- 3 "Tis mercy—mercy we implore ;
 We would thy pity move :
Thy grace is an exhaustless store,
 And Thou thyself art Love.
- 4 Oh ! for thine own, for Jesu's sake,
 Our numerous sins forgive !
By grace our rocky hearts can break,
 And, breaking, quick relieve.
- 5 Thus melt us down, thus make us bend,
 And thy dominion own ;
Nor let a rival more pretend
 To re-possess thy throne. [Luke xviii. 13]

327. *The Lord's Supper.* c. m.

- 1 LORD ! at thy table we behold
 The wonders of thy grace ;
But most of all admire that we
 Should find a welcome place—
- 2 We, who are all defil'd with sin,
 And rebels to our God !
We, who have crucified thy Son,
 And trampled on his blood !
- 3 What strange surprising grace is this,
 That we, so lost, have room !
Jesus our weary souls invites,
 And freely bids us come.
- 4 Ye saints below, and hosts of heaven !
 Join all your sacred powers :
No theme is like Redeeming Love,
 No Saviour is like ours !

328. *Prayer for the Church.* L. M. DOUBLE.

- 1 LORD ! cause thy face on us to shine ;
Give us thy peace, and seal us thine :
Teach us to prize the means of grace,
And love thy earthly dwelling-place.
May we in truth our sins confess,
Worship the Lord in holiness ;
And all thy power and glory see,
Within thy hallow'd sanctuary.

HYMNS.

- 2 O King of Salem, Prince of Peace !
Bid strife among thy subjects cease :
One is our faith, and one our Lord ;
One body, spirit, hope, reward ;
One God and Father of us all,
On whom thy Church and People call :
Oh ! may we one communion be
One with each other and with Thee !
- 3 Bless all, whose voice salvation brings,
Who minister in holy things !
Our Bishops, Priests, and Deacons bless :
Clothe them with zeal and righteousness :
Let many, in the Judgment Day,
Turn'd from the error of their way,
Their hope, their joy, their crown appear !
Save those who preach, and those who hear !

329. *After Sermon. P. M.*

- 1 LORD ! dismiss us with thy blessing ;
Fill our hearts with joy and peace :
Let us all, thy love possessing,
Triumph in Redeeming Grace !
Oh refresh us—
Trav'lling through this wilderness.
- 2 Thanks we give and adoration,
For thy Gospel's joyful sound :
Let the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound :
May thy presence—
With us evermore be found.
- 3 Then, whene'er the signal given
Calls us from the earth away,
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
Glad to leave our cumbrous clay,
May we, ready—
Rise and reign in endless day !

330. *Descent of the Spirit. A. M.*

- 1 LORD God, the Holy Ghost !
In this accepted hour,
As on the Day of Pentecost,
Descend in all Thy power !

H Y M N S.

- 2 We meet with one accord
In this thy holy place,
And wait the promise of our Lord—
The Spirit of all Grace.
- 3 Like mighty rushing wind
Upon the waves beneath,
Move with one impulse every mind,
One soul, one feeling breathe—
- 4 The young, the old inspire
With wisdom from above;
And give us hearts and tongues of fire,
To pray, and praise, and love.
- 5 Spirit of Light! explore,
And chase our gloom away,
With lustre shining more and more
Unto the perfect day.
- 6 Spirit of Truth! be Thou
In life and death our guide—
O Spirit of adoption! now
May we be sanctified ! [Acts ii. 1—4.]

331. *Supplication in Time of War.* L. M.

- 1 LORD! how shall sinful creatures dare
Look up to thy divine abode;
Or offer their imperfect prayer
Before a just and holy God?
- 2 Bright terrors guard thy awful seat,
And dazzling glories veil thy face;
Yet mercy calls us to thy feet;
Thy throne is still a throne of grace.
- 3 Prosper our arms, our councils guide,
Let thy right-hand our cause maintain;
Till war's destructive rage subside,
And peace resume her gentle reign.
- 4 Quick, in thy love, the period bring
When raging war shall waste no more;
When peace shall stretch her balmy wing,
From Europe's coast to India's shore!
- 5 Oh let the Gospel's healing ray,
True source of amity divine,
Spread o'er the world its heavenly day,
And all the nations, Lord, be thine!

HYMNS.

332. *Prayer for a Special Blessing on the Word.* L. M.

- 1 LORD ! in our hearts implant thy fear,
And make and keep us all sincere !
Draw burthen'd sinners to thy Son,
And make him to his mourners known.
- 2 Abundant grace vouchsafe to give,
As each is able to receive :
The contrite grief to all impart,
Or joy, or purity of heart.
- 3 Our helpless unbelief remove,
And melt us by thy pard'ning love ;
Work in us faith, or faith's increase—
The dawning or the perfect peace.
- 4 Give each whate'er for each is best,
But grant us all the Promis'd Rest :
Thy blessing in the means convey,
Nor empty send one soul away !

333. *For Public Humiliation.* c. m.

- 1 LORD ! look on all assembled here,
Who in thy presence stand,
To offer up united prayer
For this our sinful land.
- 2 Oh may we all, with one consent,
Fall low before thy throne ;
With tears the nation's sins lament,
The Church's, and our own.
- 3 Great God of Hosts, deliv'rance bring ;
Guide those who hold the helm ;
Support the State, preserve the King,
And spare the guilty Realm—
- 4 Or, should the dread decree be past,
And we must feel the rod,
Let faith and patience hold us fast
To our correcting God !

334. *After Sermon.* L. M.

- 1 LORD ! now we part in thy blest Name,
In which we here together came ;
Grant us our few remaining days
To work thy will and spread thy praise.

HYMNS.

2 Teach us in life and death to bless
Thee, Lord ! our strength and righte;
And grant us all to meet above,
Where we shall better sing thy love

335. *The Presence of God in His House.* 2

1 LORD of Hosts ! how lovely fair
E'en on earth thy temples are !
Here thy waiting servants see
Much of heaven and much of Th-

2 From thy gracious presence flows
Bliss that softens all our woes ;
While thy Spirit's holy fire
Warms our hearts with pure desire

3 Here we supplicate thy throne :
Here thou mak'st thy glories known
Here we learn thy righteous ways
Taste thy love, and sing thy praise

336. "Jesus ! hear and save !" P. M.

1 LORD of mercy and of might !
Of mankind the life and light !
Maker, Teacher infinite !
Jesus ! hear and save !

2 Who, when sin's tremendous doom
Gave Creation to the tomb,
Didst not scorn the Virgin's womb
Jesus ! hear and save !

3 Great Creator ! Saviour mild !
Humbled to a mortal child,
Captive, beaten, bound, revil'd,
Jesus ! hear and save !

4 Thron'd above celestial things,
Borne aloft on angels' wings,
Lord of Lords and King of Kings
Jesus ! hear and save !

5 Who shalt yet return from high,
Rob'd in might and majesty,
Hear us ! help us when we cry !
Jesus ! hear and save !

H Y M N S.

337. *Prayer for the Increase of Labourers.* [P. M.]

LORD of the Gospel Harvest ! send
More Lab'lers forth into thy field :
More Pastors teach thy flock to tend,
More Workmen raise thy house to build :
His work and place to each assign,
And clothe their word with power divine.

338. "There remaineth a Rest to the People of God." [L. M.]

- 1 LORD of the Sabbath ! hear us pray,
In this thy house, on this thy day :
Accept, as grateful sacrifice,
The songs which from thy temple rise.
- 2 Now met to pray, and bless thy Name,
Whose mercies flow each day the same,
Whose kind compassions never cease ;
We seek instruction, pardon, peace.
- 3 Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord ! we love ;
But there's a nobler rest above :
Oh that we might that rest attain,
From sin, from sorrow, and from pain !
- 4 In thy blest kingdom we shall be
From every mortal trouble free :
No sighs shall mingle with the songs
Resounding from immortal tongues.
- 5 No rude alarms of raging foes,
No cares to break the long repose,
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.
- 6 O long-expected day, begin !
Dawn on this world of woe and sin :
Fain would we leave this weary road,
And sleep in death, to rest in God. [Heb. iv.]

339. *Eternal life in Christ alone.* [C. M.]

- 1 LORD ! should we leave thy hallow'd feet,
To whom could we repair ?
Where else such holy comforts meet,
As spring eternal there ?
- 2 Unmingled joys 'tis thine to give,
And undecaying peace ;
For Thou canst teach us so to live,
That life shall never cease.

HYMNS.

3 Thou only canst the cheering words
 Of endless life supply :
Anointed of the Lord of Lords,
 The Son of God Most High ! [John vi. 68,

340. "The Preparation of the Heart in Man." c.m.

- 1 LORD ! teach thy servants how to pray,
 With rev'rence and with fear :
Though dust and ashes, yet we may,
 We must, to Thee draw near.
- 2 We come, then, God of Grace ! to Thee :
 Give broken, contrite hearts ;
Give, what thine eye delights to see,
 Truth in the inward parts.
- 3 Give deep humility—the sense
 Of godly sorrow give ;
A strong desiring confidence
 To see thy face and live.
- 4 Give faith in that one sacrifice
 Which can for sin atone :
To cast our hopes, to fix our eyes
 On Christ—on Christ alone.
- 5 Give patience, still to wait and weep,
 Though mercy long delay—
Courage, our fainting souls to keep,
 And trust Thee, though Thou slay—
- 6 Give these—and then thy will be done !
 Thus strengthen'd with all might,
We, through thy Spirit and thy Son,
 Shall pray, and pray aright.

341. Prayer for the King and the Royal Family. p.m.

- 1 LORD ! Thou hast bid thy people pray
 For all who bear the sov'reign sway,
 And thy vicegerents' reign—
Rulers, and governors, and powers :
 And, lo ! we humbly pray for ours ;
 Nor shall we pray in vain.
- 2 Saviour ! thy chosen servant guard,
 And every threat'ning danger ward
 From his anointed head :
Bid all his griefs and troubles cease ;
Through paths of righteousness and peace,
 To life eternal lead.

HYMNS.

- 3 Cover his enemies with shame ;
Defeat their proud, malicious aim,
And make their councils vain :
Preserve him, Providence Divine !
And let the long illustrious line
To latest ages reign.
- 4 Upon him shower thy blessings down ;
Crown him with grace, with glory crown,
With meekness, love, and power !
With wealth, prosperity, and peace,
Our Nation and our Churches bless,
Till time shall be no more !

342. *At the beginning of the Year.* L. M.

- 1 LORD ! we are spared, and yet are found
In thy own house on praying ground :
Many are gone who near us stood,
Gone to thy awful bar, O God !
- 2 Now soon in heaven, or soon in hell,
We shall with Thee or Satan dwell :
Grant, Lord, that with intense desire
We may, in Christ, to heaven aspire.
- 3 That glorious race if now begun,
We in Jehovah's strength go on ;
Nor life, nor death, thy servants fear,
'Twill be to them a happy year.

343. *Blessings through Christ's bitter Sufferings.* L. M.

- 1 LORD ! we with awful thanks confess
No sufferings could with thine compare :
Thy Godhead did not make them less—
It only strengthen'd Thee to bear.
- 2 But, through thy mortal agony,
What blessings are to sinners given !
The pains of hell gat hold on Thee,
That we might seize the joys of heaven !

344. *Nan, by Nature, by Grace, and in Glory.* L. M.

- 1 LORD, what is man ! extremes how wide
In this mysterious nature join !
The flesh, to worms and dust allied ;
The soul, immortal and divine !

HYMNS.

- 2 Divine at first, a holy flame,
Kindled by God's creative breath
Till, stain'd by sin, it soon became
The seat of darkness, strife, and
- 3 But Christ, Oh ! what amazing g
Assum'd our nature as his own ;
Obey'd and suffer'd in our place :
Then bore that nature to his thre
- 4 Now, what is man, when grace re
The virtue of a Saviour's blood ?
Again, a life divine he feels,
Despises earth, and walks with G
- 5 And what, in yonder realms abov
Is ransom'd man ordained to be ?
With honour, holiness, and love,
No seraph more adorn'd than he.
- 6 Nearest the throne, and first in so
Man shall his hallelujahs raise ;
While wond'ring angels round him
And swell the chorus of his praise

345. *Confession, Prayer, and Praise.* c.

- 1 LORD ! when we bend before thy
And our confessions pour,
Teach us to feel the sins we own,
And hate what we deplore.
Our broken spirits pitying see ;
True penitence impart :
Then let a kindling glance from thy
Beam hope on every heart.
- 2 When we disclose our wants in prayer,
Oh let our wills resign ;
And not a thought our bosom shall
Which is not wholly thine.
Let faith each weak petition fill,
And lift it to the skies ;
And teach our hearts 'tis goodness
Which grants it, or denies.
- 3 When our united voices strive
Their cheerful hymns to raise,
Let love divine within us live
And lift our souls in praise :

HYMNS.

Then on thy glories while we dwell,
Thy mercies we'll review ;
Till love divine, transported, tell—
Thou, God, art Father too !

346. *The Redeemed round the Throne.* L.M.

- 1 LO ! round the throne, at God's right-hand
The saints, in countless myriads, stand ;
Of every tongue, redeem'd to God,
Array'd in garments wash'd in blood.
- 2 Through tribulation great they came :
They bore the cross, despised the shame :
From all their labours now they rest,
In God's eternal glory blest.
- 3 Hunger and thirst they feel no more ;
Nor sin, nor pain, nor death, deplore :
The tears are wip'd from every eye,
And sorrow yields to endless joy.
- 4 They see their Saviour face to face,
And sing the triumphs of his grace :
Him day and night they ceaseless praise,
To Him their loud hosannas raise—
- 5 “Worthy the Lamb for sinners slain,
Through endless years to live and reign !
Thou hast redeem'd us by thy blood,
And made us kings and priests to God !”

Rev. v. 9, 10. vii. 13—17.

347. *Spiritual Blessings in Christ.* P. M.

- 1 LOUD be thy Name ador'd,
Thy titles spread abroad,
Of Christ, our glorious Lord,
The Father and the God !
Through such a Son, Thy Church's Head,
Thine honours spread O'er worlds unknown.
- 2 Ten thousand gifts of love
From Thee, through Him, descend ;
And bear our souls above,
To joys which never end :
To heaven they soar, Sustain'd by God,
And, through the road, His arm adore.

HYMNS

- 3 Ten thousand songs of praise
Shall by the Saviour rise,
And, through eternal days,
Shall echo round the skies :
New shouts we'll give, And loud proclaim
The honour'd Name, By which we live.
Eph. i. 3.

348. *The Gospel Jubilee.* L. M.

- 1 LOUD let the tuneful trumpet sound,
And spread the joyful tidings round ;
Let every soul with transport hear,
And hail the Lord's accepted year.
- 2 Ye debtors ! whom he gives to know
That you ten thousand talents owe,
When humbled at his feet ye fall
Your gracious Lord forgives them all !
- 3 Slaves ! who have borne the heavy chain
Of sin and hell's tyrannic reign,
To liberty assert your claim,
And urge the great Redeemer's Name.
- 4 Salem's inhabitants no more
Bondage or poverty deplore ;
Nor debt, but love immensely great,
And joy still rises with the debt !
- 5 Oh happy souls that know the sound !
God's light shall all their steps surround ;
And shew that Jubilee begun,
Which through eternal years shall run.

Ps. lxxxix. 15. Lev. xxv. Is. xi. 2.

349. *Prayer for Missionaries.* L. M.

- 1 MARK'D as the purpose of the skies,
This promise meets our anxious eyes,
That Heathen Lands the Lord shall know,
And, warm with faith, each bosom glow.
- 2 E'en now the hallow'd scenes appear !
E'en now unfolds the promised year !
Lo ! distant shores thy heralds trace,
And bear the tidings of thy grace.
- 3 'Mid burning climes and frozen plains,
Where Pagan darkness brooding reigns,
Lord, mark their steps, their fears subdue,
Strengthen their arm, and clear their view.

HYMNS.

4 When, worne by toil, their spirits fail,
Bid them the glorious Future hail ;
Bid them the crown of life survey,
And onward urge their conqu'ring way.

350. *Salutary Effects of the Gospel.* P. M.

- 1 MARK the soft-falling snow,
And the diffusive rain !
To heaven, from whence it fell,
It turns not back again ;
But waters earth Through every pore,
And calls forth all Its secret store.
 - 2 Array'd in beauteous green
The hills and valleys shine,
And man and beast are fed
By Providence Divine :
The harvest bows Its golden ears,
The copious seed Of future years.
 - 3 "So," saith the God of Grace,
"My Gospel shall descend,
Almighty to effect
The purpose I intend :
Millions of souls Shall feel its power,
And bear it down To millions more.
 - 4 "Joy shall begin your march,
And peace protect your ways ;
While all the mountains round
Echo melodious praise :
The vocal groves Shall sing the God
And every tree Consenting nod."
- Is. iv. 10—12.*

351. *Prayer for the Jews.* P. M.

- 1 MAY the glorious day of promise
Come, and spread its cheerful ray,
When the scatter'd sheep of Israel
Shall no longer go astray ;
When Hosannas——
With united voice they cry.
- 2 Lord ! how long wilt thou be angry ?
Shall thy wrath for ever burn ?
Rise ! redeem thine ancient people :
Their transgressions from them turn .
King of Israel !——
Come, and set thy people free !

H-YMNS.

3 Oh that thou would'st soon to Jacob
Thine enlivening Spirit send !
Of their unbelief and misery,
Make, O Lord, a speedy end !
Lord ! Messiah ! —
Prince of Peace ! o'er Israel reign !

352. *Encouragement to Missionaries.* P. M.

- 1 MEN of God ! go take your stations !
Darkness reigns throughout the earth :
Go, proclaim among the nations
Joyful news of heavenly birth :
Bear the tidings —
Of the Saviour's matchless worth !
- 2 Of his Gospel not ashamed,
As the power of God to save ;
Go where Christ was never named,
Publish freedom to the slave !
Blessed freedom ! —
Such as Zion's children have.
- 3 When expos'd to fears and dangers,
Jesus will his own defend :
Borne afar midst foes and strangers,
Jesus will appear your Friend ;
And His presence —
Shall be with you to the end.

353. *Messiah greeted by the Creation.* C. M.

- 1 MESSIAH ! at thy glad approach,
The howling wilds are still :
Thy praises fill the lonely waste,
And breathe from every hill.
- 2 The hidden fountains at thy call,
Their sacred stores unlock ;
Loud in the desert, sudden streams
Burst living from the rock.
- 3 The incense of the spring ascends
Upon the morning gale :
Red o'er the hill the roses bloom,
The lilies in the vale.
- 4 Renew'd, the earth a robe of light,
A robe of beauty wears ;
And in new heavens a brighter sun
Leads on the promis'd years.

HYMNS.

5 Let Israel to the Prince of Peace
The loud hosannas sing ;
With hallelujahs, and with hymns,
O Zion ! hail thy King ! [Is. lv. 12, 13.]

354. *Prayer for the Jews.* S. M.

- 1 MESSIAH, full of grace !
Redeem'd by Thee, we plead
Thy promise made to Abraham's race,
To souls for ages dead.
- 2 Their bones, as quite dried up,
Throughout the vale appear ;
Cut off and lost their last faint hope
To see thy kingdom here.
- 3 Open their graves, and bring
The outcasts forth, to own
Thou art the Lord, their God and King,
Their true Anointed One.
- 4 To save the race forlorn,
Thy glorious arm display ;
And show the world a nation born,
A nation in a day ! [Ezek. xxxvii. 1—14.]

355. *Resurrection of Christ.* SEVENS.

- 1 MORNING breaks upon the tomb,
Jesus scatters all its gloom :
Day of triumph through the skies,
See, the glorious Saviour rise !
- 2 Christians ! dry your flowing tears,
Chase those unbelieving fears :
Look on his deserted grave,
Doubt no more his power to save.
- 3 Ye who are of death afraid,
Triumph in the scatter'd shade :
Drive your anxious cares away,
See the place where Jesus lay. [Matt. xxviii. 6.]

356. *A Hopeful Youth falling short of Heaven.* I. M.

- 1 MUST all the charms of nature then
So hopeless to Salvation prove ?
Can hell demand, can heaven condemn,
The man whom Jesus deigns to love ?—

H Y M N S.

- 2 The man who sought the ways of truth,
Paid friends and neighbours all their due,
(A modest, sober, lovely youth,)
And thought he wanted nothing new !
- 3 But mark the change ! thus spake the Lord,
“Come part with earth for heaven to-day !”
The youth, astonish'd at the word,
In silent sadness went his way !
- 4 Poor virtues which he boasted so,
This test unable to endure !
Let Christ, and grace, and glory go,
To make his land and money sure ?
- 5 Ah foolish choice of treasures here !
Ah fatal love of tempting gold !
Must this base world be bought so dear ?
Are life and heaven so cheaply sold ?
- 6 In vain the charms of nature shine,
If my vile passions govern me !
Transform my soul, O Lord Divine !
And make me part with all for Thee.

Mark x. 17-22.

357. *Spiritual Sloth lamented.* C. W.

- 1 MY drowsy powers ! why sleep ye so ?
Awake, my sluggish soul !
Nothing has half thy work to do,
Yet nothing's half so dull.
- 2 Go to the ants ! for one poor grain
See how they toil and strive !
Yet we who have a heaven t' obtain
How negligent we live !
- 3 We, for whose sake all nature stands,
And stars their courses move—
We, for whose guard the angel-bands
Come flying from above—
- 4 We, for whom God the Son came down
And labour'd for our good—
How careless to secure that crown
He purchas'd with his blood !
- 5 Lord, shall we lie so sluggish still,
And never act our parts ?
Come, Holy Dove, from th' heav'ly hill,
And melt our frozen hearts.

HYMNS.

6 Give us with active zeal to move,
With vigorous souls to rise ;
With hands of faith and wings of love,
To fly and take the prize.

358. *The Lord's Supper.* .L. M.

- 1 MY God, and is thy table spread !
And doth thy cup with love o'erflow !
Thither be all thy children led,
And let them all thy goodness know.
- 2 Hail, sacred feast ! which Jesus makes ;
Rich banquet of his flesh and blood !
Thrice happy he, who here partakes
This sacred stream, that heavenly food.
- 3 Lord, let thy table honour'd be,
And furnish'd well with joyful guests :
May every soul salvation see,
That here its sacred pledges tastes.
- 4 Drawn by thy quick'ning grace, O Lord,
The thronging numbers shall have room,
And gather from their Father's board
The bread which lives beyond the tomb.
- 5 Nor let thy spreading glory rest,
Till through the world thy truth has run ;
Till with this bread all men are blest,
Who see the light or feel the sun.

359. *Thanksgiving and Praise.* P. M.

- 1 MY soul, praise the Lord, speak good of his Name !
His mercies record, his bounties proclaim :
To God their Creator, let all creatures raise,
The song of thanksgiving, the chorus of praise !
- 2 Tho', hid from man's sight, God sits on his throne ;
Yet here, by his works, their Author is known :
He rides in the whirlwind, while clouds veil his form ;
And smiles in the sunbeam, or frowns in the storm.
- 3 By knowledge supreme, by wisdom divine,
God governs this earth, with gracious design ;
O'er beast, bird, and insect, His providence reigns,
Whose will first created, whose love still sustains.
- 4 And Man, his last work, with reason endu'd,
Who, falling through sin, by grace is renew'd—
To God, his Redeemer, let Man ever raise,
The song of thanksgiving, the chorus of praise.

HYMNS.

360.

Death and Eternity. c. m.

- 1 MY thoughts, which oft ascend the skies !
Go search the world beneath,
Where nature all in ruin lies,
And owns her sovereign, Death !
- 2 The tyrant, how he triumphs here !
His trophies spread around ;
And heaps of dust and bones appear,
Through all the hollow ground.
- 3 Soon must we leave the shores of life,
And try death's doubtful sea ;
Vain are our groans, and dying strife,
To gain a moment's stay.
- 4 Soon shall some friend let fall the tear
On our cold limbs, and say,
“These once were strong as mine appear,
And mine must be as they !”
- 5 Thus shall our mould'ring members teach
What now our senses learn ;
For dust and ashes loudest preach
Man's infinite concern.

361.

Faith in Christ our Sacrifice. s. m.

- 1 NOT all the blood of beasts
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.
- 2 But Christ the Heav'nly Lamb
Takes all our sins away ;
A sacrifice of nobler name
And richer blood than they.
- 3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.
- 4 My soul looks back to see
The burdens thou didst bear,
When hanging on the cursed tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.
- 5 Believing we rejoice
To see the curse remove ;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing his bleeding love.

HYMNS.

362. *The Presence of Christ in his House.* L. M.

- 1 NOT here, as to the prophet's eye,
The Lord upon his throne appears ;
Nor seraph-tongues responsive cry,
“Holy ! thrice Holy !” in our ears—
- 2 Yet God is present in this place,
Veil'd in serener majesty ;
So full of glory, truth, and grace,
That Faith alone such light can see.
- 3 Nor, as he in the temple taught,
Is Christ within these walls reveal'd,
When blind, and deaf, and dumb were brought,
Lepers and lame—and all were heal'd—
- 4 Yet here, when two or three shall meet,
Or thronging multitudes are found,
All may sit down at Jesus' feet,
And hear from him the joyful sound.
Is. vi. 1—3. Matt. xviii. 20. xxi. 14.

363. *The Communion of Saints.* P. M.

- 1 NOT to the mount that burn'd with fire,
To darkness, tempest, and the sound
Of trumpet waxing higher and higher,
Nor voice of words that rent the ground,
While Israel heard, with trembling awe,
Jehovah thunder forth his law !
- 2 But to Mount Zion we are come,
The city of the Living God,
Jerusalem, our heavenly home,
The courts by angel-legions trod,
Where meet in everlasting love
The Church of the First-born above—
- 3 To God, the Judge of quick and dead,
The perfect spirits of the just,
Jesus, our great new-covenant Head,
The blood of sprinkling—from the dust,
That better things than Abel's cries,
And pleads a Saviour's sacrifice.
- 4 Oh hearken to the healing voice,
That speaks from heaven in tones so mild :
To-day are life and death our choice :
To-day, through mercy reconciled,
Our all to God we yet may give ;
—now let us hear his voice and live.
Heb. xii. 18—26.

HYMNS.

364. *Redeeming Love. SEVEN.*

- 1 NOW begin the heavenly theme,
Sing of Mercy's healing stream !
Ye, who Jesu's kindness prove,
Sing of his redeeming love.
- 2 Ye, who see the Father's grace
Beaming in the Saviour's face,
As to Canaan on ye move,
Praise and bless redeeming love.
- 3 Mourning souls ! refrain your tears :
Trembling hearts ! dismiss your fears :
See the guilt and curse remove,
Cancell'd by redeeming love.
- 4 Ye, alas ! who long have been
Willing slaves of death and sin,
Now from bliss no longer rove,
Listen to redeeming love.
- 5 Welcome all, by sin opprest,
Welcome all to Jesu's rest !
Nothing brought him from above,
Nothing but redeeming love.
- 6 He subdu'd th' Infernal Powers,
His insulting foes, and ours :
These He from their empire drove,
Mighty in redeeming love.
- 7 Hither, then, your tribute bring,
Strike aloud each joyful string :
Saints below, and saints above !
Join to praise redeeming love.

365. *Glory to Christ. L. M.*

- 1 NOW, far above the starry skies,
The Saviour fills his brighter throne ;
Invisible to mortal eyes,
But not to humble faith unknown.
- 2 Though in the glories he possessed,
Long ere this world or time began,
He shines the son of god confessed,
He owns himself the son of man !
- 3 Here once in agonies he died,
Now in the heavens he ever lives ;
Of joy, THERE pours th' eternal tide—
HERE, saves the sinner who believes.

H Y M N S.

- 4 All hail ! Thou great Immanuel, hail !
Ten thousand blessings on thy Name !
While thus thy wondrous love we tell,
Kindle in all the sacred flame.
- 5 Come, quickly come, Immortal King !
On earth thy royal honours raise ;
The full salvation, promis'd, bring,
That every tongue may sing thy praise !

Eph. i. 21. Rev. v. 12.

366.

For a New Year. C. M.

- 1 NOW, gracious Lord ! thine arm reveal,
And make thy glory known :
Now let us all thy presence feel,
And soften hearts of stone !
- 2 Help us to venture near thy throne,
And plead a Saviour's Name ;
For all that we can call our own,
Is vanity and shame.
- 3 From all the guilt of former sin
Let mercy set us free !
And let each year that we begin,
Begin and end with Thee.
- 4 Send down thy Spirit from above,
That saints may love Thee more ;
And sinners now may learn thy love,
Who never lov'd before.
- 5 And when before Thee we appear,
In our eternal home,
May growing numbers worship here,
And praise Thee in our room !

367.

Warning to the Young. L. M.

- 1 NOW, in the heat of youthful blood,
Remember your Creator, God :
Behold, the months come hastening on,
When you shall say, " My joys are gone ! "
- 2 Behold, the aged sinner goes,
Laden with guilt and heavy woes,
Down to the regions of the dead,
With endless curses on his head.

HYMNS.

3 The dust returns to dust again,
The soul in agonies of pain
Ascends to God ; not there to dwell,
But hears her doom, and sinks to hell.

4 Eternal King, I fear thy Name !
Teach me to know how frail I am ;
And when my soul must hence remove,
Give me a mansion in thy love.

Eccles. xii. 1, 7. Isa. lxv. 20.

368. *The Lord's Supper.* L. M.

1 NOW let our faith grow strong, and rise
And view our Lord in all his love ;
Look back to hear his dying cries,
Then mount and see his throne above.

2 See where he languish'd on the Cross !
Beneath our sins he groan'd and died :
See where he sits to plead our cause,
By his Almighty Father's side !

3 How shall we, pardon'd rebels, show
How much we love our dying God ?
Lord ! here we 'd banish every foe :
We hate the sins which cost thy blood.

369. *On the Death of a Minister.* C. M.

1 NOW let our mourning hearts revive,
And all our tears be dry ;
Why should those eyes be drown'd in grief,
Which view a Saviour nigh ?

2 What though the arm of conqu'ring death
Should God's own house invade ?
What though the prophet and the priest
Be number'd with the dead ?

3 Though earthly shepherds dwell in dust,
The aged and the young,
The watchful eye in darkness clos'd,
And mute th' instructive tongue—

4 Th' Eternal Shepherd still survives,
New comfort to impart ;
His eye shall guide us, and his voice
Still strengthen every heart.

[John. i. 1, 5.]

HYMNS.

10. *The Agonies of Christ.* c. m.

NOW let our pains be all forgot,
Our hearts no more repine ;
Our sufferings are not worth a thought,
When, Lord, compar'd with thine !

His soul what agonies it felt
When His Own God withdrew !
And the large load of all our guilt
Lay heavy on him too.

But the Divinity within
Supported him to bear :
Dying, he conquer'd hell and sin,
And made his triumph there !

Grace, wisdom, justice, join'd and wrought
The wonders of that day :
No mortal tongue nor mortal thought
Can equal thanks repay.

Our hymns should sound like those above,
Could we our voices raise ;
Yet let our hearts, Lord, all be love,
And all our lives be praise !

11. *Living Waters.* s. m.

NOW living waters flow,
To cheer the humble soul ;
From sea to sea the rivers go,
And spread from pole to pole.

Now righteousness shall spring,
And grow on earth again ;
Jesus Jehovah be our King,
And o'er the nations reign !

Jesus shall rule alone,
The world shall hear his Word ;
By one bless'd Name shall He be known,
The Universal Lord. [Zech. xiv. 8, 9.]

12. *Sanctification and Growth.* c. m.

NOW may the God of peace and love,
Who, from th' imprisoning grave,
Restor'd the Shepherd of the sheep,
Omnipotent to save—

2 Through the rich merit of that blood,
Which he on Calv'ry spilt,
To make th' eternal cov'nant sure
On which our hopes are built—

3 Perfect our souls in every grace
T' accomplish all his will ;
And all that's pleasing in his sight,
Inspire us to fulfil ! [Heb. xiii. 20,

373. *For a Day of Humiliation in Time of War.* L. M.

1 NOW may the God of power and grace

Attend his people's humble cry !

Jehovah hears when Israel prays,

And brings deliv'rance from on high.

2 The Name of Jacob's God defends,

Better than shields or brazen walls :

He from his sanctuary sends

Succour and strength, when Zion calls.

3 Well he remembers all our sighs ;

His love exceeds our best deserts :

His love accepts the sacrifice

Of humble groans and broken hearts.

4 Some trust in horses train'd for war,

And some of chariots make their boasts ;

Our surest expectations are

From Thee, the Lord of heavenly hosts.

5 Now save us, Lord ! from slavish fear :

Now let our hope be firm and strong ;

Till thy salvation shall appear,

And joy and triumph raise the song. [Ps. x.

374. *Before Sermon.* L. M.

1 NOW may the Gospel's conqu'ring power
Be felt by all assembled here !

So shall this prove a joyful hour,

And God's own arm of strength appear.

2 Lord ! let thy mighty voice be heard :

Speak in the Word, and speak with power ;

So shall thy glorious Name be feared,

By those who never feared before.

H Y M N S.

- 3 Oh pity those who live in sin,
And save them from the sinner's doom :
Open the ark, and take them in,
And save them from the wrath to come !
- 4 So shall thy people joyful be ;
The angels, too, will louder sing :
And all ascribe the praise to Thee ;
To Thee, the Everlasting King.

375. *"But Thou art the same."* L. M.

- 1 NOW may the Mighty Arm awake,
Which wonders wrought in ancient days !
That Babylon's proud walls may shake,
And God his own fair temple raise.
- 2 Art thou not still the same, O God ?
The same to hear, the same to save,
As when thy servant mov'd his rod
At thy command, and cleft the wave ?
- 3 Thy power still sets the prisoner free,
Still wipes the mourners' tears away :
Thy power still makes the blind to see,
And turns the darkest night to day.
- 4 Shine, Lord ! upon the world around,
To sinners let thy grace be giv'n ;
So shall thy people's songs abound,
And angels feel new joy in heav'n. [*Ps. cii. 27.*]

376. *At the Opening of Worship.* C. M.

- 1 NOW may the Spirit's holy fire,
Descending from above,
His waiting family inspire
With joy, and peace, and love !
- 2 Thee we the Comforter confess :
Unless Thou'rt present here,
Our songs of praise are vain address,
We utter heartless prayer.
- 3 Wake, heavenly wind, arise, and come !
Blow on the drooping field ;
Our spices then shall breathe perfume,
And fragrant incense yield.
- 4 Touch with a living coal the lip,
That shall proclaim thy Word :
And bid us all devoutly keep
Attention to the Lord. [*Cont. iv. 16. 1s. vi. 6—8.*]

HYMNS.

377. *The Enlargement of the Church.* L. M.

- 1 NOW, Zion ! let thy joys abound
See how thy sons are multiplied !
What myriads, still increasing round,
Wait to be nursed at thy side !
- 2 These from the Islands of the sea,
And these from India's distant lands,
These from the North, repair to thee,
And these from Afric's burning sands.
- 3 Enlarge thy tents, their space extend,
Further and further stretch the cord ;
Till the whole earth her circuit lend,
And ample room for all afford.
- 4 Who, who are these that flow along,
As doves to their recesses fly,
Of every nation, rank, and tongue,
From every clime beneath the sky ?
- 5 Rulers, and men of royal race,
Conspire to aid the glorious plan,
To send thy saving word of grace
In every tongue to every man.
- 6 Throw wide thy gates, and wider yet,
For they shall ne'er be shut again,
Till all thy foes fall at thy feet,
And thou in every clime shalt reign !

Is. xlix. 18—23. liv. 1—3. lx. 4—12.

378. “*Thy Kingdom come!*” P. M.

- 1 O FATHER, let Thy kingdom come,
Thy kingdom built on love and grace !
In every nation give it room,
In every heart afford it place :
The earth is Thine, set up thy throne,
And claim the kingdoms as thine own.
- 2 Still nature's awful darkness reigns,
And sinners scorn thy holy fear ;
Still Satan holds the heart in chains,
Where'er thy messengers appear :
Rise, we beseech Thee, Lord, and bless
The world with truth and righteousness.

HYMNS.

3 More lab'lers in the vineyard send,
And pour thine unction on them all ;
Give them a voice to shake and bend
The mountains high and cedars tall !
Bid wars and wild ambition cease,
And fill the world with heavenly peace !

Matt. vi. 10.

379. *By Orphans at a Charity Sermon.* C. M.

- 1 O GRACIOUS Lord, whose mercies rise
Above our utmost need !
Incline thine ear unto our cry,
And hear the Orphan plead.
- 2 Bereft of all a Mother's love,
And all a Father's care,
Lord, whither shall we flee for help ?
To whom direct our prayer ?—
- 3 To Thee we flee—to Thee we pray ;
Thou shalt our Father be :
More than the fondest parents' care,
We find, O Lord, in Thee !
- 4 Already Thou hast heard our cry,
And wiped away our tears :
Thy mercy has a Refuge found
To guard our helpless years.
- 5 Oh let thy love descend on those,
Who pity to us show :
Nor let THEIR children ever taste
The Orphan's cup of woe.

380. *To the Holy Spirit.* C. M.

- 1 O HOLY GHOST, into our minds
Send down thy heavenly light !
Kindle our hearts, with fervent zeal
To serve God day and night.
- 2 Our weakness strengthen and confirm,
For, Lord, Thou know'st us frail ;
That neither Satan, world, nor flesh
Against us may prevail.
- 3 Far from us put our enemies,
And help us to obtain
Peace in our hearts with God and Man,
The best and truest gain.

H Y M N S.

4 Such measures of thy mighty grace
Grant, Lord, to us, we pray ;
That Thou may'st be our Comforter
At the last dreadful day.

5 Of strife and all dissension, Lord,
Do Thou dissolve the bands ;
And knit the knots of peace and love
Throughout all Christian Lands.

Ordination Service.

381. *Invitation of the Christian Church to the Jews. P. M.*

- 1 O HOUSE of Jacob ! come,
And walk with us in light :
No more bewilder'd roam,
Like wand'lers in the night.
The Hope of Israel calls you near,
And Abraham's Shield, and Isaac's Fear.
- 2 O thou by tempests toss'd !
For sin—revil'd, trod down,
In every region cross'd,
With grief familiar grown ;
Scatter'd, and abject, peel'd, forlorn,
Thy name a taunt, thyself a scorn !
- 3 Though thou art fill'd, alas !
And drunk with misery,
That cup begins to pass
To them that hateth thee :
But know, we honour Israel's name,
Our God and Abraham's is the same.
- 4 Rise, Jacob, from thy woes !
Contrite, Messiah see !
He, who thy fathers chose,
Waiteth to pardon thee ;
At His command we bid thee come,
Lost Israel Zion welcomes home !

382. *The Christian Soldier roused to Watchfulness. L. M.*

- 1 O ISRAEL ! to thy tents repair :
Why thus secure on hostile ground ?
Thy Lord commands thee to beware ;
For many foes thy camp surround.

HYMNS.

- 2 The trumpet gives a martial strain ;
O Israel ! gird thee for the fight :
Arise ! the combat to maintain :
Arise ! and put thy foes to flight.
- 3 Oh sleep not thou, as others do ;
Awake ! be vigilant, be brave :
The coward, and the sluggard too,
Must wear the fetters of the slave.
- 4 A nobler lot is cast for thee !
A crown awaits thee in the skies !
With such a hope shall Israel flee,
And yield, through weariness, the prize ?
- 5 No ! let a careless world repose,
And slumber on through life's short day ;
While Israel to the conflict goes,
And bears the glorious prize away.

383. *On Opening a Place of Worship.* P. M.

- 1 O KING of Glory ! come,
And with thy favour crown
This temple as thy dome,
This people as thine own :
Beneath this roof, deign, Lord, to show
How God can dwell with men below !
- 2 Here, may thine ear attend
Our humble, earnest cries ;
And grateful praise ascend,
All fragrant to the skies :
Here may thy Word melodious sound,
And pour its joys on all around !
- 3 Here, may the list'ning throng
Receive thy truth with love,
And converts join the song
Of seraphim above ;
While willing crowds surround thy board,
With sacred joy and sweet accord.
- 4 Here, may our unborn sons
And daughters sound thy praise,
And shine, like polish'd stones,
Through long succeeding days :
Here, Lord, display thy saving power,
While Churches stand, and men adore !

HYMNS.

384. For the revival of the Eastern Churches. L.M.

- 1 O LORD, again thy Churches see,
Which once were built in faith to Thee :
There once thy bold Apostles stood,
And seal'd thy truth with martyr'd blood !
- 2 Where now the Turk his power extends,
And vainly to his Prophet bends,
There let again thy Gospel shine,
With beams all bright and power divine.
- 3 Where Jesus rose and left the grave,
There let the Cross its banner wave ;
While Syria sees her Churches rise
And hymns to Christ ascend the skies.
- 4 Let Nubia's desert hear once more
The Saviour's voice, his love implore :
Egypt thy Sacred Word unroll,
And find that grace which saves the soul.

385. By the Children at a Charity-School Sermon. C.M.

- 1 O LORD our God, thy light and truth
To us thy children send,
That we may serve Thee in our youth,
And love Thee to the end.
- 2 By nature sinful, weak, and blind,
The downward path we trod,
Our wand'ring heart and wayward mind
Were enemies to God.
- 3 But friends and guardians now, through grace,
Our heedless steps restrain :
They teach us, Lord, to seek thy face,
Which none shall seek in vain.
- 4 Hence to the hills we lift our eyes,
From which Salvation springs ;
O Sun of Righteousness, arise,
With healing in thy wings !
- 5 Arise—and o'er this vale of tears,
Shine unto perfect day ;
Still heavenward, through our following years,
Pointing thy servants' way !

HYMNS.

386. *Earnest Cries for Mercy.* c. m.

- 1 O LORD ! turn not thy face away
From them who prostrate lie,
Lamenting sore their sinful lives,
With tears and bitter cry.
- 2 Thy mercy-gates are open wide
To all who mourn their sin :
Oh shut them not against us, Lord !
But let us enter in.
- 3 Thou know'st, O Lord ! what things be past,
And all the things which be ;
Thou know'st also what is to come,
Nothing is hid from Thee.
- 4 We come, Lord ! to thy throne of grace,
Where mercy doth abound ;
Desiring mercy for our sins
To heal our souls' deep wound.
- 5 O Lord ! we need not to repeat
What we do beg and crave ;
For Thou dost know before we ask
The thing which we would have—
- 6 Mercy, O Lord ! Mercy, we ask !
This is the total sum :
For Mercy, Lord ! is all our prayer,
Oh let thy Mercy come !
From the Lamentation of a Sinner.

387. *The Presence of God implored.* c. m.

- 1 O LORD, our languid souls inspire !
Thy presence now display :
As Thou hast given a place for prayer,
So give us hearts to pray.
- 2 Within these walls let holy peace,
And love, and concord dwell :
Here give the troubled conscience ease,
The wounded spirit heal.
- 3 In faith let all receive thy Word,
In faith pour out our prayers ;
And in thy presence, gracious Lord !
Unburden all our cares.

388. *Day of Public Humiliation.* L. M.

- 1 O RIGHTEOUS God, Thou Judge Supreme !
We tremble at thy glorious Name ;
And all our crying guilt we own,
Humbled before thine awful throne.
- 2 Our land, which oft thine arm hath sav'd,
That arm most impiously hath brav'd :
Our land, which still its God hath lov'd,
A rebel to that God hath prov'd !
- 3 But hast Thou not a remnant here,
Whose souls are fill'd with holy fear ?
Oh bring thy wonted mercy nigh,
While prostrate at thy feet they lie !
- 4 Behold their tears, attend their moan ;
Nor turn away their secret groan :
To theirs we join our humble prayer—
Our country shield, our nation spare !

389. *For the Influence of the Spirit on the Word.* L. M.

- 1 O SPIRIT of the Living God !
In all the fulness of thy grace,
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
Descend on our apostate race.
- 2 Give tongues of fire and hearts of love
To preach the reconciling Word :
Give power and unction from above,
Whene'er the joyful sound is heard.
- 3 Be darkness, at thy coming, light ;
Confusion, order, in thy path :
Souls without strength, inspire with might ;
Bid mercy triumph over wrath !
- 4 O Spirit of the Lord ! prepare
All the whole earth her God to meet ;
Breathe Thou abroad, like morning air,
Till hearts of stone begin to beat.
- 5 Baptize the nations ! far and nigh,
The triumphs of the Cross record ;
The Name of Jesus glorify,
Till every kindred call Him Lord.
- 6 God from eternity hath will'd—
“ All flesh shall My salvation see : ”
So be the Father's love fulfill'd,
The Saviour's suff' rings crown'd by Thlee !

H Y M N S.

390 *Evil of forsaking the Hope of Israel.* c. m.

1 O THOU eternal spring of good,

Whence living waters flow !

Let not our thirsty erring souls

To broken cisterns go.

2 Like characters inscrib'd in dust,

Are sinners borne away ;

And all the treasures they can boast,

The portion of a day !

3 But, Lord, to Thee our hearts shall turn

To heal them and to save ;

The joys, which from thy favour flow,

Shall live beyond the grave. [Jer. xvii. 13, 1

391 *Anniversary Sermon for a Charity School.* l. m.

CHILDREN.

1 O THOU ! who from the mouth of babes

And infant tongues, didst perfect praise,

Almighty Father ! hear the song

Which we, thy helpless servants, raise.

CONGREGATION.

2 How blest are they ! who, early taught

To know and love the Word of Truth,

Far from the haunts of sinners spend

The tranquil morning of their youth.

CHILDREN.

3 And blest are they whose care forbids

The youthful Christian's feet to stray,

Unfolds the Book of God, and there

To heaven through Christ still points the way

CONGREGATION.

4 Hear, Lord ! thy servants' prayer ! and still

Let the full tide of bounty flow ;

That thousands yet unborn may learn

Thy will, and all thy mercy know !

392 *God the Object of Holy Fear.* l. m.

1 O THOU, who sitt'st enthron'd on high,

In all thine awful majesty !

From Thee all kindreds of the earth

Receive their strength, derive their birth.

H Y M N S.

- 2 Thy mighty arm confounds thy foes
And deals on them resistless blows :
One look of thine has power to save—
One word can sink them to the grave.
- 3 At thy rebuke the mountains shake,
And hearts more hard than mountains quake ;
When devils strive to break their chain,
Their struggles but increase their pain.
- 4 The ruins of thy favour'd land
Proclaim the vengeance of thy hand ;
While Sodom's flames thy fury tell,
And the more dreadful flames of hell.
- 5 Then to Creation's furthest ends,
Where'er thy vast domain extends,
With filial fear be 'Thou ador'd—
The Sov'reign Judge, the Mighty Lord !

393. *Prayer for the Holy Spirit.* P. M

- 1 O THOU that hearest prayer !
Attend our humble cry ;
And let thy servants share
Thy blessing from on high :
We plead the promise of thy Word,
Grant us thy Holy Spirit, Lord !
- 2 If earthly parents hear
Their children when they cry ;
If they, with love sincere,
Their children's wants supply ;
Much more wilt Thou thy love display,
And answer when thy children pray.
- 3 Our Heavenly Father ! Thou—
We—children of thy grace—
Oh let thy Spirit now
Descend and fill the place ;
That all may feel the heavenly flame,
And all unite to praise thy Name.
- 4 Oh may that sacred fire,
Descending from above,
Our frozen hearts inspire
With fervent zeal and love ;
Enlighten our beclouded eyes,
And teach our grovelling souls to rise.

H Y M N S.

5 And send thy Spirit down
On all the Nations, Lord !
With great success to crown
The preaching of thy Word ;
That Heathen Lands may own thy sway,
And cast their idol-gods away.

6 Then shall thy kingdom come
Among our fallen race,
And the whole earth become
The temple of thy grace ;
Whence pure devotion shall ascend,
And songs of praise, till time shall end.

394. *Jesus "seen of Angels."* P. M.

1 O YE immortal throng
Of angels round the throne,
Join with our feeble song
To make the Saviour known :
On earth ye knew His wond'rous grace,
And now his face In heaven ye view.

2 Ye saw the heaven-born child
In human flesh array'd ;
Benevolent and mild,
While in the manger laid :
And praise to God, And peace on earth,
For his blest birth, Proclaim'd aloud.

3 Ye, in the wilderness,
Beheld the Tempter spoil'd ;
Well known in every dress,
In every combat foil'd ;
And joy'd to crown The Victor's head,
When Satan fled Before his frown.

4 Around the bloody tree
Ye press'd with strong desire,
That wondrous sight to see,
The Lord of Life expire ;
And, could your eyes Have known a tear,
Had dropp'd it there In sad surprize.

5 Around his sacred tomb
A willing watch ye kept,
While yet in death's deep gloom
The King of Glory slept :
Then roll'd the stone, And all ador'd
Your rising Lord With joy unknown.

HYMNS.

6 When all array'd in light,
 'The shining Conqueror rode,
 Ye hail'd his rapt'rous flight
 Up to the throne of God ;
 And waved around Your golden wing
 And struck your strings Of sweetest sound
 1 Tim. iii. 16.

395. *Glory of the Church in the Latter Day.* P. M.

- 1 O ZION, tune thy voice,
 And raise thy hands on high !
 Tell all the earth thy joys,
 And boast salvation nigh :
 Cheerful in God, Arise and shine,
 While rays divine Stream all abroad.
- 2 He gilds thy mourning face
 With beams which cannot fade :
 His all-resplendent grace
 He pours around thy head :
 The nations round Thy form shall view,
 With lustre new Divinely crown'd.
- 3 In honour to His Name,
 Reflect that sacred light ;
 And loud that grace proclaim,
 Which makes thy darkness bright :
 Pursue His praise, Till sov'reign love,
 In worlds above, The glory raise. [Is.]

396. *Universal Extent of Christ's Kingdom.* C. M.

- 1 O'ER mountain tops the mount of God
 In latter days shall rise,
 Above the summits of the hills,
 And draw the wond'ring eyes.
- 2 To this the joyful nations round,
 All tribes and tongues, shall flow ;
 "Up to the mount of God," they say,
 "And to His house we'll go."
- 3 The beams which shine from Zion's hil.
 Shall lighten every land ;
 The King who reigns in Salem's towers
 Shall the whole world command.
- 4 Among the nations He shall judge,
 His judgments truth shall guide ;
 His sceptre shall protect the just,
 And crush the sinner's pride.

H Y M N S.

- 5 No war shall rage, nor hostile fear
Disturb those happy years;
To plough-shares men shall beat their swords,
To pruning-hooks their spears.
- 6 No longer hosts encountering hosts
Shall crowds of slain deplore;
They'll lay the martial trumpet by,
And study war no more. [Is. ii. 2—4.]

397. *Victory of the Gospel.* P. M.

- 1 O'ER the gloomy hills of darkness,
Rising beams of light we trace!
While we gaze, lo! heaven brightens,
With a wondrous day of grace!
Blessed Jub'lee!—
Now thy glorious morning dawns!
- 2 Let the Indian, let the Negro,
Let the rude Barbarian see,
That divine and awful conquest,
Once obtain'd on Calvary:
Let the Gospel—
Loud resound from pole to pole.
- 3 Kingdoms wide, that sit in darkness,
Grant them, Lord! the glorious light;
And from eastern coast to western,
Let the morning chase the night!
And Redemption—
Freely purchas'd, save the world!
- 4 Fly abroad, thou Mighty Gospel!
Win and conquer, never cease:
May thy lasting wide dominions
Multiply and still increase!
Sway thy sceptre—
Saviour! all the world around!

398. *Christ the Light of the Gentiles.* P. M.

- 1 O'ER the realms of pagan darkness,
Let the eye of pity gaze;
See the kindreds of the people,
Lost in sin's bewild'ring maze:
Darkness brooding—
On the face of all the earth.
- 2 Light of them who sit in error!
Rise and shine, thy blessings bring:

HYMNS.

Light, to lighten all the Gentiles !

Rise with healing in thy wing :

To thy brightness—

Let all kings and nations come.

3 Let the Heathen, now adoring

Idol-gods of wood and stone,

Come, and, worshipping before Him,

Serve the Living God alone :

Let thy glory—

Fill the earth as floods the sea.

4 Thou ! to whom all power is given,

Speak the word ! at thy command,

Let the company of preachers

Spread thy Name from land to land :

Lord ! be with them—

Always, till time's latest end !

399. *The Millennial State.* L. M.

1 OH blessed day, when all is love,
When sense and sin prevail no more !
When men, as angels do above,
Obey, enjoy, behold, adore.

2 In all our streets they love thy Name :
To Thee, in every house they bow :
A thousand temples sound thy praise,
Our Sabbaths are a Heaven below.

3 The sword, the spear, all wrath and pride,
The battle field, the victor's mirth,
A country's joy at groans and death,
Are known no more, in all the earth.

4 The tribes of men are all the Lord's ;
Earth is his wide and fair abode :
The sun in all his daily course
Shines only on the Sons of God !

400. *The Blessed Estate of the Righteous departed.* P. M.

OH blessed estate of the dead,

The dead that have died in the Lord !

From trouble and misery freed,

And sure of their endless reward :

By sorrow no longer opprest,

When join'd to the spirits above,

With Jesus in glory they rest,

They rest in the arms of his love.

HYMNS.

401. *Nearness to God through Christ.* C. M.

- 1 OH for a song of ardent praise
 To bear our souls above !
 What should allay our lively hope,
 Or damp our flaming love ?
- 2 Draw us, O Lord ! with quick'ning grace,
 And bring us yet more near :
 Here may we see thy glories shine,
 And taste thy mercies here. [Eph. ii. 13.]

402. *Glorying in Christ.* C. M.

- 1 OH for a thousand tongues, to sing
 Our great Redeemer's praise !
 The glories of our God and King,
 The triumphs of his grace.
- 2 Jesus, the Name that charms our fears,
 That bids our sorrows cease ;
 'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
 'Tis life, and health, and peace.
- 3 Hear Him, ye deaf ! His praise, ye dumb !
 Your loosen'd tongues employ :
 Ye blind ! behold your Saviour come,
 And leap, ye lame ! for joy.

403. "*He, that hath the Son, hath Life.*" C. M.

- 1 OH happy Christian, who can boast,
 "The Son of God is mine !"
 Happy, though humbled in the dust—
 Rich in this gift divine.
- 2 He lives the life of heaven below,
 And shall for ever live ;
 Eternal streams from Christ shall flow,
 And endless vigour give.
- 3 That life we ask with bended knee,
 Nor will the Lord deny ;
 Nor will celestial mercy see
 Its humble suppliants die.
- 4 That life obtain'd, for praise alone
 We wish continu'd breath :
 And, taught by blest experience, own
 That praise can live in death. (1 John v. 12.)

H Y M N S.

404.

Easter Hymn. P. M.

- 1 OH joyful sound ! Oh glorious hour !
When Jesus, by almighty power,
Reviv'd and left the grave.
In all his works behold him great ;
Before, Almighty to create—
Almighty, now, to save !
- 2 “The first-begotten from the dead”
Behold him risen, his people’s Head,
To make their life secure !
They too, like Him, shall yield their breath ;
Like Him, shall burst the bands of death,
Their resurrection sure.
- 3 Why should his servants now be sad ?
None have such reason to be glad
As those redeem’d to God :
Jesus, the Mighty Saviour, lives ;
To them eternal life he gives,
The purchase of his blood.
- 4 Why should his servants fear the grave,
Since Jesus will their spirits save,
And wake their sleeping dust ?
What though this earthly house shall fail,
Almighty power will yet prevail,
And tombs resign their trust.

405.

For a Day of Humiliation. L. M.

- 1 OH may the power which melts the rock
Be felt by all assembled here !
Lest in our service we but mock
That God, whom we profess to fear.
- 2 How long hath he bestowed his care
On this indulg’d, ungrateful land !
How oft, in times of danger near,
Preserved us by his sov’reign hand !
- 3 Here peace and liberty have dwelt.
The glorious Gospel brightly shone ;
And oft our mightiest foes have felt,
That God hath made our cause his own.
- 4 But ah ! both heaven and earth have heard
Our vile requital of his love :
We, whom like children he has rear’d,
For all his care unthankful prove.

HYMNS.

- 5 See ! he uplifts his chast'ning rod '
Oh where are now the faithful few,
Who tremble for the ark of God,
And know what Israel ought to do ?
- 6 Lord ! hear thy people every where,
Who meet this day to weep and pray :
Our sinful land in mercy spare,
In mercy turn thy wrath away !

106. *Christ the Friend of repentant Sinners.* S. M.

- 1 OH the transcendent love,
Which Christ our Saviour shows !
For enemies his bowels move,
And bleeding mercy flows.
- 2 Jesus inviteth near
The vilest of our race :
He bids stout-hearted sinners hear
The Gospel of his grace.
- 3 If pride of man disclaim
And all this grace despise,
Yet let us love the Saviour's Name—
'Tis wondrous in our eyes !
- 4 Yes ! to life's utmost end
Thy grace, Lord ! let us show ;
And own Thee for the sinner's friend,
But sin's eternal foe.

107. *The Victory of Christ over Satan, Death, and Hell.*

P. M.

- 1 OH 'tis a sound should fill the world—
That sound of mercy through the Lamb !
Lo, Satan from his seat is hurl'd,
Unable to withstand his Name !
From heaven, like lightning, see him fall,
Struck by that Arm which conquers all !
- 2 Lord, give the word !—and, wak'd by Thee,
Let many tongues thy victory tell !
That hopeless sinners now may see
That thou hast vanquish'd Death and Hell.
Sound, sound the joyful truth abroad !
Let sinners now draw nigh to God !

Is. xxxiv. 1. Luke x. 18. Rev. xx. 14.

HYMNS.

408.

The Resurrection. c. m.

- 1 OH what a night was that, which wrapt
 The Heathen World in gloom !
 Oh what a sun, which broke this morn
 Triumphant from the tomb !
- 2 The Powers of Darkness leagued in vain,
 To bind our Lord in death !
 He shook their kingdom when he fell,
 By his expiring breath.
- 3 And now his conqu'ring chariot-wheels
 Ascend the lofty skies ;
 Broken beneath His powerful Cross,
 Death's iron sceptre lies.
- 4 This day be grateful homage paid,
 And loud hosannas sung ;
 Let gladness dwell in every heart,
 And praise on every tongue.
- 5 Ten thousand differing lips shall join
 To hail this happy morn ;
 Which scatters blessings from its wings,
 On nations yet unborn.

409. "Freely ye have received, freely give." L. M.

- 1 OH what stupendous mercy shines
 Around the Majesty of Heaven !
 Rebels he deigns to call his sons ;
 Their souls renew'd, their sins forgiv'n.
- 2 Go, imitate the grace divine,
 The grace that blazes like the sun :
 Hold forth your fair, though feeble light,
 Through all your lives let mercy run.
- 3 Upon your bounty's willing wings
 Swift let the great Salvation fly ;
 The hungry feed, the naked clothe,
 To pain and sickness help apply.
- 4 Pity the weeping widow's woe,
 And be her counsellor and stay ;
 Adopt the fatherless, and smooth
 To useful, happy life, his way.
- 5 Let age, with want and weakness bow'd,
 Your bowels of compassion move ;
 Let e'en your enemies be blest,
 Their hatred recompens'd with love.

HYMNS.

410. *The Issues of Life and Death.* A.M.

- 1 OH where shall rest be found,
Rest for the weary soul ?
'Twere vain the ocean's depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole ?
- 2 The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh ;
'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.
- 3 Beyond this vale of tears,
There is a life above ;
Unmeasur'd by the flight of years,
And all that life is love—
- 4 There is a death, whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath :
Oh what eternal horrors hang
Around "the second death !"
- 5 Lord God of truth and grace !
Teach us that death to shun ;
Lest we be driven from thy face,
For evermore undone.
- 6 Here would we end our quest ;
Alone are found in Thee,
The life of perfect love—the rest
Of immortality.

411. *Prayer for the Jews.* L.M.

- 1 OH why should Israel's sons, once blest,
Still roam the scorning world around ;
Disown'd of heaven, by man opprest,
Outcasts from Zion's hallow'd ground ?
- 2 O God of Israel, view their race !
Back to thy fold the wand'ring bring :
Teach them to seek thy slighted grace ;
To hail, in Christ, their promis'd King !
- 3 The veil of darkness rend in twain,
Which hides their Shiloh's glorious light ;
The sever'd olive-branch again
Back to its parent stock unite.

H Y M N S.

- 4 While Judah views his birth-right gone,
With contrite shame his bosom move,
The Saviour, he denied—to own,
The Lord, he crucified—to love.
- 5 Haste, glorious day, expected long !
When Jew and Greek one prayer shall raise
With eager feet one temple throng,
One God with grateful rapture praise. [Joel ii.]

412. *Thanksgiving for a good Harvest.* L. M.

- 1 ONCE more our condescending God
Has sent a harvest rich and good ;
No cank'ring worm, nor hostile band,
Has spoil'd the produce of the land.
- 2 We bless thy Name for sun and showers,
And all the good that nature pours ;
But thy enriching stores of grace
Transcend our highest notes of praise.
- 3 Pour out thy Holy Spirit, Lord !
To clothe with power thy quick'ning Word ;
Till saints a richer harvest rise,
And fill the garner of the skies.

413. *The Peace and Security of the Church.* L. M.

- 1 ON Thee, great Ruler of the skies !
On Thee, our stedfast hope relies :
When hostile powers against us join,
What aid so present, Lord ! as thine ?
- 2 By Thee secur'd, no fears we own ;
Though earth, convuls'd, beneath us groan :
Though tempests o'er her surface sweep,
And whirl her hills into the deep.
- 3 Though arm'd with rage, before our eyes,
That deep in all its horrors rise ;
While, as the tumult spreads around,
The mountains tremble at the sound.
- 4 Behold fair Zion's blest retreat,
Where God has fixed his awful seat ;
Whose walls to heaven's Almighty Lord,
His chosen residence afford !

H Y M N S.

- 5 No tempests there, licentious, stray ;
But, soft along the level way,
The sacred stream its course maintains,
And crowns with health her happy plains.
- 6 God, ever watchful, ever nigh,
Bids storms around her harmless fly ;
His early care each foe withstands,
And backward turns the yielding bands. [Ps. xlvi.]

¶ 4. *Restoration and Glory of the Church.* P. M.

- 1 ON the mountain's top appearing,
Lo ! the sacred herald stands ;
Welcome news to Zion bearing,
Zion long in hostile lands.
Drooping captive !—
God himself will loose thy bands.
- 2 Has thy night been long and mournful ?
Have thy friends unfaithful prov'd ?
All thy foes been proud and scornful,
By thy sighs and tears unmov'd ?
Cease thy mourning—
Zion still is well-belov'd.
- 3 God, thy God, will now restore thee :
He himself appears thy friend :
All thy foes shall flee before thee,
Here their boasts and triumphs end
Great Deliv'rance—
Zion's King vouchsafes to send.
- 4 Enemies no more shall trouble,
All thy wrongs shall be redress'd :
“For thy shame thou shalt have double,”
In thy Maker's favour bless'd ;
All thy conflicts—
End in one eternal rest. [Is. lii. 7.]

¶ 5. *After Sermon.* P. M.

ON what has now been sown
Thy blessing, Lord ! bestow :
The power is Thine alone
To make it spring and grow :
O Lord ! the fruitful harvest raise,
And Thou alone shalt have the praise.

H Y M N S.

416. *To the Holy Trinity.* S. M. DOUBLE.

- 1 OUR Father ! who dost lead
The children of thy grace,
A new-born and believing seed,
Through this wide wilderness :
Thy providential care
In dangers past we own ;
Still let thine arm be ever near ;
Still let thy love be shewn.
- 2 O Saviour ! Lamb of God !
Our gracious dying Friend !
Reveal the virtue of thy blood,
On us thy mercy send :
Thou art a Master kind,
With voice and person sweet,
Bestow on us a loving mind,
And keep us at thy feet.
- 3 Thou, Holy Spirit ! art
Of Truth the promis'd Seal :
Convincing pow'r Thou dost impart,
And Jesu's grace reveal :
Oh, breathe thy quick'ning breath,
And light and life afford ;
Instruct us how to live by faith,
And glorify the Lord.

417. *The Lord's Prayer.* P. M.

- 1 OUR Father, whose eternal sway
The bright angelic hosts obey,
Oh lend a pitying ear !
When on thy awful Name we call,
And at thy feet submissive fall,
Bow down thine ear, and hear !
- 2 Far may thy glorious reign extend,
And rebels to thy sceptre bend,
Yielding to sov'reign love ;
Make it our pleasure to fulfil,
On earth, the dictates of thy will,
As angels do above !
- 3 From thy kind hand each earthly good,
Our raiment and our daily food,
In rich abundance come :

HYMNS.

Lord, give us still a fresh supply ;
If thou withhold thy hand we die,
And fill the silent tomb.

- 4 Pardon our sins, O God ! which rise,
And call for vengeance from the skies ;
And, while we are forgiven,
Grant that revenge may never rest,
Nor malice harbour in that breast,
Which feels the love of heaven.
- 5 Protect us in the dangerous hour,
And, from the wily Tempter's power.
Oh set our spirits free !
But if temptation shall assail,
Thy mighty grace o'er all prevail,
And lead our hearts to Thee.
- 6 Thine is the power : to Thee belongs
The constant tribute of our songs :
All glory to thy Name !
Let every creature join our lays
In one resounding act of praise,
And all thy love proclaim.

418. *The Lord's Prayer. s.m.*

- 1 OUR Heavenly Father, hear
The prayer we offer now ;
Thy Name be hallow'd far and near,
To Thee all nations bow !
- 2 Thy kingdom come ! Thy will
On earth be done in love,
As saints and seraphim fulfil
Thy perfect law above !
- 3 Our daily bread supply,
While by Thy word we live ;
The guilt of our iniquity
Forgive, as we forgive :
- 4 From dark temptation's power,
From Satan's wiles defend ;
Deliver in the evil hour,
And guide us to the end.
- 5 Thine then for ever be
Glory and power divine ;
The sceptre, throne, and majesty
Of heaven and earth are Thine.

HYMNS.

—Thus humbly taught to pray
By Thy Beloved Son,
Through Him we come to Thee, and say
All for His sake be done !

419. *For a Congregation of Negroes. c. m.*

- 1 OUR Master, Jesus, reign'd above,
The Lord of all was He ;
And yet he chose to set his love,
Oh wondrous love ! on me.
- 2 Our Master, Jesus—bless his Name !
I love to hear the sound—
When I was lost to seek me came,
And, Oh thank God ! He found.
- 3 Our Master, Jesus, from his birth
My sins and sorrow bore ;
And while he lived like me on earth,
A servant's form he wore.
- 4 Our Master, Jesus, went to preach
'The Gospel every where ;
And, by his own example teach,
How we the cross should bear.
- 5 Our Master, Jesus, Oh how kind
Was all he did and said !
He heal'd the sick, the lame, the blind,
And rais'd to life the dead.
- 6 Our Master, Jesus, crucified
By hands of wicked men,
Pray'd for his murderers—then he died.
He died, but rose again.
- 7 Our Master, Jesus, suffer'd this,
The world from hell to save,
And bring to heaven's amazing bliss
The freeman and the slave.
- 8 Our Master, Jesus, takes delight
In hearts made pure within :
Though we are black, our souls are white
When He forgives our sin.
- 9 Our Master, Jesus, who didst give
Thyself to die for me,
Grant the poor Negro grace to live.
And grace to die for Thee !

HYMNS.

420.

Baptism and the Lord's Supper. C. M.

- 1 OUR Saviour-God, our Sovereign-Prince,
Reigns far above the skies ;
But brings his graces down to sense,
And helps our faith to rise.
- 2 Baptismal water He designs
To seal his cleansing grace ;
While, at his feast of bread and wine,
He gives his saints a place.
- 3 But not the waters of a flood
Can make our flesh so clean,
As by his Spirit and his Blood
He'll wash our souls from sin.
- 4 Not choicest meats or noblest wines
So much our hearts refresh,
As when our faith goes through the signs,
And feeds upon his flesh.
- 5 Oh love the Lord who stoops so low,
To give his Word a seal ;
But the rich grace his hands bestow
Exceeds the figures still.

421.

Jesus—Immanuel. L. M.

- 1 OUR song shall bless the Lord of all,
Our praise shall climb to his abode :
Thee, Saviour ! by that Name we call—
The Great Supreme ! the Mighty God !
- 2 Without beginning or decline ;
Object of faith, and not of sense !
Eternal ages saw Thee shine,
Thou shin'st eternal ages hence !
- 3 As much, when in the manger laid,
Almighty Ruler of the sky,
As when the six-days' work was made,
And fill'd the morning-stars with joy.
- 4 Of all the crowns Jehovah wears,
Salvation is his dearest claim :
That gracious sound, well-pleas'd, he hears :
And owns Immanuel for his Name.

Matt. i. 21—23.

HYMNS.

422. *Anniversary of a Friendly or Benefit Society.* V. M.

- 1 OUR souls shall magnify the Lord,
In Him our spirits shall rejoice :
Assembled here with one accord,
Our hearts shall praise Him with our voice.
- 2 Since He regards our low estate,
And hears his servants when they pray,
We humbly plead at mercy's gate,
Whence none are ever turn'd away.
- 3 God of our hope ! to Thee we bow,
Thou art our Refuge in distress ;
The Husband of the widow Thou,
The Father of the fatherless !
- 4 The poor are thy peculiar care,
To them thy promises are sure :
Thy gifts "the poor in spirit" share ;
Oh may we always thus be poor !
- 5 May we thy law of love fulfil,
To bear each other's burdens here ;
Suffer and do thy righteous will,
And walk in all thy faith and fear.
- 6 Didst Thou not give thy Son to die
For our transgressions, in our stead ?
And can thy goodness ought deny
To those for whom thy Son hath bled ?
- 7 Then may our union, here begun,
Endure for ever, firm and free ;
At thy right-hand may we be one,
One with each other and with Thee ! [Gal. vi.]

423.

Praise to Christ. P. M.

- 1 PASCHAL Lamb, by God appointed !
All our sins on Thee were laid :
By Almighty Love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made.
- 2 Every sin may be forgiven
Through the virtue of thy blood :
Open'd now the gate of Heaven,
Peace is made for man with God.

HYMNS.

3 Jesus, hail ! abash'd before Thee,
 Seraphs bright their faces hide :
All the heavenly hosts adore 'Thee,
 Seated at thy Father's side.

4 There for sinners thou art pleading,
 " Spare them yet another year ! "
Thou for saints art interceding,
 Till in glory they appear.

5 Worship, honour, love increasing,
 Thou art worthy to receive ;
Loudest praises without ceasing,
 Meet it is for all to give.

424. *Praise to Christ. c. m.*

1 PLUNG'D in a gulf of dark despair
 We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheerful beam of hope,
 Or spark of glimm'ring day.

2 With pitying eyes, the Prince of Grace
 Beheld our helpless grief ;
He saw, and, oh amazing love !
 He ran to our relief.

3 Down from the shining seats above
 With joyful haste he fled,
Enter'd the grave in mortal flesh,
 And dwelt among the dead.

4 Oh for this love, let rocks and hills
 Their lasting silence break,
And all harmonious human tongues
 The Saviour's praises speak.

5 Angels ! assist our mighty joys,
 Strike all your harps of gold ;
But when you raise your highest notes,
 His love can ne'er be told.

425. *Public Worship. c. m.*

1 POUR down thy Spirit, gracious Lord !
 On all assembled here :
Let us receive th' engrafted Word,
 With meekness and with fear.

H.Y.M.N.S.

- 2 By faith in Thee, the soul receives
 New life, though dead before;
And He, who in thy Name believes,
 Shall live, to die no more.
- 3 Preserve the power of faith alive
 In those who love thy Name;
For Sin and Satan daily strive
 To quench the sacred flame.
- 4 Thy grace and mercy first prevail'd
 From death to set us free;
And often since, our life had fail'd,
 Unless renew'd by Thee.
- 5 To Thee we look, to Thee we bow;
 To Thee for help we call
Our Life and Resurrection, Thou!
 Our Hope, our Joy, our All! [John xi. 25.]

426.

Praise. P. M.

- 1 PRAISE the Lord who reigns above,
 And keeps his courts below;
Praise him for his boundless love,
 And all his greatness shew:
Praise him for his noble deeds,
 Praise him for his matchless power;
Him, from whom all good proceeds,
 Let earth and heaven adore.
- 2 Publish, spread to all around,
 The great Immanuel's Name:
Let the Gospel-trumpet sound,
 Him Prince of Peace proclaim.
Praise him, every tuneful string:
 All the reach of heavenly art,
All the power of music bring,
 The music of the heart.
- 3 Him, in whom they move and live,
 Let every creature sing;
Glory to our Saviour give,
 And homage to our King.
Hallow'd be his Name beneath,
 As in heaven on earth ador'd;
Praise the Lord in every breath,
 Let all things praise the Lord.

HYMNS.

427.

Praise, seven.

- 1 PRAISE the Lord with hallow'd mirth,
Every nation, tribe, and tongue !
Christiane militant on earth,
Let your Saviour's praise be sung.
- 2 See His mercy o'er our land
Spread its ever-healing wing,
And His truth through ages stand,
Praise, Oh praise, th' Eternal King.

428.

Abundant Life by Christ. L. M.

- 1 PRAISE to our Shepherd's gracious Name,
Who on so kind an errand came ;
Came, that by Him his flock might live,
And more abundant life receive.
- 2 Hail, Great Immanuel ! from above,
High seated on the throne of love,
Oh pour the vital torrent down—
Thy people's joy, their Lord's renown.
- 3 Scarce half alive we sigh and cry,
Scarce raise to Thee our languid eye :
O Saviour ! let our dying state
Compassion in thy heart create.
- 4 The Shepherd's blood the sheep must heal :
Its virtue let thy servants feel,
Till inward deep experience show,
Christ can begin a heaven below. [John x. 10.]

429.

Ministers a sweet Saviour, whether of Life or Death.
P. M.

- 1 PRAISE to the Lord on high,
Who spreads his triumphs wide !
While Jesu's fragrant Name
Is breath'd on every side :
Balmy and rich The odours rise,
And fill the earth And reach the skies.
- 2 Ten thousand dying souls
Its virtue feel, and live ;
Sweeter than vital air
The incense they receive :
They breathe anew, And rise and sing
Jesus the Lord, Their conqu'ring King.

HYMNS.

- 3 But sinners scorn the grace
Which brings Salvation nigh;
They turn their face away,
And faint, and fall, and die!
So sad a doom, Ye saints, deplore:
They faint and fall To rise no more.
- 4 Yet, Great and Mighty God!
Thy servants all shall be,
In those, who live or die,
A savour sweet to Thee:
Supremely bright Thy grace shall shine,
Guarded with flames Of wrath divine.
2 Cor. ii. 15, 16.

430. *Praise for National Mercies.* L.M.

- 1 PRAISE to the Lord, who bows his ear
Propitious to his people's prayer;
And, though deliv'rance long delay,
Yet answers still in His own day.
- 2 Lord! let thy goodness lead our land,
Still sav'd by thine Almighty hand,
The tribute of its love to bring
To Thee, our Saviour and our King—
- 3 Till every public temple raise
A song of triumph to thy praise;
And every peaceful private home
To Thee a temple shall become.
- 4 Still be it our supreme delight
To walk as in thy glorious sight;
Still in thy precepts and thy fear,
Till life's last hour, to persevere.

431. *The Blind led and supported in God's Way.* C.I.

- 1 PRAISE to the God of Light and Love,
Who gives the blind their sight,
And scatters round their wond'ring eyes
A flood of sacred light.
- 2 In paths unknown he leads them on
To his divine abode;
And shews new miracles of grace,
Through all the heavenly road.

HYMNS.

- 3 The ways all rugged and perplex'd
 He renders smooth and straight ;
And strengthens every feeble knee
 To march to Zion's gate.
- 4 Through all the path we'll sing his Name,
 Till we the mount ascend,
Where toils and storms are known no more,
 And praise shall never end. [A. alt. 16.]

432. *Public Worship. L. M.*

- 1 PRAISE waits in Zion, Lord, for Thee,
Thy saints adore thy holy Name :
Thy servants bend th' obedient knee,
And humbly now thy presence claim.
- 2 Eternal Source of Truth and Light !
To Thee we look, on Thee we call :
Lord, we are nothing in thy sight,
But Thou to us art " All in All ! "
- 3 Still may thy children in thy Word
Their common trust and refuge see :
Oh bind us each to other, Lord !
By one close bond, the love of Thee.
- 4 Without the gate of thy blest house,
We'd leave our mortal cares and fears :
Hear Thou our prayers; accept our vows,
And cheer our hearts, and dry our tears !
- 5 So shall our sons of hope arise
With brighter and still brighter ray,
Till Thou shalt bless our longing eyes
With beams of everlasting day.

433. "*It shall blossom abundantly.*" L. M.

- 1 PROPHETIC vision is fulfill'd,
The long-neglected soil is till'd ;
A skilful and a mighty hand
Is breaking up the fallow land.
- 2 Beneath its culture, yet awhile,
The desert shall be seen to smile ;
And where the thorns and briars spread,
The rose shall soon its fragrance shed.

H Y M N S.

- 3 Where all is dry and all is dead,
The cypress soon shall rear its head ;
Where plants injurious flourish now,
Thy myrtle and the pine shall grow.
- 4 A thousand springs, at God's command,
Shall bless the dry and thirsty land ;
And streams of living water flow,
Where all is parch'd and wither'd now.

Is. xxxv. 2.

- 434.** *The Sinner found wanting.* L. M.
- 1 RAISE, thoughtless sinner ! raise thine ey
Behold the balance lifted high :
There shall God's justice be display'd,
And there thy hope and life be weigh'd !
- 2 See, in one scale, his perfect Law !
Mark with what force its precepts draw :
Would'st thou the awful test sustain,
Thy works, how light—thy thoughts, how va
- 3 Behold ! the hand of God appears
To trace those dreadful characters ;
“Tekel ! thy soul is wanting found,
And wrath shall smite thee to the ground !”
- 4 Let sudden fear thy nerves unbrace ;
Confusion wild o'erspread thy face :
Through all thy thoughts let anguish roll
And deep repentance melt thy soul.
- 5 One only hope may yet prevail—
Jesus alone can turn the scale ;
Still doth the Gospel publish peace,
And shew a Saviour's righteousness.
- 6 Thy power, O Lord, put forth to save,
Deep on each heart thy truth engrave !
Great God, the load of guilt remove,
That trembling lips may sing thy love !

Dan. v. 27.

- 435.** *Gracious Commission of Christ.* S. M.
- 1 RAISE your triumphant songs
To an immortal tune ;
Let the wide earth resound the deeds
Celestial grace hath done.

HYMNS.

- 2 Sing how eternal love
Its Chief Beloved chose,
And bade him raise our wretched race
From their abyss of woes.
- 3 His hand no thunder bears,
No terror clothes his brow ;
No bolts to drive our guilty souls
To fiercer flames below.
- 4 'Twas mercy fill'd the throne,
And wrath stood silent by,
When Christ was sent with pardons down
To rebels doom'd to die.
- 5 Now, sinners ! dry your tears,
Let hopeless sorrows cease ;
Bow to the sceptre of his love,
And take the offer'd peace. . [John iii. 16, 17.]

436. *Kingdom and Glory of Christ.* A. M.

- 1 REJOICE in Jesu's birth !
To us a Son is given,
To us a Child is born on earth,
Who made both earth and heaven !
- 2 He reigns above the sky,
This universe sustains—
The God Supreme, the Lord Most High,
The King Messiah reigns !
- 3 Our Counsellor we praise,
Our Advocate above ;
Who daily in his Church displays
His miracles of love.
- 4 Th' Almighty God is He,
Author of heavenly bliss !
The Father of Eternity,
The glorious Prince of Peace !
- 5 Wider and wider still
He will his sway extend ;
With peace divine his people fill,
And joys that never end.
- 6 His government shall grow,
From strength to strength proceed ;
His righteousness the Church o'erflow,
And all the Earth o'erspread.

HYMNS.

- 7 Now for thy promise' sake,
O'er earth exalted be ;
The kingdom, power, and glory take,
Which all belong to Thee !
- 8 In zeal for God and man,
Thy full Salvation bring !
The Universal Monarch reign,
The saints' Eternal King ! [Is. ix. 6,

437. *Christ the King of Saints.* s. m.

- 1 REJOICE ! the Lord is King !
Your Lord and King adore ;
Ye ransom'd saints, give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore !
- 2 The Mighty Saviour reigns,
The God of Truth and Love ;
When He Himself had purg'd our stains,
He took his seat above.
- 3 His kingdom cannot fail,
He rules o'er earth and heaven ;
The sov'reign keys of death and hell
Into His hands are given.
- 4 He sits at God's right-hand,
Till all his foes submit,
And humbly bow to his command,
And fall beneath his feet.
- 5 Rejoice in glorious hope !
Jesus the Judge shall come,
And take his waiting servants up
To their eternal home.

438. *New Year.* c. m.

- 1 REMARK, with awe, the narrow bounds
Of the revolving year !
How swift the weeks complete their round
How short the months appear !
- 2 So fast Eternity comes on,
And that important Day
When all, that mortal life has done,
God's Judgment shall survey.

H Y M N S.

- 3 Yet like an idle tale we pass
 The swift-advancing year ;
And study artful ways to increase
 The speed of its career.
- 4 Waken, O God ! each trifling heart
 Its great concern to see ;
That all may act the Christian part,
 And give the year to Thee.
- 5 So shall their course more grateful roll,
 If future years arise ;
Or this shall bear the willing soul
 To joy which never dies.

439. *"Return unto Me."* L. M.

- 1 RETURN, O wanderer, return !
 And seek thine injur'd Father's face !
Those new desires which in thee burn,
 Were kindled by reclaiming grace.
- 2 Return, O wanderer, return !
 He hears thy deep repentant sigh :
He sees thy soften'd spirit mourn,
 When no intruding ear is nigh.
- 3 Return, O wanderer, return !
 Thy Saviour bids thy spirit live :
Go to his feet ; and, grateful, learn
 How freely Jesus can forgive.
- 4 Return, O wanderer, return !
 And wipe away the falling tear :
Thy Father calls, "No longer mourn !"
 'Tis Mercy's voice invites thee near. [Is. xliv. 2.]

440. *Christ Riding into Jerusalem.* L. M.

- 1 RIDE on, ride on in Majesty !
 Hark ! all the tribes Hosanna cry !
Thine humble beast pursues his road,
 With palms and scatter'd garments strew'd !
- 2 Ride on, ride on in majesty !
 In lowly pomp ride on to die !
O Christ ! Thy triumphs now begin
 O'er captive Death and conquer'd Sin !

HYMNS.

- 3 Ride on, ride on in majesty !
The winged squadrons of the sky
Look down with sad and wond'ring eyes,
To see the approaching sacrifice !
- 4 Ride on, ride on in majesty !
Thy last and fiercest strife is nigh :
The Father on His glorious throne
Expects His Own Anointed Son !
- 5 Ride on, ride on in majesty !
In lowly pomp ride on to die !
Bow thy meek head to mortal pain !
Then take, O God ! thy power, and reign !

Matt. xxi. 1—11.

441.

Increase of the Church. P. M.

- 1 RISE, Gracious God ! and shine
In all thy saving might ;
And prosper each design
To spread thy glorious light :
Let healing streams of mercy flow,
That all the earth thy truth may know.
- 2 Oh bring the nations near,
That they may sing thy praise :
Let all the people hear,
And learn thy holy ways :
Reign, Mighty God ! assert thy cause,
And govern by thy righteous laws.
- 3 Put forth thy glorious power !
The nations then will see,
And earth present her store
In converts born of Thee :
God, our own God, his Church will bless,
And earth shall yield her full increase.

442. *Prayer for the coming of the Kingdom of God. P. M.*

- 1 RISE, Sun of Glory, rise !
And chase those shades of night,
Which now obscure the skies,
And hide thy sacred light :
Oh chase those dismal shades away,
And bring the bright Millennial Day !

HYMNS.

- 2 Send now thy Spirit down
On all the nations, Lord !
With great success to crown
The preaching of thy Word ;
That Heathen Lands may own thy sway,
And cast their idol-gods away.
- 3 Then shall thy kingdom come
Among our fallen race,
And the whole earth become
The temple of thy grace ;
Whence pure devotion shall ascend,
And songs of praise, till time shall end.

143. *The Rock of Ages.* P. M.

- 1 ROCK of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee !
Let the water and the blood
From thy riven side which flow'd,
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power !
- 2 In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to thy Cross I cling :
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and Thou alone.
- 3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on thy judgment-throne—
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

Exod. xxxvii. 21—23. John xix. 34. 1 John v. 4.

144. *Departure of Missionaries.* P. M.

- 1 ROLL on, thou mighty ocean !
And, as thy billows flow,
Bear messengers of mercy
'To every land below.
Arise, ye gales ! and waft them
Safe to the destin'd shore ;
That man may sit in darkness,
And death's black shade, no more.

HYMNS.

2 O Thou Eternal Ruler !
Who holdest in thine arm
The tempests of the ocean,
Protect them from all harm !
Thy presence e'er be with them,
Wherever they may be,
Though far from us who love them,
Still let them be with Thee !

445. *Salvation!* c. m.

- 1 SALVATION ! oh the joyful sound !
'Tis pleasure to our ears !
A sov'reign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.
- 2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,
In death's dark gloom we lay ;
But we arise by grace divine,
And see a heavenly day.
- 3 Salvation ! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around ;
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.
- 4 Salvation ! O Thou bleeding Lamb !
To Thee the praise belongs :
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
And dwell upon our tongues.

446. *Christ dying, ascending, and reigning.* l. m.

- 1 SEE ! Jews and Heathens fir'd with rage,
See, their combining powers engage,
Against th' Anointed of the Lord,
The man whom Angels late ador'd.
- 2 God's Only Son ! Behold, he dies !
Surprising grief ! what groans arise !
Angelic lyres, on every string,
Lament the murder of their King !
- 3 But Heaven's Anointed cannot dwell
In death : the vanquish'd Powers of Hell
Confess the Saviour's boundless sway—
The grave resigns th' illustrious prey.

HYMNS.

- 4 Rejoice, ye shining worlds on high !
Behold the Lord of Glory nigh !
Eternal doors ! your leaves display,
And make the Lord of Glory way !
- 5 Messiah lives ! Messiah reigns !
Our thoughts surmount the starry plains,
And view the Lord with joys unknown —
The Victor seated on his throne !

447. *Resurrection and Reign of Christ.* T. M.

- 1 SEE the Redeemer rise !
Your Saviour leaves the death !
Now Satan vanquish'd lies,
Beneath our conqu'ring Head ;
In wild dismay, The guards around
Fall to the ground, And sink away.
- 2 Behold th' angelic bands
In full assembly meet,
To wait his high commands,
And worship at his feet !
Joyful they come, And wing their way,
From realms of day, To Jeus's tomb.
- 3 Now back to heaven they fly,
And the glad tidings bear :
Hark ! as they soar on high,
What music fills the air !
Their anthems say, " Jesus who bled
Hath left the dead — He rose to-day ! "
- 4 Ye mortals, catch the sound,
Redeem'd by him from hell ;
And send the echo round
The globe on which ye dwell !
Transported, cry, " Jesus who bled
Hath left the dead, No more to die ! "
- 5 All hail, triumphant Lord,
Who sav'st us with thy blood !
Wide be thy Name ador'd,
Thou rising, reigning God !
With Thee we rise, With Thee we reign,
And empires gain, Beyond the skies !

HYMNS.

- 448.** *Jesus hastening to suffer. c. m.*
- 1 SEE! what unbounded zeal and love
 Inflam'd the Saviour's breast,
When, stedfast, toward Jerusalem,
 His urgent way he press'd !
 - 2 Good-will to man and zeal for God
 His holy soul engross'd:
He longs to be baptiz'd in blood,
 He thirsts to reach the Cross.
 - 3 With all his suff'rings full in view
 And woes to us unknown,
Forth to the work his spirit flew ;
 'Twas love which urg'd him on.
 - 4 By his obedience unto death,
 See Paradise restor'd ;
And fallen man brought face to face
 With his forgiving Lord !
 - 5 Prepare us, Lord ! to view thy Cross,
 Who all our griefs hast borne ;
To look on Thee, whom we have pierc'd—
 To look on Thee, and mourn :
 - 6 While thus we mourn, we would rejoice,
 And, as thy Cross we see,
Let each exclaim, in faith and hope,
 "The Saviour died for me !"

449. *The Compassion of Christ. r. m.*

- 1 SEE where the halt, the lame, the blind,
 The deaf, the dumb, the sick, the poor
Flock to the Friend of human kind,
 And freely all accept their cure !
To whom doth he his help deny ?—
 Whom, in his days of flesh, pass by ?
- 2 Did not his Word the fiends expel,
 The lepers cleanse, and raise the dead ?
Did he not all their sickness heal,
 And satisfy each pressing need ?
Did he reject one helpless worm,
 Or from his suit, unheeding, turn ?
- 3 Nay, but his bowels yearn'd to see
 The people hungry, scatter'd, faint :

HYMNS.

- Nay, but he witer'd over thee,
 Jerusalem, a true complaint—
Jerusalem, who shedd'st his blood,
 That, with his tears, for thee hath flow'd.
1 How oft for thy hard-heartedness
 Did Jesus in his spirit groan !
The things belonging to thy peace,
 Hadst thou, O bloody city ? known—
Thee, turning in thy gracious day,
 He never would have cast away.
2 He wept, because thou wouldest not see
 The grace which sure salvation brings :
How oft would He have gather'd thee,
 And cherish'd underneath his wings ;
But thou wouldest not—unhappy thou !
 And justly art thou barden'd now. [Lxxviii. 41—44.]

50. *The Dying Saint.* L.M.

- 1 SEE ! while the saint expiring lies,
Upward he lifts his longing eyes :
In praise, he spends his latest breath ;
Triumphs in pain, and sings in death.
2 Oh who can tell what secret power
Supports him in the gloomy hour :
What unseen hand is with him there
Or whence proceeds that cheerful air ?
3 A smile upon his lips appears,
His face a heavenly aspect wears ;
Each grief remov'd, each sin forgiven,
On earth he feels the dawn of heaven.
4 Sinners behold, and, wondering, cry,
Thus, like the righteous, let me die !
But such an end they'll never find,
Who leave not such a life behind.

51. *Universal Peace.* C.M.

- 1 SEND forth thy Word, and let it fly,
Arm'd with thy Spirit's power ;
Ten thousands shall confess its sway,
And bless the saving hour !
2 Beneath the influence of thy grace
The barren waste shall rise ;
With sudden green and fruits array'd—
A blooming Paradise.

H Y M N S.

- 3 Peace, with her olive crown, shall stretch
Her wings from shore to shore;
The nations of the earth shall hear
The sound of war no more.
- 4 Lord ! for those days we wait: those day
Are in thy Word foretold:
Fly swifter, sun and stars ! and bring
This promis'd age of gold.
- 5 Amen ! with joy divine, let Earth's
Unnumber'd myriads cry !
Amén ! with joy divine, let Heaven's
Unnumber'd choirs reply !

452. *The near Approach of Salvation.* C. M.

- 1 SERVANTS of God, awake ! arise !
And lift your voices high :
Praise and adore that boundless love,
Which brings Salvation nigh.
- 2 Swift on the wings of time it flies,
Each moment brings it near ;
Then gladly view each closing day,
Gladly each closing year.
- 3 For few, indeed, their round shall run,
Few future mornings rise ;
Ere all its glories stand reveal'd
To our admiring eyes.
- 4 Ye wheels of nature ! speed your course :
Ye mortal powers decay :
Fast as ye bring the night of death,
Ye bring eternal day. [Rom. xiii. 11,

453. *Jesus, the King of Glory.* P. M.

- 1 SHALL loyal nations hail the day
That crowns their King with loud accl
And shall not saints their homage pay
To their beloved Saviour's Name ?
Ye saints, resound in joyful strains,
Jesus, the King of Glory, reigns !
- 2 Jesus, who vanquish'd all our foes,
Who came to save, who reigns to bless,
From Him alone all comfort flows,
Life, liberty, and joy, and peace.
Resound, resound in joyful strains,
Jesus, the King of Glory, reigns !

HYMNS.

3 Yes! Thou art worthy, gracious Lord;
 Of universal endless praise;
With every power to be ador'd,
 Which men or angels e'er can raise.
Let heaven and earth unite their strains,
Jesus, the King of Glory, reigns!

154. *Dead to sin by the Cross of Christ.* S. M.

- 1 SHALL we go on to sin,
 Because thy grace abounds;
Or crucify the Lord again,
 And open all his wounds?
- 2 Forbid it, Mighty God!
 Nor let it e'er be said
That we, whose sins are crucify'd,
 Should raise them from the dead!
- 3 We will be slaves no more,
 Since Christ has made us free,
Has nail'd our tyrants to his Cross,
 And bought our liberty. [Rom. vi. 1, 2, 6.]

155. *Increase of Christ's Kingdom.* L. M.

- 1 SHOUT! for the Great Redeemer reigns:
 Through distant lands his triumphs spread;
And sinners, freed from endless pains,
 Own Him their Saviour and their Head.
- 2 His sons and daughters from afar,
 Daily at Zion's gates arrive;
Those who were dead in sin before,
 By sov'reign grace are made alive.
- 3 Oppressors bow beneath his feet,
 O'ercome by his victorious power;
Princes in humble posture wait,
 And scorners tremble and adore.
- 4 Gentiles and Jews shall Him obey,
 Nations remote their off'rings bring;
And, unconstrain'd, their homage pay
 To their exalted Lord and King.
- 5 Oh may his conquests still increase,
 And every foe his arm subdue;
While angels celebrate his praise,
 And saints his growing glories show!

HYMNS.

6 Loud Hallelujahs to the Lamb,
From all below and all above ;
In lofty songs exalt his Name,
In songs as lasting as his love.

456. *The completing of the Spiritual Temple.* P.M.

- 1 SING to the Lord above,
Who deigns on earth to raise
A temple to his love,
A monument of praise :
Ye saints around, Through all its frame,
The Builder's Name Harmonious sound.
- 2 He form'd the glorious plan,
And its foundation laid,
That God might dwell with Man,
And mercy be display'd :
His Son he sent, Who, great and good,
Made his own blood The firm cement.
- 3 Beneath his eye and care,
The edifice shall rise ;
Majestic, strong, and fair,
And shine above the skies :
There shall he place The polish'd stone,
Ordain'd to crown This work of Grace.

Zech. iv. 7.

457.

Universal Praise! c. m.

- 1 SING to the Lord in joyful strains :
Let earth his praise resound,
Ye who upon the ocean dwell,
And fill the isles around.
- 2 O City of the Lord ! begin
The universal song ;
And let the scatter'd villages
The cheerful notes prolong.
- 3 Let Kedar's wilderness afar
Lift up its lonely voice,
And let the tenants of the rock
With accents rude rejoice—
- 4 Till, midst the strains of distant lands,
The islands sound his praise ;
And, all combin'd, with one accord,
Jehovah's glories raise. [Is. xliii. 10—12.]

HYMNS.

458. Prayer for the Young, on New Year's Day. C. M.

- 1** SIN has undone our fallen race,
 But Jesus has restor'd,
 And brought the sinner face to face
 With his forgiving Lord.
- 2** Make known this mercy, year by year,
 To our assembled youth :
Lord, give them an attentive ear,
 And save them by thy Truth !
- 3** Blessings upon the rising race !
 Make this a happy hour,
According to thy richest grace,
 And thine almighty power !
- 4** O Saviour ! let this new-born year
 Sound an alarm abroad ;
And cry, in every careless ear,
 “ Prepare to meet thy God ! ” James iv. 12.

459. Spiritual Blessings in Christ. B. M.

- 1** SINNERS ! draw near your dying Lord,
 And find your happiness restor'd :
His proffer'd benefits embrace,
 The fulness of His saving grace—
- 2** A pardon written with His blood,
 The favour and the peace of God—
The seeing eye, the feeling sense,
 The trembling joys of penitence—
- 3** The godly fear, the pleasing smart,
 The meltings of a broken heart—
The tears which tell your sins forgiven,
 The sighs which waft your souls to heaven—
- 4** The guileless shame, the sweet distress,
 Th' unutterable tenderness—
The genuine, meek humility,
 The wonder “ Why such love to me ? ”
- 5** Th' o'erwhelming power of saving grace,
 The sight that veils the seraph's face,
The speechless awe that dares not move,
 And all the silent heaven of love.

HYMNS.

460. "Come! for all things are now ready." L.M.

- 1 SINNERS! obey the Gospel-word;
Haste to the Supper of the Lord:
Be wise to know your gracious day—
All things are ready—come away!
- 2 Ready the Father is to own,
And kiss, his late-returning Son;
Ready your loving Saviour stands,
And spreads for you his bleeding hands:
- 3 Ready the Spirit to impart
A heart of flesh—a broken heart—
T' apply the all-atoning blood,
And make you sons and heirs of God.
- 4 Ready for you the Angels wait,
To triumph in your blest estate:
Tuning their harps, they long to praise
The wonders of Redeeming Grace.
- 5 The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost
Is ready with their shining host:
All heaven is ready to resound,
"The dead's alive! The lost is found."

Luke xiv. 17.

461. "Why will ye die? O House of Israel?"

SEVENS. DOUBLE.

- 1 SINNERS! turn—why will ye die?
God, your MAKER, asks you why:
God, who did your being give—
Made you with himself to live:
He the fatal cause demands,
Asks the work of his own hands:
Why, O thankless creatures! why
Will ye cross his love, and die?
- 2 Sinners! turn—why will ye die?
God, your SAVIOUR, asks you why:
He who his own life did give,
That ye might for ever live:
Will you let him die in vain,
Crucify your Lord again?
Why, O ransom'd sinners, why
Will ye slight his grace, and die?

HYMNS.

3 Sinners ! turn—why will ye die ?
God the SPIRIT asks you why :
He who all your lives hath strove—
Mov'd you to embrace his love—
Will ye not his love receive ?
Will ye still refuse to live ?
Why, O long-sought sinners, why
Will ye grieve your God, and die ? [Ezek. xviii. 31.]

162. "Glory to God in the highest." SEVENS.

- 1 SONGS of praise the angels sang,
Heaven with hallelujahs rang,
When Jehovah's work begun,
When He spake and it was done.
2. Songs of praise awoke the morn,
When the Prince of Peace was born ;
Songs of praise arose, when He
Captive led captivity.
- 3 Heaven and earth must pass away,
Songs of praise shall crown that day :
God will make new heavens, and earth,
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.
- 4 And shall man alone be dumb,
Till that glorious kingdom come ?
No ! the Church delights to raise
Psalms, and hymns, and songs of praise.
- 5 Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice ;
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.
- 6 Borne upon their latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death ;
Then, amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.

163. *Manifestation of Christ to the Gentiles.* SEVENS

- 1 SONS of men ! behold from far,
Hail the long-expected Star !
Jacob's Star, which gilds the night,
Guides bewilder'd nature right.

- 2 Mild it shines on all beneath,
Piercing through the shades of death ;
Scatt'ring error's wide-spread night,
Kindling darkness into light.
- 3 Nations all, far off and near !
Haste to see your God appear :
Haste, for Him your hearts prepare ;
Meet him manifested there.
- 4 There behold the day-spring rise,
Pouring light upon your eyes :
See it chase the shades away,
Shining unto perfect day.
- 5 Sing, ye morning-stars, again !
God descends to dwell with men :
Deigns for man his life to employ ;
Shout, ye sons of God, for joy !

Num. xxiv. 17. Matt. ii. 10.

464. *The Kingdoms of this World become the Kingdom of Christ.* L. M.

- 1 SOON may the last glad song arise,
Through all the millions of the skies—
That song of triumph, which records
That all the earth is now the Lord's !
- 2 Let thrones, and powers, and kingdoms be
Obedient, Mighty God, to Thee !
And over land, and stream, and main,
Wave Thou the sceptre of thy reign !
- 3 Oh that that anthem now might swell,
And host to host the triumph tell—
That not one rebel heart remains,
But over all the Saviour reigns ! [Rev. xi.]

465. *Before Sermon.* SEVENS. DOUBLE.

- 1 SOURCE of light and power divine !
Deign upon thy truth to shine :
Lord ! behold thy servant stands ;
Lo ! to Thee we lift our hands :
Satisfy our souls' desire,
Touch his lips with holy fire :
Source of light and power divine !
Deign upon thy truth to shine.

HYMNS.

Breathe thy Spirit! so shall fall
Inusion sweet upon us all;
Till, by odours scatter'd round,
Christ himself be traced and found:
Then shall every raptur'd heart
Rich in peace and joy depart.
Source of light and power divine!
Deign upon thy truth to shine.
Is. vi. 6, 7. Cont. i. 3. 2 Cor. ii. 14.

466. *Prayer for the Conversion of the World. P. M.*

SOV'REIGN of worlds above,
And Lord of all below,
Thy faithfulness and love,
Thy power and mercy show:
Fulfil thy Word, Thy Spirit give;
Let Heathens live, And praise the Lord.

2 Few be the years that roll,
Ere all shall worship Thee;
The travail of his soul
Soon let the Saviour see:
O God of grace Thy power employ:
Fill earth with joy, And heaven with praise.
Is. lxi. 11.

467. *Prayer for the Conversion of the World. L. M.*

1 SOV'REIGN of worlds! display thy power,
Be this thy Zion's favour'd hour:
Bid the bright Morning-Star arise,
And point the nations to the skies.

2 Set up thy throne where Satan reigns,
On Afric's shore, on India's plains,
On wilds and continents unknown;
And make the universe thine own.

3 Speak! and the world shall hear thy voice:
Speak! and the desert shall rejoice:
Scatter the gloom of Heathen Night,
And bid all nations hail the light.

4 Go, messengers of Christ, proclaim
Salvation through Immanuel's Name:
To India's clime the tidings bear,
And plant the Rose of Sharon there.

U

H Y M N S.

468.

Whitsunday. L. M.

- 1 SPIRIT of Mercy, Truth, and Love.
Oh shed thy influence from above !
And still from age to age convey
The wonders of this Sacred Day.
- 2 In every clime, by every tongue,
Be God's amazing glory sung :
Let all the list'ning earth be taught
The wonders by the Saviour wrought.
- 3 Unfailing Comfort ! Heavenly Guide !
Still o'er thy favour'd Church preside :
Still let mankind thy blessings prove,
Spirit of Mercy, Truth, and Love !

469.

To the Holy Spirit. C. M.

- 1 SPIRIT of power and might, behold
A world by sin destroy'd :
Creator Spirit, as of old,
Move on the formless void !
- 2 Give Thou the Word : that healing sound
Shall quell the deadly strife,
And earth again, like Eden crown'd,
Bring forth the Tree of Life.
- 3 If sang the morning-stars for joy,
When nature rose to view,
What strains will angel-harps employ,
When Thou shalt all renew !
- 4 And if the Sons of God rejoice
To hear a Saviour's Name,
How will the ransom'd raise their voice,
To whom that Saviour came !
- 5 Lo, every kindred, tongue, and tribe,
Assembling round the throne,
The new creation shall ascribe
To sov'reign love alone.

470.

Exhortation to Praise and Thanksgiving. S. M.

- 1 STAND up, and bless the Lord,
Ye people of his choice ;
Stand up, and bless the Lord your God,
With heart, and soul, and voice.

HYMNS.

- 2 Though high above all praise,
Above all blessing high,
Who would not fear his holy Name,
And laud, and magnify?
- 3 Oh for the living flame
From his own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our minds inspire,
And raise to heaven our thought!
- 4 There, with benign regard,
Our hymns He deigns to hear:
Though unreveal'd to mortal sense,
The spirit feels Him near.
- 5 God is our Strength and Song,
And his salvation ours;
Then be his love in Christ proclaim'd,
With all our ransom'd powers.
- 6 Stand up, and bless the Lord;
The Lord your God adore;
Stand up, and bless his glorious Name,
Henceforth for evermore.

171. *Difficulty of Conversion. c. m.*

- 1 STRAIT is the way, the door is strait,
Which lead to joye on high:
'Tis but a few that find the gate;
While crowds mistake, and die!
- 2 Beloved Self must be denied,
The mind and will renewed,
Passion suppress'd, and patience tried;
And vain desires subdued.
- 3 The tongue, that most unruly power,
Requires a strong restraint:
We must be watchful every hour,
And pray, but never faint.
- 4 Lord! can a feeble helpless worm
Fulfil a task so hard?
Thy grace must all the work perform,
And give the free reward.

172. *Contemplation of the Cross. r. m.*

- 1 SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the Cross we spend;
Life, and health, and peace possessing
From the sinner's dying Friend.

HYMNS.

- 2 Truly blessed is this station,
 Low before his Cross to lie ;
 While we see divine compassion
 Beaming from his gracious eye.
- 3 Grant us here to find our heaven,
 While upon thy Cross we gaze ;
 Here to see our sins forgiven,
 Lost in wonder, love, and praise !

473. *Children acknowledging and serving God.* c

- 1 THE children's Angels always view
 Their Heavenly Father's face ;
 His joyful messengers and true,
 In providence and grace—
- 2 To guard our feeble steps ; to keep
 From harm our living breath,
 Watch o'er our senses while we sleep,
 And waft us home in death.
- 3 But not to Angels' care alone
 Poor children are consign'd ;
 To God Himself our wants are known,
 The Lord to us is kind.
- 4 Yes—every comfort here below,
 And every hope above ;
 All that we have and are, we owe
 To His unfailing love.
- 5 Then let us act as in his sight,
 And, on our humble way,
 Walk in the liberty of light,
 As children of the day.
- 6 Young though we be, and in the prime
 Of life's unfolding powers,
 Of all the moments of our time,
 This, only this, is ours.
- 7 Lord, let us seize it, ere 'tis past,
 And yield ourselves to Thee :
 Thine be our earliest years—our last
 —And our eternity. [Matt. xviii. 10. 1 The

474. *The Day of Judgment.* L.M.

- 1 THE day of wrath ! that dreadful day,
 When heaven and earth shall pass away !
 —What power shall be the sinner's stay ?
 How shall he meet that dreadful day—

HYMNS.

When, shrivelling like a parched scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll ;
And, louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swell's the high trump that wakes the dead ?

¶ Oh ! on that day, that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be thou, O Christ ! the sinner's stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away.

75. *Resignation. c. m.*

- THE days how few, how short the years,
Of man's too rapid race !
Each leaving, as it swiftly flies,
A shorter in its place !
- ¶ Since vain all here, all future—vast,
Embrace the lot assign'd ;
Heaven wounds to heal, its frowns are friends,
Its strokes severe, most kind.
- ¶ Our hearts are fasten'd to this world
By strong and endless ties ;
And every sorrow cuts a string,
And urges us to rise.
- ¶ When Heaven would kindly set us free,
And earth's enchantment end,
It takes the most effectual means,
And robs us of a friend.
- ¶ Resign—and all the load of life
That moment you remove ;
Its heavy tax, ten thousand cares,
Devolve on One above ;
- ¶ Who bids us lay our burden down
On his Almighty hand,
Softens our duty to relief,
To blessing a command !

76. *Eternal Life through Christ. l. m.*

- ¶ THE earth resigns, at the Last Day,
Whate'er she holds of sleeping clay :
The sea must yield, from all her waves,
The forms consign'd to watery graves.
- 2 All must attend the dread record,
The histories which their lives afford ;
And, trembling, hear the Law of God
Demand its honours in their blood.

HYMNS.

3 O Lord, our Advocate and Friend !
Our souls from endless death defend ;
And change the sentence, through thy Name,
To heavenly life and joy supreme. (*Rom. viii. 34.*)

477. *Praise to the Holy Trinity.* P.M.

1 The Father's love shall run
Through our immortal songs,
We bring to God the Son
Hosannas on our tongues ;
Our lips address The Spirit's Name,
With equal praise, And zeal the same.

2 Let every saint above,
And angel round the throne,
For ever bless and love
The sacred Three in One :
Thus heaven shall raise His honours high,
When earth and time Grow old and die.

478. "*Why stand ye here all the day idle?*" L.M.

1 THE God of Glory walks His round,
From day to day, from year to year ;
And warns us each, with awful sound,
"No longer stand ye idle here !

2 "Oh, as the griefs ye would assuage
That wait on life's declining year,
Secure a blessing for your age,
And work your Maker's business here !

3 "And ye, whose looks of scanty grey
Foretel your latest travail near,
How swiftly fades your worthless day !
And stand ye yet so idle here ?

4 "One hour remains, there is but one !
But many a shriek and many a tear
Through endless years the guilt must moan
Of moments lost and wasted here !"

5 O Thou, by all thy works ador'd,
To whom the sinner's soul is dear,
Recall us to thy vineyard, Lord !
And grant us grace to serve Thee here.

Matt. xx. 6

HYMNS.

479. *The Progress of the Spiritual Temple.* C. M.

- 1 THE God of grace and glory calls,
And leads the wond'rous way,
To his own palace, where he reigns
In uncreated day.
- 2 Jesus, the herald of his love,
Displays the glorious prize,
And shows the purchase of his blood
To our admiring eyes.
- 3 He perfects what his hand begins,
And stone on stone he lays;
Till firm and fair the building rise,
A temple to his praise.
- 4 The songs of everlasting years
That mercy shall attend,
Which leads, through suff'ring of an hour,
To joys that never end.

480. *Before Sermon.* L. M.

- 1 THE God who once to Israel spoke,
From Sinai's top, in fire and smoke,
In gentler strains of love and grace
Invites us now to seek his face.
- 2 He wears no terrors on his brow;
He speaks in love, from Zion, now:
It is the voice of Jesu's blood,
Calling the wand'lers back to God.
- 3 Hark! how from Calvary it sounds,
From the Redeemer's bleeding wounds—
“Pardon and grace I freely give:
Look, sinner, unto Me, and live!”
- 4 Spirit Divine! Thy power be felt!
Now cause the stony heart to melt!
By Jesu's love each heart constrain,
Nor let thy Word be preach'd in vain.

481. *Hay Time.* C. M.

- 1 THE grass and flowers, which clothe the fields
And look so green and gay,
Touch'd by the scythe, defenceless yield,
And fall, and fade away.

H Y M N S.

- 2 Ah ! trust not to your fleeting breath,
Nor call your time your own :
Around you look—the scythe of Death
Is mowing thousands down !
- 3 The grass, when dead, revives no more ;
We die, to live again :
But oh ! if death should prove the door
To everlasting pain !
- 4 Lord, help us to obey thy call,
That, from our sins set free,
When, like the grass, our bodies fall,
Our souls may rise to Thee !

482. *The Grave and the Resurrection.* L. M.

- 1 THE grave its trophies shall resign,
Christ will the mouldering dust refine ;
And death, the last of woes, must be
Swallow'd and lost in victory.
- 2 Faith shall, on tow'ring pinions borne,
Anticipate that glorious morn ;
And, white to heaven she soars along,
Give mortal lips th' immortal song.
- 3 Then, King of Terrors, boast no more
Thy ancient wide-extended power !
Each saint in life, with Christ his Head
Shall reign when death itself is dead.

483. *Resurrection of Christ.* P. M.

- 1 THE happy morn is come :
Triumphant o'er the grave,
The Saviour leaves the tomb,
Omnipotent to save :
Captivity is captive led ;
For Jesus liveth that was dead.
- 2 Who now accuseth them,
For whom their Surety died ?
Who now shall those condemn
Whom God hath justified ?
Captivity is captive led ;
For Jesus liveth that was dead.

HYMNS.

3 Christ hath the ransom paid,
The glorious work is done ;
On him our help is laid,
By him our victory won :
Captivey is captive led ;
For Jesus liveth that was dead.
Eph. iv. 8. Rom. viii. 33, 34. Ps. lxxix. 19.

484. *The Harmony of Creation and Redemption.* L. M.

- 1 THE heavens above, O Lord, display
Thy Majesty in bright array ;
With proofs of thine Almighty power,
Adorning each revolving hour.
- 2 But when the dawn of heaven we view,
In fallen sinners born anew—
When in the Gospel's brighter skies
We see the Sun of Glory rise—
- 3 No more we ask the stars to tell,
What Jesus only could reveal :
In Him, alone, our eyes behold,
More than creation ever told.
- 4 Omnipotence, in accents sage
Creation sings, through every age ;
But Love and Justice, Truth and Grace,
Shine brightest in Redemption's rays.

485. *Miracles at the Birth of Christ.* L. M.

- 1 THE King of Glory sends his Son
To make his entrance on this earth :
Behold the midnight bright as noon,
And heavenly hosts declare his birth !
- 2 About the Young Redeemer's head
What wonders and what glories meet !
An unknown star arose, and led
The eastern sages to his feet.
- 3 Simeon and Anna both conspire
The Infant-Saviour to proclaim ;
Inward they felt the sacred fire,
And bless'd the babe, and own'd his Name !
- 4 Let Jews and Greeks blaspheme aloud,
And treat the Holy Child with scorn !
Our souls adore th' Eternal God
Who condescended to be born ! {Luke ii. 25—32.

HYMNS.

486.

The Lord's Supper. c. m.

- 1 THE King of Heaven his table spreads,
And dainties crown the board ;
Not Paradise, with all its joys,
Could such delight afford.
- 2 Pardon and peace to dying men,
And endless life, are given,
And the rich blood that Jesus shed,
To raise the soul to heaven.
- 3 Millions of souls, in glory now,
Were fed and feasted here ;
And millions more, still on the way,
Around the board appear.
- 4 Yet are his house and heart so large,
That millions more may come ;
Nor could the wide o'erspreading world
O'erfill the spacious room.
- 5 All things are ready ; come away,
Nor weak excuses frame ;
 Crowd to your places at the feast,
And bless the Founder's Name.

487. *The Law and the Gospel distinguished.* l. m.

- 1 THE Law commands, and makes us know
What duties to our God we owe ;
But 'tis the Gospel must reveal
Where lies our strength to do his will.
- 2 The Law discovers guilt and sin,
And shews how vile our hearts have been ;
Only the Gospel can express
Forgiving love and cleansing grace.
- 3 What curses doth the Law denounce
Against the man that fails but once ?
But in the Gospel Christ appears
Pardoning the guilt of numerous years.
- 4 My soul, no more attempt to draw
Thy life and comfort from the Law :
Fly to the hope the Gospel gives ;
The man that trusts the promise, lives.

HYMNS.

488. *The Sovereignty and Goodness of God.* C. M.

- 1 THE Lord, how fearful is his Name !
How wide is his command !
Nature, with all her moving frame,
Rests on his mighty hand !
- 2 A word of his Almighty breath
Can swell or sink the seas ;
Build the vast empires of the earth,
Or break them, as he please.
- 3 Adoring angels round him fall,
In all their shining forms ;
His sovereign eye looks through them all,
And pities mortal worms.
- 4 His bowels to our worthless race,
In sweet compassion move :
He clothes his looks with softest grace,
And takes his title, Love !
- 5 Then let the Lord for ever reign,
And sway us as he will ;
Sick or in health, in ease or pain,
We are his children still.
- 6 No more let peevish passions rise,
Nor let our tongues complain ;
'Tis sovereign love which sends our joys,
And love resumes again.

489. *New Year. P. M.*

- 1 THE Lord of earth and sky,
The God of ages praise,
Who reigns enthron'd on high,
Ancient of endless days ;
Who lengthens out our trial here,
And spares us yet another year.
- 2 Barren and wither'd trees,
We cumber'd long the ground —
No fruit of holiness
On our dead souls was found :
Yet doth he us in mercy spare,
Another, and another year.

H Y M N S.

- 3 When Justice rais'd the sword
To cut the fig-tree down,
The pity of our Lord
Cry'd, "Let it still alone :"—
The Father mild inclines his ear
And spares us yet another year.
- 4 Jesu, thy speaking blood
From God obtain'd the grace,
Who, therefore, hath bestow'd
On us a longer space :
Thou didst in our behalf appear,
And, lo ! we see another year.
- 5 Then dig about our root,
Break up our fallow ground ;
And let our holy fruit
To thy great praise abound :
Fruit to perfection may we bear,
And glorify Thee, this New Year. [Luke,

490. *For the Lord's Day.* c. m.

- 1 THE Lord of Sabbath let us praise,
In concert with the Blest ;
And in most sweet harmonious lays
Employ this day of rest.
- 2 Oh may we still remember Thee,
And more in knowledge grow ;
And may we more of glory see,
While waiting here below.
- 3 On this blest day a brighter scene
Of glory was display'd,
By God th' Eternal Word, than when
This universe was made.
- 4 He rises, who our souls hath bought,
With blood, and grief, and pain :
'Twas great to speak the world from n
'Twas greater to redeem.

491. *Christ touched with the feeling of our Infirmit*

- 1 THE Lord, who once on Calv'ry bled
And rose triumphant from the dead,
Pursues in heaven his plan of grace,
The Friend of man's apostate race

HYMNS.

- 2 There, as our Advocate, he reigns,
Touch'd with the feeling of our pains ;
And still remembers, in the skies,
His tears, and groans, and agonies.
- 3 In every pang that rends the heart,
This Man of Sorrows bears a part :
In all our grief, that grief He shares,
And rescues us from Satan's snares.
- 4 Oh ! let us then, before his throne,
With boldness make our sorrows known ;
And seek, from fears distrustful freed,
His grace to help in time of need.

Heb. iv. 15, 16.

492.

Advent. L.M.

- 1 THE Lord will come ! the earth shall quake,
The hills their fixed seats forsake ;
And, withering, from the vault of night
The stars withdraw their feeble light.
- 2 The Lord will come ! but not the same
As once in lowly form He came ;
A silent Lamb, to slaughter led,
The bruis'd, the suffering, and the dead.
- 3 The Lord will come ! a dreadful form,
With wreath of flame and robe of storm.
On cherub wings and wings of wind,
Anointed Judge of human-kind.
- 4 Can this be He who wont to stray
A pilgrim on the world's highway ;
By Power oppress'd, and mock'd by Pride ?
O God, is this the Crucified ?
- 5 Go, tyrants ! to the rocks complain !
Go, seek the mountain's cleft in vain ;
But Faith, victorious o'er the tomb,
Shall sing for joy—The Lord is come !

493.

The Passion of Christ. L.M.

THE morning dawns upon the place
Where Jesus spent the night in prayer ;
Sorrows unknown have marr'd his face,
Nor form nor comeliness is there.

H Y M N S.

- 2 See him, by those he call'd his own,
Betray'd, forsaken, or denied !
He meets his enemies, alone,
In all their malice, rage, and pride.
- 3 Brought forth to judgment, lo ! he stands
Arraign'd, condemn'd at Pilate's bar !
Here, spurn'd by fierce Prætorian bands ;
There, mock'd by Herod's men-of-war.
- 4 No guile within his mouth is found,
He neither threatens nor complains ;
Meek as a lamb for slaughter bound,
Dumb midst his murderers he remains.
- 5 He bears their buffeting and scorn,
Mock-homage of the lip and knee,
The purple robe, the crown of thorn,
The scourge, the nail, th' accursed tree.
- 6 But hark ! he prays—'tis for his foes :
He speaks—'tis comfort to his friends :
Answers—and Paradise bestows :
He bows his head—the conflict ends !
- 7 He dies—the veil is rent in twain :
Darkness o'er all the land is spread :
High, without tempest, rolls the main :
Earth trembles, graves give up their dead !
- 8 Truly this was the Son of God !
—Though, in a servant's mean disguise,
And, bruis'd beneath the Father's rod,
Not for Himself—for Man, he dies !

494. *Benediction. L. M.*

- 1 THE peace which God alone reveals,
And by his word of grace imparts,
Which only the believer feels,
Direct, and keep, and cheer our hearts !
- 2 And may the Holy Three in One,
The Father, Word, and Comforter,
Pour an abundant blessing down
On every soul assembled here !

495. *Children numbering their Days. S. M.*

- 1 THE pure and peaceful mind,
The meek and lowly heart,
The patient will to thine resign'd,
God of all power impart.

H Y M N S.

- 2 Young though in years we be,
In health and spirits strong,
What is the life of man to Thee?
The longest is not long.
- 3 A thousand years, a day,
Are equal in thy sight ;
Our generations pass away,
Like watches in the night.
- 4 Lord, make us timely wise
To know our call of grace,
And with the moment, as it flies,
Run our appointed race :—
- 5 Still keep the end in view,
Tarry nor turn aside,
Perils, allurements, bonds break through
—Most faithful when most tried !
- 6 Thus, till we reach the goal,
All else we count but loss ;
Nor, till we gain the prize—our soul—
Grow weary of the Cross.

496. “*A Light to lighten the Gentiles*” c.m.

- 1 THE race which long in darkness pined
Have seen a glorious light ;
The people dwell in day, who dwelt
In death’s surrounding night.
- 2 To hail thy rise, Thou better Sun !
The gathering nations come,
Joyous, as when the reapers bear
The harvest-treasures home.
- 3 To us a Child of Hope is born,
To us a Son is given ;
Him shall the tribes of earth obey,
Him, all the hosts of heaven.
- 4 His Name shall be the Prince of Peace,
For evermore adored,
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
The great and mighty Lord.
- 5 His power increasing still shall spread,
His reign no end shall know ;
Justice shall guard His throne above,
And peace abound below. (B. ix. 2—8.)

HYMNS.

497. *Glorying in God alone.* L. M.

- 1 THE righteous Lord, supremely great,
Maintains his universal state ;
O'er all the earth his power extends,
All heaven before his footstool bends.
- 2 Yet justice still with power presides,
And mercy all his empire guides ;
Mercy and truth are his delight,
And saints are lovely in his sight.
- 3 No more, ye wise ! your wisdom boast
No more, ye strong ! your valour trust
No more, ye rich ! survey your store,
Elate with heaps of shining ore !
- 4 Glory, ye saints ! in this alone,
That God, your God, to you is known
That you have own'd his sov'reign sway
That you have felt his cheering ray.
- 5 All else, which we our treasure call,
May in one fatal moment fall ;
But what THEIR happiness can move,
Whom God, the Blessed, deigns to love

Jer. ix. 23, 24.

498. *Christ a Living and Almighty Saviour.* 1

- 1 THE Saviour lives, no more to die :
He lives, the Lord enthron'd on high :
He lives, triumphant o'er the grave :
He lives, eternally to save !
- 2 He lives, to still his servants' fears :
He lives, to wipe away their tears :
He lives, their mansions to prepare :
He lives, to bring them safely there !
- 3 Ye mourning souls, dry up your tears,
Dismiss your gloomy doubts and fears :
And let your hearts, assur'd, revive,
For Christ the Lord is yet alive !
- 4 His saints he loves and never leaves,
All contrite sinners he receives :
Abundant grace will he afford,
Till all are present with the Lord !

Rom. vi. 9. Heb. viii. 25. Rev. i. 18.

H Y M N S.

499. *Circumcision and Baptism.* L. M.

- 1 THE sons of Abrah'm call'd to pass
Under the bloody seal of grace,
As young disciples bore the yoke
Till Christ the painful bondage broke.
- 2 By milder ways doth Jesus prove
His Father's covenant, and His love :
He seals to saints His glorious grace,
And ne'er forbids their infant-race.
- 3 Their seed is sprinkled with his blood,
Their children set apart for God ;
His Spirit on their offspring shed,
Like water pour'd upon the head.
- 4 Let every saint, with grateful voice,
In this large covenant rejoice ;
And children, in their early days,
Give to the God of Abrah'm praise.

500. *Obedience well-pleasing to God.* L. M.

- 1 THE Sovereign of the earth and skies,
Glorious in holiness and might,
Deigns to accept our sacrifice,
And views our offerings with delight.
- 2 Through Christ our grateful songs will please,
Our acts of mercy, kindness, love :
No costly rites can equal these
In his regard, who reigns above.
- 3 As he his various gifts imparts,
With liberal hand dispense them here :
Rejoice the widows' aching hearts,
Comfort the sick, the orphan cheer.
- 4 Protect the friendless and the poor,
And teach the dark, uncultur'd mind
To know the God whom we adore.
And love the Saviour of mankind.

501. *Resurrection of Christ.* C. M.

- 1 THE Sun of Righteousness appears,
To set in blood no more !
Adore the scatt'rer of your fears,
Your rising sun adore.

HYMNS.

- 2 The saints, when he resign'd his breath,
 Unclos'd their sleeping eyes ;
 He breaks again the bands of death,
 Again the dead arise.
- 3 Alone the dreadful race he ran,
 Alone the wine-press trod :
 He died and suffer'd as a man,
 He rises as a God.
- 4 In vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
 Forbid an early rise
 To him who breaks the gates of hell,
 And opens paradise.

502. "Give Glory to God before He cause Darkness." S. M.

- 1 THE swift-declining day,
 How fast its moments fly !
 While ev'ning's broad and gloomy shade
 Gains on the western sky—
- 2 Ye mortals, mark its pace,
 And use the hours of light ;
 For know, its Maker can command
 An instantaneous night.
- 3 His word blots out the sun,
 In its meridian blaze,
 And cuts from smiling, vig'rous youth
 The remnant of its days.
- 4 Give glory to the Lord,
 Who rules the whirling sphere ;
 Submissive, at his footstool bow,
 And seek salvation there.
- 5 Then shall new lustre break
 Through all the horrid gloom ;
 And lead you to unchanging light,
 In your celestial home.
Jer. xiii. 16. John ix. 4. xii. 35.

503. *Proclamation and Success of the Gospel.* L. M.

- 1 THE time of mercy now draws near !
 Behold the mighty Angel fly,
 With tidings of Salvation sent
 To every land beneath the sky !
- 2 Oh see, on both the Indias' coasts
 And Africa's unhappy shore,
 The unlearn'd savage press to hear—
 And hearing, wonder and adore !

HYMNS.

- 3 See, while the joyful truth is told,
That Jesus left his throne in heaven,
And suffer'd, died, and rose again,
That guilty souls might be forgiven—
- 4 See what delight, unfehl before,
Beams in his fix'd attentive eye ;
And hear him ask, " For wretched me,
Did this Divine Redeemer die ?
- 5 " Ah ! why have ye so long forborne
To tell such welcome news as this ?
Go now, let every sinner hear,
And share in such exalted bliss."
- 6 The Islands, waiting for his law,
With rapture greet the sacred sound ;
And, taught the Saviour's precious Name,
Cast all their idols to the ground.

504. *The Antitype of Priest and Sacrifice.* C. M.

- 1 THE true Messiah now appears ;
The types are all withdrawn :
So fly the shadows and the stars
Before the rising dawn.
- 2 No smoking sweets, nor bleeding lambs,
Nor kids, nor bullocks slain ;
Incense and spice of costly names
Would all be burnt in vain.
- 3 Aaron must lay his robes away,
His mitre and his vest,
When God's own Son comes down to be
The off'ring and the priest.
- 4 He took our mortal flesh to show
The wonders of his love ;
For us he paid his life below
And prays for us above.

505 *The Final Sentence* L M.

- 1 THE trumpet sounds, the Judge descends,
A numerous guard surround his throne ;
His once-dishonour'd form appears
Far brighter than the noon-day sun.

HYMNS.

- 2 Millions before him trembling stand,
And wait the great decisive word—
Depart to everlasting woe,
Or, Come ye blessed of the Lord !
- 3 According to their deeds perform'd,
The righteous sentence shall be given ;
For saints and sinners is prepar'd,
A dreadful hell, or glorious heaven.

506. *The Word quick and powerful.* s. m.

- 1 THE word of Christ, our Lord,
With whom we have to do,
Is sharper than a two-edg'd sword,
To pierce the sinner through.
- 2 Swift as the lightning's blaze
When awful thunders roll,
It fills the conscience with amaze,
And penetrates the soul.
- 3 No heart can be conceal'd
From his all-piercing eyes ;
Each thought and purpose stand reveal'd,
Naked without disguise.
- 4 He sees his people's fears,
He notes their mournful cry ;
He counts their sighs and falling tears,
And helps them from on high.
- 5 Though feeble is their good,
It has its kind regard ;
Yea, all they would do, if they could,
Shall find a sure reward.
- 6 He sees the wicked too,
And will repay them soon,
For all the evil deeds they do,
And all they would have done.
- 7 Since all our secret ways
Are mark'd and known by Thee,
Afford us, Lord, thy light of grace,
That we ourselves may see ! [Heb. iv. 12, 13]

507. *Life and Eternity.* c. m.

- 1 THEE we adore, Eternal Name !
And humbly own to Thee,
How feeble is our mortal frame,
What dying worms are we.

HYMNS.

- 2 Our wasting lives grow shorter still
As months and days increase ;
And every beating pulse we tell
Leaves but the number less.
- 3 The year rolls round, and steals away
The breath that first it gave ;
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
We're travelling to the grave.
- 4 Dangers stand thick through all the ground,
To push us to the tomb ;
And fierce diseases wait around,
To hurry mortals home.
- 5 Great God ! on what a slender thread,
Hang everlasting things !
Th' eternal states of all the dead
Upon life's feeble strings
- 6 Infinite joy or endless woe
Attends on every breath ;
And yet how unconcern'd we go
Upon the brink of death !
- 7 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense
To walk this dangerous road ;
And if our souls are hurried hence,
May they be found with God.

508. *The Eternal Word creating and redeeming.* C. M.

- 1 THEE we adore, Eternal Word !
The Father's equal Son,
By heaven's obedient hosts ador'd,
Ere time its course begun.
- 2 The first creation has display'd
Thine energy divine ;
For not a single thing was made
By other hands than thine.
- 3 But ransom'd sinners, with delight,
Sublimer facts survey—
The all-created Word unites
Himself to dust and clay.
- 4 Creation's Author now assumes
A creature's humble form :
A man of grief and woe becomes,
And trod on like a worm.

HYMNS.

5 The Lord of glory bears the shame
 To vile transgressors due ;
 Justice the Prince of Life condemns
 To die in anguish too.

6 God over all, for ever blest,
 The righteous curse endures ;
 And thus, to souls with sin distrest,
 Eternal bliss ensures.

509. *After Sermon. P. M.*

THIS God is the God we adore,
 Our faithful, unchangeable Friend ;
Whose love is as great as his power,
 And neither knows measure nor end.
'Tis Jesus the First and the Last,
 Whose spirit shall guide us safe home ;
We'll praise him for all that is past,
 And trust him for all that's to come.

510. *On Opening a Church or Chapel. L. M.*

- 1 THIS House, O Lord, for Thee we raise
 Long may it echo to thy praise ;
And Thou, descending, fill the place
 With choicest tokens of thy grace.
- 2 Here let the great Redeemer reign,
 With all the glories of his train ;
While power divine his Word attends,
 To conquer foes and cheer his friends !
- 3 And in the great decisive Day,
 When Thou the nations shalt survey,
May it before the world appear
 That crowds were born to glory here !

511. *On laying the Foundation-Stone of a Place of W* *L. M.*

- 1 THIS stone to Thee in faith we lay,
 We build the temple, Lord, to Thee !
Thine eye be open night and day
 To guard this house and sanctuary.
- 2 Here, when thy people seek thy face,
 And dying sinners pray to live ;
Hear, Thou, in heaven, thy dwelling-place
 And, when Thou hearest, oh forgive !

HYMNS.

- 3 Here, when thy messengers proclaim
The blessed Gospel of thy Son,
Still, by the power of His Great Name,
Be mighty signs and wonders done.
- 4 Hosanna ! to their Heavenly King,
When children's voices raise that song,
Hosanna ! let their angels sing,
And heaven with earth the strain prolong.
- 5 But will, indeed, Jehovah deign
Here to abide, no transient guest ?
Here will the world's Redeemer reign,
And here the Holy Spirit rest ?
- 6 That glory never hence depart !
Yet choose not, Lord, this house alone ;
Thy kingdom come to every heart
In every bosom fix thy throne.

2 Chr. vi. Matt. xxi. 15.

- 512.** *Christ "the Way, the Truth, and the Life."* c. m.
- 1 THOU art the WAY—to Thee alone
From sin and death we flee ;
And he, who would the Father seek,
Must seek Him, Lord, in Thee.
- 2 Thou art the TRUTH—Thy word alone
True wisdom can impart :
Thou only canst instruct the mind,
And purify the heart.
- 3 Thou art the LIFE—the rending tomb ;
Proclaims Thy conqu'ring arm ;
And those who put their trust in Thee,
Nor death nor hell shall harm.
- 4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life—
Grant us to know that Way,
That Truth to keep, that Life to win.
Which lead to endless day. [John xiv. 6.]

- 513.** *For Divine Guidance.* c. m.

- 1 THOU boundless source of every good !
Our best desires fulfil :
And help us to adore thy grace,
And mark thy sov'reign will.

HYMNS.

- 2 In all thy mercies may our souls
Thy bounteous goodness see ;
Nor let the gifts thy grace imparts
Estrange our hearts from Thee.
- 3 Teach us, in time of deep distress,
To own thy hand, O God !
And in submissive silence learn
The lessons of thy rod.
- 4 In every changing scene of life,
Whate'er that scene may be,
Give us a meek and humble mind,
A mind at peace with Thee.
- 5 Do Thou direct our steps aright,
Help us thy Name to fear ;
And give us grace to watch and pray,
And strength to persevere.
- 6 Then may we close our eyes in death,
Free from distracting care ;
For death is life, and labour rest,
If Thou art with us there.

514. *Praise from Angels and from Men.* P. M.

- 1 THOU God of Power and God of Love,
Whose glory fills the realms above,
Thy praise archangels sing ;
And veil their faces while they cry,
Thrice Holy to their God Most High,
Thrice Holy to their King !
- 2 Thee, as our God, we too would claim,
And bless th' Almighty Saviour's Name,
Through whom this grace is given ;
Who bore the curse to sinners due,
Who forms these ruin'd souls anew,
And makes us heirs of heaven.

515. "Watch and Pray!" s. m. DOUBLE.

- 1 THOU Judge of quick and dead,
Before whose bar severe,
With holy joy or guilty dread,
We all shall soon appear :
Our caution'd souls prepare
For that tremendous day,
And fill us now with watchful care,
And stir us up to pray :

HYMNS.

- 2 To pray, and wait the hour,
That awful hour unknown,
. When robed in majesty and power
Thou shalt from heaven come down,
Th' immortal Son of Man,
To judge the human race,
With all thy Father's dazzling train,
With all thy glorious grace.
- 3 To damp our earthly joys,
T' increase our gracious fears,
For ever let th' Archangel's voice
Be sounding in our ears ;
The solemn midnight cry,
" Ye dead, the Judge is come,
Arise, and meet him in the sky,
And meet your instant doom ! "
- 4 Oh may we thus be found
Obedient to his Word,
Attentive to the trumpet's sound,
And looking for our Lord !
Oh may we thus insure
A lot among the blest,
And watch a moment to secure
An everlasting rest ! [Matt. xxvi. 41.]

516. *Jesus rising to conquer and reign.* P. M.

- 1 THOUGH foes should triumph in his death,
And friends should mourn and fear,
Yet Jesus will resume his breath,
And in the world appear :
His friends shall then confess his claim,
And all his foes be fill'd with shame.
- 2 The Name of Jesus shall be borne
To lands now hid in night ;
And, like the rising of the morn,
Shall bring the welcome light :
Though now a pris'ner with the dead,
His Name throughout the world shall spread.
- 3 Hail, Mighty Lord ! a Conqueror Thou !
With this peculiar boast—
That then thine honours brightest grow,
When men despise them most ;
And Death, which boasts his myriads slain,
Appears a captive in thy train.

John xvi. 16. Heb. ii. 14, 16. Eph. viii. 3.

517. *Children praising Christ. c.m.*

- 1 THOUGH in the temple some are found,
Who bid us hold our peace ;
Hosanna ! loud our lips resound,
To Christ the God of Grace.
- 2 Hosanna ! ever be our cry,
To David's Son and Lord :
Save ! now Thou art exalted high ;
Thy gracious help afford.
- 3 Out of the mouths of very babes
Thou hast ordained praise :
To sing thy power, thy grace, and love,
We now our voices raise.
- 4 Hosanna ! still we'll cry aloud,
To Christ enthron'd on high ;
May we at last surround the throne,
And Hallelujah cry ! [Matt. xxi. 15, 16.]

518. *Ascension of Christ. c.m.*

- 1 THOUSANDS of angels at thy gate,
With high archangels stand ;
And twenty thousand chariots wait,
Great Lord ! thy dread command.
- 2 Through all thy wide, thy vast domains,
With godlike honours clad,
Captive in captive chains,
Triumphing, Thou hast led :
- 3 That Thou mightst dwell with men below,
And be their God and King ;
From this low land, this land of woe,
Shalt Thou thy people bring.
- 4 To heavenly mansions, high and fair,
Our Captain, gone before,
Shall for his host the way prepare,
And they shall faint no more.
- 5 How bright, O Thou that hearest prayer,
How mild thy mercies shine !
A mother's love, a father's care,
But ill resemble thine ! [Ps. lxxviii. 17, 18.]

HYMNS.

519. *National Mercies.* L. M.

- 1 THRICE happy nation ! where the Lord
The banners of his love displays ;
Reveals the secrets of his Word,
And gives the blessings of his grace.
- 2 Around our coasts, by thy command,
The seas, a mighty bulwark, roar :
Our mightier bulwark is thy hand—
Thy hand defends our favour'd shore.
- 3 Still let the Lord on Britain smile,
While we with grateful hearts adore ;
Nor ever leave his chosen isle,
Till time and nature are no more.
Ps. xxxii. 12. exliv. 15.

520. *The Goodness of God in the Vicissitudes of Life.* L. M.

- 1 THROUGH all the various shifting scene
Of life's mistaken good or ill,
Thy hand, O God ! conducts unseen
Each change according to thy will.
- 2 Thou givest with a Father's care,
Howe'er unjustly we complain,
To each his necessary share
Of joy and sorrow, health and pain.
- 3 When lowest sunk with grief and shame,
Fill'd with affliction's bitter cup,
Lost to relations, friends, and fame,
Thy powerful hand can raise us up.
- 4 All things on earth, and all in heaven,
On thy most holy will depend ;
And all for greater good were given,
And all shall to thy glory end.

521. *The Truth and Goodness of God.* c. m.

- 1 THY ceaseless, unexhausted love,
Unmerited and free,
Delights our evil to remove,
And help our misery.
- 2 Thou waitest to be gracious still ;
Thou dost with sinners bear,
That, saved, we may thy goodness feel,
And all thy grace declare.

HYMNS.

- 3 Its streams the whole creation reach,
So plenteous is the store ;
Enough for all, enough for each,
Enough for evermore !
- 4 Faithful, O Lord, thy mercies are,
A rock, that cannot move :
A thousand promises declare
Thy constancy of love.
- 5 Throughout the universe it reigns
Unalterably sure :
And while the Truth of God remains,
The Goodness must endure.

522. *At a National or Sunday-School Anniversary.* C. M.

- 1 THY throne, O God ! in righteousness,
For ever shall endure :
We bow before it—deign to bless
—The children of the poor.
- 2 Thy wisdom fix'd our lowly birth,
Yet we thy goodness share ;
Still make us, while we dwell on earth,
—The children of thy care.
- 3 Strangers to Thee, though thine by name,
We heard thy welcome voice,
And, gather'd from the world, became
—The children of thy choice.
- 4 Thou art our Shepherd, glorious God !
Thy little flock behold,
And guide us by thy staff and rod,
—The children of thy fold.
- 5 We praise thy Name that we were brought
To this delightful place,
Where we are watch'd, and warn'd, and taught,
—The children of thy grace.
- 6 May all our friends, thy servants here,
Meet all our souls above,
And we and they in heaven appear
—The children of thy love !

523. *The Creator and the Creatures.* L. M.

- 1 THY voice produc'd the seas and spheres,
Bid the waves roar and planets shine ;
But nothing like Thyself appears,
Through all these spacious works of thine.

H Y M N S.

- 2 Still restless Nature dies and grows;
From change to change the creatures run :
Thy being no succession knows,
And all thy vast designs are one.
- 3 Thrones and dominions round Thee fall,
And worship in submissive forms ;
Thy presence shakes this lower ball,
This little dwelling-place of worms.
- 4 How shall affrighted mortals dare
To sing thy glory or thy grace ;
Beneath thy feet we lie so far,
And see but shadows of thy face !
- 5 Who can behold the blazing light ?
Who can approach consuming flame ?
None but thy wisdom knows thy might ;
None but thy Word can speak thy Name.

524.

"It is finished!" L. M.

- 1 " 'TIS finish'd !" so the Saviour cried,
And meekly bow'd His head, and died :
" 'Tis finish'd !"—yes, the race is run,
The battle fought, the victory won.
- 2 " 'Tis finish'd !"—all that heaven decreed,
And all the ancient prophets said,
Is now fulfill'd, as was design'd,
In Thee, the Saviour of Mankind !
- 3 " 'Tis finish'd !"—this thy dying groan
Shall sins of every kind atone :
Millions shall be redeem'd from death,
By this thy last expiring breath.
- 4 " 'Tis finish'd !"—Heaven is reconcil'd,
And all the Powers of Darkness spoil'd :
Peace, love, and happiness again
Return, and dwell with sinful men.
- 5 " 'Tis finish'd !"—let the joyful sound
Be heard through all the nations round :
" 'Tis finish'd !"—let the echo fly
Through heaven and hell, thro' earth and sky

John xix. 30.

HYMNS.

525. *The Chief among Ten Thousand.* c. m.

- 1 TO Christ, the Lord, let every tongue
 Its noblest tribute bring ;
When He's the subject of the song,
 Who can refuse to sing ?
- 2 Survey the beauties of His face,
 And on His glories dwell ;
Think of the wonders of His grace,
 And all His triumphs tell.
- 3 Majestic sweetness sits enthron'd
 Upon his awful brow :
His head with radiant glories crown'd,
 His lips with grace o'erflow.
- 4 He saw us plung'd in deep distress,
 He flew to our relief ;
For us He bore the shameful Cross,
 And carried all our grief.
- 5 His hand a thousand blessings pours
 Upon our guilty heads ;
His presence gilds our darkest hours,
 And guards our sleeping beds.
- 6 To Him we owe our life and breath,
 And all the joys we have :
He gives us victory over death,
 And saves us from the grave. [Cant. v. 10—16.]

526. *Children improving the Uncertainty of Life.* z. m.

- 1 To-day is added to our time,
Yet while we sing it glides away !
How soon shall we be past our prime,
For where, alas ! is yesterday ?
- 2 Gone—gone into eternity !
There every day in turn appears.
To-morrow !—Oh ! 'twill never be,
If we should live a thousand years.
- 3 Our time is ~~ever~~ “to-day ! to-day !”—
The same, though chang'd ; and, while it flies,
With still small voice the moments say,
“To-day, to-day, be wise, be wise !”
- 4 Then, wisdom from above impart,
Lord God ! send forth thy light and truth,
To guide our feet, inspire each heart,
And make us Christians from our youth !

HYMNS.

527. *The Redeemer coming with Clouds.* C. M.

- 1 TO Him who lov'd the souls of men,
And wash'd us in his blood,
To royal honours rais'd our head,
And made us priests to God—
- 2 To Him, let every tongue be praise,
And every heart be love;
All grateful honours paid on earth,
And nobler songs above.
- 3 Behold, on flying clouds he comes!
His saints shall bless the day;
While they who pierc'd him mourn and wail,
In anguish and dismay.
- 4 "I am the First, and I the Last,
Time centres all in Me:
Th' Almighty God, who was, and is,
And evermore shall be!" [Rev. i. 6—8.]

528. *Uncertainty of Life.* B. M.

- 1 TO-MORROW, Lord, is thine!
Lord'd in thy sov'reign hand;
And if its sun arise and shine,
It shines by thy command.
- 2 The present moment flies,
And bears our life away;
Oh make thy servants truly wise,
That they may live to-day.
- 3 Since on this winged hour
Eternity is hung,
Awaken, by thy mighty power,
The aged and the young.
- 4 One thing demands our care—
Be that one thing pursued;
Lest, slighted once, the season fair
Should never be renew'd.
- 5 To Jesus may we fly,
Swift as the morning light,
Lest life's young golden beams should die
In sudden endless night. (Jesus' v. 18-19.)

H Y M N S.

529.

Harvest. c. m.

- 1 TO praise the bounteous Lord of All,
 Wake all our thankful powers ;
 He calls, and at his call come forth
 The smiling harvest-hours.
- 2 His cov'nant with the earth he keeps,
 His goodness we will sing ;
 Summer and winter know their time,
 And harvest crowns the spring.
- 3 Teach us, O gracious God ! to sow
 The seeds of righteousness ;
 Shine on our souls, and with thy beams
 The rip'ning harvest bless.

530.

At a Sermon for a Benefit Society. L.M.

- 1 TO Thee, O God ! to Thee belongs
 The tribute of our grateful songs :
 Thy goodness, infinite, demands
 Devoted hearts and lifted hands.
- 2 Our lives have long a forfeit been
 To death, the just desert of sin ;
 Yet still thy clemency forbears,
 And lengthens out our wasting years.
- 3 The subjects of thy patient grace,
 We now appear before thy face ;
 Oh look with eyes propitious down,
 And bless our friendship with thine own.
- 4 Oh make us of one heart and mind,
 To sympathy and love inclin'd ;
 Averse to riot and excess,
 The duteous sons of holiness.
- 5 As falling showers on thirsty hills,
 Or valleys blest with pleasant rills,
 So may thy love divinely roll
 In fruitful streams through every soul.
- 6 Then will our friendly union be
 Delightful to ourselves and Thee ;
 Like fragrant oil, which trickled down
 O'er Aaron's robes from Aaron's crown.
- 7 Command a blessing, gracious Lord !
 On all who now attend the Word :
 The willing ear and heart incline
 To hear and love that Word as Thine.

HYMNS.

531. *Christ the Sun of Righteousness.* L. M.

- 1 TO Thee, O God ! we homage pay,
Source of the light that rules the day !
Who, while he gilds all nature's frame,
Reflects thy rays and speaks thy Name.
- 2 In louder strains we sing that grace,
Which gives the Sun of Righteousness ;
Whose noble light Salvation brings,
And scatters healing from his wings.
- 3 Still on our hearts may Jesus shine,
With beams of light and love divine ;
Quicken'd by Him our souls shall live,
And cheer'd by Him shall grow and thrive.
- 4 Oh may his glories stand confess'd
From north to south, from east to west !
Successful may His Gospel run,
Wide as the circuit of the sun !
- 5 Then shall that blissful scene arise,
When, fix'd on high in purer skies,
Christ all his lustre shall display
On all his saints through endless day. [Mat. iv. 1]

532. *After Sermon.* P. M.

TO Thee our wants are known,
From Thee are all our powers ;
Accept what is thine own,
And pardon what is ours :
Our praises, Lord ! and prayers receive,
And to thy Word a blessing give !

533. *Institution of the Lord's Supper.* L. M.

- 1 'TWAS on that night, when doom'd to know
The eager rage of every foe,
That night on which he was betray'd,
The Saviour of the world took bread ;
- 2 And, after thanks and glory given
To Him who rules in earth and heaven,
That symbol of his flesh he broke,
And thus to all his followers spoke —
- 3 " My broken body thus I give
For you, for all : take, eat, and live ;
And oft the sacred rite renew,
Which brings my wondrous love to view."

HYMNS.

- 4 Then in his hands the cup he rais'd,
And God anew he thank'd and prais'd ;
While kindness in his bosom glow'd,
And from his lips salvation flow'd.
- 5 " My blood I thus pour forth," he cries,
" To cleanse the soul in sin that lies :
In this the covenant is seal'd,
And heaven's eternal grace reveal'd :
- 6 " With love to man this cup is fraught,
Let all partake the sacred draught ;
Through latest ages let it flow,
In memory of my dying woe." [1 Cor. xi. 23—25.]

534. *Treasuring up Wrath.* C. M.

- 1 UNGRATEFUL man ! oh, whence this scorn
Of long-extended grace ?
And whence this madness, that insults
Th' Almighty to his face ?
- 2 Is all the treasur'd wrath so small,
You labour still for more ;
Though not eternal rolling years
Can e'er exhaust that store ?
- 3 Swift will the day of vengeance come,
Which must your sentence seal ;
And righteous judgment, now unknown,
In all its wrath reveal.
- 4 Alarm'd and melted at his voice,
Your conquer'd heart shall bow ;
But, to escape the vengeance then,
Embrace the Saviour now.

535. *At a Sermon on New-Year's Day.* L. M.

- 1 UPHELD by thy supporting hand,
We pass, O Lord, from year to year ;
And still we meet at thy command,
And seek thy gracious presence here.
- 2 Oft let us find a favour'd hour
To souls in Satan's bondage led :
Clothe Thou thy Word with sov'reign power,
To break the rocks, and raise the dead !
- 3 Then by a Saviour's dying love,
To every wounded heart reveal'd,
Temptations, fears, and guilt remove,
And be their Sun, and Strength, and Shield.

HYMNS.

4 Hear, Lord, our prayer ! and give us hope,
That when thy voice shall call us home,
Thou still wilt raise a people up,
To love and praise Thee in our room.

- 536.** *Gratitude for the Scriptures.* L. M.
- 1 VAIN is all human wisdom found,
Compar'd with God's most holy Word :
This is the food of hungry souls,
And this the warrior's conqu'ring sword—
- 2 The staff on which his people lean,
While passing through this wilderness—
A sovereign balm to heal their wounds,
A source of light and strength and peace.
- 3 With grateful hearts and glowing soul,
Spread wide the Great Immanuel's Name ;
Send forth his truth to distant lands,
Till all the world shall own his Name !

- 537.** *The true Blessedness of the Virgin.* P. M.
- 1 VIRGIN-BORN ! we bow before Thee !
Blessed was the womb that bore Thee !
Mary, Mother meek and mild,
Blessed was she in her child !
- 2 Blessed was the breast that fed Thee !
Blessed was the hand that led Thee !
Blessed was the parent's eye
Watching o'er thy Infancy !
- 3 Blessed she by all creation,
Who brought forth the world's Salvation !
Blessed who, for ever blest,
Love Thee most and serve Thee best !
- 4 Virgin-born ! we bow before Thee !
Blessed was the womb that bore Thee !
Mary, Mother meek and mild,
Blessed was she in her child ! [Luke ii. 27, 31.]

- 538.** *"That Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith."* P. M.

1 VISIT, Lord, thy habitation !
Breathe thy peace on all therein ;
Peace, the foretaste of salvation ;
Peace, the seal of earnest & true.

H Y M N S.

Now thy love-infusing Spirit
Shed on every heart abroad ;
Raise, through thy redeeming merit,
Slaves of sin, to Sons of God.

- 2 Prince of Peace, be ever near us !
Fix in every heart thy home :
In this sweet communion cheer us,
Quickly let thy kingdom come.
Answer all our expectation ;
Give our raptur'd souls to prove
Strong, abiding consolation,
Heavenly, everlasting love.

John xiv. 27. xx. 19—22. Eph. ii. 14—22. iii. 14—19.

539. "King of Kings and Lord of Lords!" SEVENS.

- 1 WAKE the song of Jubilee,
Let it echo o'er the sea !
Now is come the promis'd hour ;
Jesus reigns with sov'reign power !
- 2 All ye nations, join and sing,
Christ, of Lords and Kings, is King !
Let it sound from shore to shore,
Jesus reigns for evermore !
- 3 Now the desert lands rejoice,
And the islands join their voice,
Yea the whole creation sings
Jesus is the King of Kings ! [Rev. xix. 16.]

540. On the Appointment of a Minister. L. M.

- 1 WE bid thee welcome in the Name
Of Jesus, our Exalted Head—
Come as a Servant : so He came ;
And we receive thee in his stead.
- 2 Come as a Shepherd : guard and keep
This fold from hell, and earth, and sin :
Nourish the lambs, and feed the sheep,
The wounded heal, the lost bring in.
- 3 Come as a Watchman : take thy stand
Upon thy tower amidst the sky ;
And, when the sword comes on the land,
Call us to fight, or warn to fly.

H Y M N S.

- 4 Come as an Angel, hence to guide
A band of pilgrims on their way ;
That, safely walking at thy side,
We fail not, faint not, turn nor stray.
- 5 Come as a Teacher sent from God,
Charg'd his whole counsel to declare :
Lift o'er our ranks the prophet's rod,
While we uphold thy hands with prayer
- 6 Come as a Messenger of Peace,
Fill'd with the Spirit, fired with love :
Live to behold our large increase,
And die to meet us all above.

541. *Praise to the Holy Trinity.* P. M.

- 1 WE give immortal praise
To God the Father's love,
For all our comforts here,
And better hopes above.

He sent his own Eternal Son,
To die for sins Which man had done.
- 2 To God the Son belongs
Immortal glory too,
Who bought us with his blood
From everlasting woe :

And now he lives, And now he reigns,
And sees the fruit Of all his pains.
- 3 To God the Spirit praise,
And endless worship give ;
Whose new-creating power
Makes the dead sinner live :

His work completes The great design,
And fills the soul With joy divine.
- 4 Almighty God ! to Thee
Be endless honours done,
The Sacred Persons three,
The Godhead only one :

Where Reason fails With all her powers,
There Faith prevails, And Love adores.

542. *Weeping for Sin.* c. m.

- 1 WEEP not for Me ! the Saviour cries,
Your Sins claim every tear :
These are the cruel instruments—
The thorns, the nails, the spear.

HYMNS.

- 2 On the accursed Tree I bear
 The wrath which is your due :
 Justice inflicts these heavy stripes
 And awful wounds, for you.
3 Weep for yourselves, and not for Me !
 My Cross procures a Crown ;
 And had these sufferings been withheld,
 Your souls had been undone. [Luke xxiii. 28.]

543.

Epiphany. L.M.

- 1 WE sing the glorious Morning-Star,
Jesus, the spring of light and love :
See how His rays, diffus'd from far,
Conduct us to the realms above !
2 Those cheering beams, spread wide abroad,
Point out the troubled Christian's way ;
Still, as he goes, he finds the road
Enlighten'd with a constant day—
3 As, when the Eastern sages bring
Their royal gifts, a star appears ;
Directs them to their new-born King,
And guides their steps, and calms their fears.

Matt. ii. 1—10.

544. *The Redeemed in Heaven.* SEVENS. DOUBLE.

- 1 WHAT are these in bright array ?
—This innumerable throng,
Round the altar, night and day,
Tuning their triumphant song ?—
“ Worthy is the Lamb once slain,
Blessing, honour, glory, power,
Wisdom, riches, to obtain ;
New dominion, every hour.”
2 These through fiery trials trod,
These from great affliction came ;
Now before the throne of God,
Seal'd with his Almighty Name ;
Clad in raiment, pure and white,
Victor-palms in every hand,
Through their dear Redeemer's might.
More than conquerors they stand.
3 Hunger, thirst, disease, unknown,
On immortal fruits they feed ;
Them the Lamb, amidst the throne,
Shall to living fountains lead :

HYMNS.

Joy and gladness banish sighs,
Perfect love dispels all fears,
And for ever from their eyes
God shall wipe away the tears. [Rev. vii. 9—17]

545. "Hosanna to the Son of David!" L. M.

- 1 WHAT are those soul-reviving strains,
Which echo thus from Salem's plains?
What anthems loud, and louder still,
Sweetly resound from Zion's hill?
- 2 Lo! 'tis an infant chorus sing,
Hosanna to the King of Kings:
The Saviour comes! and babes proclaim
Salvation, sent in Jesus' Name.
- 3 Nor these alone their voice shall raise,
For we will join this song of praise;
Still Israel's children forward press
To hail the Lord their Righteousness.
- 4 Messiah's Name shall joy impart
Alike to Jew and Gentile heart:
He bled for us, he bled for you,
And we will sing Hosanna too.
- 5 Proclaim Hosannas loud and clear;
See David's Son and Lord appear!
Glory and praise on earth be given;
Hosanna in the highest heaven!

Matt. xxi. 9—11, 15, 16.

546. *Humiliation and Exaltation of Christ.* L. M.

- 1 WHAT equal honours shall we bring
To Thee, O Lord our God, the Lamb!
When all the notes which angels sing
Are far inferior to thy Name?
- 2 Worthy is He who once was slain,
The Prince of Peace who groan'd and died,
Worthy to rise, and live, and reign
At his Almighty Father's side.
- 3 Honour immortal must be paid,
Instead of scandal and of scorn;
While glory shines around his head,
And a bright crown without a thorn.
- 4 Blessings for ever on the Lamb,
Who bore the curse for wretched men!
Let angels sound his Sacred Name,
And every creature say, Amen. [Rom. v. 12—18]

H Y M N S.

547.

God Supreme. L. M.

- 1 WHAT is our God, or what his Name,
Nor men can learn, nor angels teach :
He dwells conceal'd in radiant flame,
Where neither eyes nor thoughts can reach.
- 2 The spacious worlds of heavenly light,
Compar'd with Him, how short they fall !
They are too dark, and He too bright ;
Nothing are they, and God is all !
- 3 He spoke the wond'rous word, and lo !
Creation rose at his command ;
Whirlwinds and seas their limits know,
Bound in the hollow of his hand !
- 4 The tide of creatures ebbs and flows,
Measuring their changes by the moon ;
No ebb his sea of glory knows,
His age is one eternal noon.

548.

Peace and Salvation in Christ. L. M.

- 1 WHAT shall the dying sinner do,
Who seeks relief for all his woe ?
Where shall the guilty conscience find
A balm, to heal the tortur'd mind ?
- 2 In vain we search, in vain we try,
Till Jesus bring his Gospel nigh ;
'Tis there we find a cure for sin,
A balm to make the conscience clean.
- 3 Be this the pillar of our hope !
This bears the fainting spirit up :
Who read the grace, who trust the Word,
Shall find salvation in the Lord.
- 4 Then let His Name, who shed his blood,
To bring the guilty nigh to God,
Be great in all the earth, and sung
In every land, by every tongue !

549.

Perseverance and Importunity in Prayer. L. M.

- 1 WHAT various hindrances we meet,
In coming to the Mercy-Seat !
Yet who, that knows the worth of prayer,
But wishes to be often there ?

HYMNS.

- 2 Prayer makes the darken'd cloud withdraw :
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw ;
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings every blessing from above.
- 3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight :
Prayer keeps the Christian's armour bright ;
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.
- 4 Have we no words ? ah ! think again ;
Words flow apace when we complain,
And fill our fellow-creature's ear
With the sad tale of all our care.
- 5 Were half the breath that's vainly spent
To Heaven in supplication sent,
Our cheerful songs would oft'ner be,
" Hear what the Lord has done for me ! "

Matth. xxi. 22. Luke xi. 5—13. xviii. 1—8.

550. *At the Funeral of a Young Person.* C. M.

- 1 WHEN blooming youth is snatch'd away
By death's resistless hand,
Our hearts the mournful tribute pay
Which pity must demand.
- 2 But, while we feel the rising sigh,
With awful power impress,
May this dread truth—" I too must die ! "—
Sink deep in every breast !
- 3 Let this vain world ensnare no more :
Behold the opening tomb !
It bids us seize the present hour :
To-morrow death may come.
- 4 The voice of this awak'ning scene
Let every heart obey :
Nor be this heavenly warning vain,
Which calls to watch and pray.
- 5 Oh let us fly—to Jesus fly ;
His arm alone can save :
Our hopes shall then ascend on high,
And triumph o'er the grave.

551. *The First Promise.* L. M.

- 1 WHEN, by the Tempter's wiles betray'd,
Adam, our head and parent fell,
Unknown before, a pleasure spread
Through all the maze deeps of hell.

H Y M N S.

- 2 Infernal powers rejoic'd to see
The new-made world destroy'd, undone ;
But God proclaims his great decree,
Pardon and mercy through his Son—
- 3 “Serpent accus'd ! thy sentence read ;
Almighty vengeance thou shalt feel :
The woman's seed shall break thy head,
Thy malice faintly bruise his heel.”
- 4 Thus God decrees ! and Christ descends—
Assumes a mortal form, and dies—
While, in his death, Death's empire ends,
And the proud conqueror, conquer'd lies.
- 5 Dying, the King of Glory deals
Ruin to all his mighty foes ;
His power the Prince of Darkness feels,
And sinks oppress'd beneath his woes.

Gen. iii. 15.

552. *Mortality of Man.* c. m.

- 1 WHEN chill the blast of winter blows,
 Away the summer flies ;
The flowers resign their sunny robes,
 And all their beauty dies.
- 2 Nipt by the year, the forest fades,
 And, shaking to the wind,
The leaves toss to and fro, and strew
 The wilderness behind.
- 3 The winter pass'd, reviving flowers
 Anew shall paint the plain ;
The woods shall hear the voice of spring,
 And flourish green again.
- 4 But man departs this earthly scene,
 Ah ! never to return !
No second spring of life revives
 The ashes of the urn !
- 5 Where are our Fathers ! Whither gone
 The mighty men of old !
The patriarchs, prophets, princes, kings,
 In sacred books enroll'd—
- 6 Gone to the resting-place of man,
 His long and silent home ;
Where ages past have gone before,
 Where future ages come !

1 Chron. xxix. 15. Zech. i. 5.

HYMNS.

553. *Britain's grateful Return for the Gospel.* F. M.

- 1 WHEN first the Christian Herald
 To Britain's happy shore,
The tidings of a Saviour
 With heavenly triumph bore,
Deep sunk in superstition
 Our rude forefathers lay,
But Heaven's bright Orb of glory
 Turn'd darkness into day.
- 2 For, soon as Jesu's banner—
 Which o'er the Heathen World
Was marching on in triumph—
 In Britain was unfurl'd,
The idol altars trembled,
 Unable to withstand,
And long-benighted Britain
 Shone forth a Christian Land.
- 3 Now, grateful for the blessings
 Britain to strangers owes,
She lends her earnest labours
 To soften others' woes :
Their darkness she enlightens,
 Their ignorance dispels,
And pours the oil of gladness
 Wherever woe prevails. [Matt. x. 8.]

554. *The Power of the Word.* L. M.

- 1 WHEN God applies his Word with power,
The rebel can resist no more :
Once he despis'd his present fears,
But now his folly owns with tears.
- 2 O Lord, how wonderful thy Word !
'Tis sharper than the two-edg'd sword :
It cuts the haughty spirit down,
And makes his guilt and vileness known.
- 3 'Tis quick and powerful within,
And strikes at every root of sin ;
And when our wretchedness we feel,
The Word, which gave the wound, will heal.

Heb. iv. 12—16.

HYMNS.

555. *Crucifixion to the World by the Cross of Christ.* L. M.

- 1 WHEN I survey the wond'rous Cross,
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.
- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ my God;
All the vain things which charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.
- 3 See from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
- 4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all. [Gal. vi. 14.]

556. *Children recalling Christ's Example and his Love.*

C. M.

- 1 WHEN Jesus left his Father's throne,
He chose an humble birth;
Like us, unhonour'd and unknown,
He came to dwell on earth.
- 2 Like Him, may we be found below
In wisdom's paths of peace;
Like Him, in grace and knowledge grow,
As years and strength increase.
- 3 Jesus pass'd by the rich and great,
For men of low degree;
He sanctified our parents' state,
For poor like them was He.
- 4 Sweet were his words, and kind his look,
When mothers round Him press'd;
Their infants in his arms He took,
And on his bosom bless'd.
- 5 Safe from the world's alluring harms,
Beneath his watchful eye,
Thus in the circle of his arms,
May we for ever lie!
- 6 When Jesus into Salem rode,
The children sang aloud;
For joy they pluck'd the palms, and strow'd
Their garments on the ground.

HYMNS.

7 Hosanna, our glad voices raise,
Hosanna to our King;
Should we forget our Saviour's praise,
The stones themselves would sing.

8 Help us, O Lord! to love thy Name!
That Name divinely sweet,
Let every pulse through life proclaim,
And our last breath repeat!

Luke vi. 32. Mark xii. 13—16. Matt. xxi. 9. Luke xix. 40.

557. *For a Public Hospital or Asylum.* L. M.

1 WHEN, like a stranger on our sphere,
The lowly Jesus wander'd here,
Where'er He went, affliction fled,
And sickness rear'd her fainting head.

2 The eye that roll'd in irksome night,
Beheld his face—for God is light!
The opening ear, the loosen'd tongue,
His precepts heard, his praises sung.

3 With bounding steps, the halt and lame,
To hail their great Deliverer came:
O'er the cold grave He bow'd his head,
He spake the word, and raised the dead.

4 Demonic madnes, dark and wild,
In His inspiring presence amil'd;
The storm of horror ceas'd to roll,
And reason lighten'd through the soul.

5 Through paths of loving-kindness led,
Where Jesus triumph'd, we would tread;
To all, with willing bands, dispense
The crumbs of our benevolence.

6 Hark! the sweet voice of Pity calls
Misfortune to these hallow'd walls;
The breaking heart, the wounded breast,
And helpless poverty, distress'd.

7 Here the whole family of woe
Shall friends, and home, and comfort know;
The blasted form and shipwreck'd mind
Shall here a tranquil haven find.

8 And Thou, Dread Power, whose sov'reign breath
Is health or sickness, life or death,
This favour'd mansion deign to bless;
The cause is Thine—send Thou success!

HYMNS.

558. *Universal Hallelujah!* P. M.

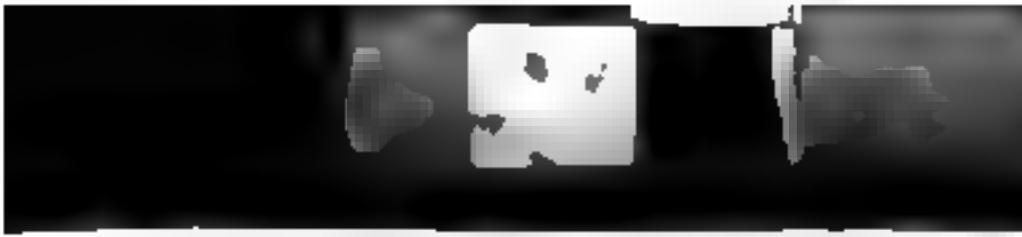
- 1 WHEN shall the voice of singing
Flow joyfully along?
When hill and valley ringing
With one triumphant song,
Proclaim the contest ended,
And him who once was slain,
A second time descended,
In righteousness to reign?
- 2 Then from the craggy mountains
The sacred shout shall fly;
And shady vales and fountains
Shall echo the reply.
High tower and lowly dwelling
Shall send the hymn around,
All Hallelujah swelling
In one continued sound!

559. *At a Sermon for Widows and Orphans.* P. M.

- 1 "WHEN thy harvest yields thee pleasure,
Thou the golden sheaf shalt bind;
To the poor belongs the treasure
Of the scatter'd ears behind—
This thy God ordains to bless
The widow and the fatherless.
- 2 "When thine olive-plants increasing,
Pour their plenty o'er the plain;
Grateful thou shalt take the blessing,
But not search the boughs again—
This thy God ordains to bless
The widow and the fatherless.
- 3 "When thy favour'd vintage flowing,
Gladdens thine autumnal scene;
Own the bounteous hands bestowing,
But the vines the poor shall glean—
So thy God ordains to bless
The widow and the fatherless."
- Deut. xxiv. 19—21.

560. *Victory, in Christ, over the Grave.* C. M.

- 1 WHEN youth and age are snatch'd away
By Death's resistless hand,
Our hearts the mournful tribute pay,
And bow at God's command.



HYMNS.

- 2 While love still prompts the rising sigh,
With awful power impress
Let this dread truth, "I too must die!"
Sink deep in every breast!
- 3 May this vain world o'ercome no more!
Behold the opening tomb!
It bids us use the present hour,
To-morrow Death may come.
- 4 The voice of this instructive scene
Let every heart obey!
Nor be the faithful warning vain
Which calls to watch and pray.
- 5 Lord! let us to our Refuge fly!
Thine arm alone can save:
Through Christ give us, in victory,
To triumph o'er the grave! [1 Cor. xv. 55—57.]

561. *The Dead and the Living.* L. M.

- 1 "WHERE are the dead?"—In heaven or hell
Their disembodied spirits dwell;
Their buried forms, in bonds of clay,
Reserv'd until the Judgment Day.
- 2 "Who were the dead?"—The sons of time
In every age, and state, and clime;
Renown'd, dishonour'd or forgot,
The place that knew them, knows them not.
- 3 "Where are the living?"—On the ground,
Where prayer is heard, and mercy found:
There, in the period of a span,
The mortal makes th' immortal man.
- 4 "Who are the living?"—They, whose breath
Draws every moment nigh to death;
Of bliss or woe th' eternal heirs—
Oh what an awful choice is theirs!
- 5 Then, timely warn'd, may we begin
To follow Christ and flee from sin;
Daily grow up in Him our Head,
Lord of the Living and the Dead.

562. *A Great High Priest, passed into the Heavens.* L. M.

- 1 WHERE high the heavenly temple stands,
The house of God not made with hands,
A great High Priest our nature wears;
The Advocate of man appears!

HYMNS.

- 2 He, who for men their Surety stood,
And pour'd on earth his precious blood,
Pursues in heaven his mighty plan,
The Saviour and the Friend of man !
- 3 Though now ascended up on high,
He bends on earth a brother's eye ;
Partaker of the human' name,
He knows the frailty of our frame.
- 4 Our fellow-sufferer yet retains
A fellow-feeling of our pains ;
And still remembers, in the skies,
His tears, his agonies, and cries.
- 5 In every pang that rends the heart,
The Man of Sorrows had a part ;
He sympathizes with our grief,
And to the sufferer sends relief.
- 6 With boldness, therefore, at thy throne,
O Lord, we make our sorrows known :
Oh let thy mercy and thy power
Save us in every trying hour ! [Heb. iv. 14—16.]

563.

The Resurrection. P. M.

WHILE conscious sinners tremble
To hear the trumpet sound,
That bids the dead assemble
The judgment-seat around ;
Oh then among that number
May we the call obey,
Who burst the bands of slumber
To view a glorious day !

564. *By the Children in a Charity School. L. M.*

- 1 WHILE Saints and Angels, glorious King !
Day without night, thy praises sing ;
Thou wilt not humbler strains despise—
The songs of Children reach the skies.
- 2 Amidst the whole creation's cares,
'The meanest worm thy bounty shares ;
Thine eyes the depths of ocean see,
The grave itself hides not from Thee.

HYMNS

- 3 While want and hardship were our lot,
Thou knew'st us, though we knew Thee not.
Now we adore thy hand which sends
Our earthly comforts, home, and friends.
- 4 With these, thy heavenly gifts afford,
Thy Son, thy Spirit, and thy Word:
—Thy Word, to teach our wayward youth
The path to heaven, O God of Truth!
- 5 —Thy Spirit, to dispel the night
Of sin and error, God of Light!
—Thy Son, to raise our souls above,
Pardon'd through Him, O God of Love!
- 6 For all the good thy Grace imparts,
What shall we give Thee?—take our hearts:
Oh seal them by thy power divine,
In life, in death, for ever thine!

565. *Joy in Heaven for a repenting Sinner.* L.M.

- 1 WHO can describe the joys which rise
Through all the courts of Paradise,
To see a prodigal return!
To see an heir of glory born!
- 2 With joy the Father doth approve
The fruit of his own grace and love—
With joy the Son looks down and sees
The purchase of his agonies—
- 3 The Spirit takes delight to view
The soul which he has form'd anew—
And Saints and Angels join to sing
The growing empire of their King.

Luke xv. 7, 10.

566. *The Death and Burial of a Christian.* C. M.

- 1 WHY do we mourn departing friends,
Or shake at Death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends
To call them to his arms.
- 2 Are we not tending upward too
To heaven's desir'd abode?
Why should we wish the hours more slow,
Which keep us from our God?

H Y M N S.

- 3 Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
Of Jesus there the body lay,
And left a long perfume.
- 4 The graves of all his saints he blest,
And soften'd every bed:
Where should the dying members rest,
But with their dying Head?
- 5 Thence he arose, ascending high,
And shew'd our feet the way:
Our bodies to the Lord shall fly,
At the great rising day.
- 6 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
And bid our kindred rise:
Awake, ye nations under ground!
Ye saints! ascend the skies.

567. “*Shall a Nation be born at once?*” L. M.

- 1 WHY, O Almighty Saviour, why
Do wretched souls in millions die;
While wide th' Infernal Tyrant reigns
O'er spacious realms in pond'rous chains?
- 2 And shall he still go on to boast
Thy Cross its energy hath lost?
And shall thy servants still complain
Their labours and their tears are vain?
- 3 Awake, all-conqu'ring Arm, awake!
And Hell's extensive empire shake:
Assert the honours of thy throne,
And call this ruin'd world thine own.
- 4 Thine all-successful power display,
Produce a Nation in a day;
For, at thy Word, this barren earth
Shall travail with a general birth.
- 5 Swift let thy quick'ning Spirit breathe
On these abodes of sin and death;
That breath shall bow ten thousand minds
Like waving corn before the winds. [Is. 1]

568. *Remonstrance with the Jews.* L. M.

- 1 WHY on the bending willows hung,
Israel! still sleeps thy tuneful string?—
Still mute remains thy sullen tongue,
And Zion's song denies to sing?

HYMNS.

- 2 Awake ! thy sweetest raptures raise ;
Let harp and voice unite their strains :
Thy promis'd King his sceptre sways ;
Jesus, thine own Messiah, reigns !
- 3 No taunting foes the song require :
No strangers mock thy captive chain :
But friends provoke the silent lyre,
And brethren ask the holy strain.
- 4 Nor fear thy Salem's hills to wrong,
If other lands thy triumph share :
A heavenly city claims thy song ;
A brighter Salem rises there.
- 5 By foreign streams no longer roam ;
Nor, weeping, think of Jordan's flood :
In every clime behold a home,
In every temple see thy God. [Ps. cxvii. 1—6.]

569. *On the Death of Ministers or Missionaries.* C. M.

- 1 WHY should our tears in sorrow flow,
When God recalls his own ;
And bids them leave a world of woe
For an immortal crown ?
- 2 Is not e'en death a gain to those
Whose life to God was given ?
Gladly to earth their eyes they close,
To open them in heaven.
- 3 Their toils are past : their work is done ;
And they are fully blest :
They fought the fight, the victory won,
And entered into rest.
- 4 The flock must feel the shepherd's loss,
And miss his tender care ;
But they who bear with joy the cross,
The crown shall soonest wear.
- 5 And is not He who called them home,
Still to his Church most nigh ;
To bid yet other labourers come,
And all her need supply ?
- 6 Then let our sorrows cease to flow !
God has recalled his own ;
But let our hearts, in every woe,
Still say, " Thy will be done !" (1 Thess. v. 13.)

HYMNS.

570. *The End of the World.* c. m.

- 1 WHY should this earth delight us so?
 Why should we fix our eyes
 On these low grounds, where sorrows grow,
 And every pleasure dies?
- 2 While time his sharpest teeth prepares
 Our comforts to devour,
There is a land above the stars,
 And joys above his power.
- 3 Nature shall be dissolv'd and die,
 The sun must end his race,
The earth and sea for ever fly
 Before the Saviour's face.
- 4 When will that glorious morning rise?
 When the last trumpet sound,
And call the nations to the skies,
 From underneath the ground?

571. “*Why will ye die?*” l. m.

- 1 WHY, thoughtless sinner! wilt thou die?
 Can the infernal regions charm?
Or wilt thou yet believe the lie,
 That sin can do thy soul no harm?
- 2 God has pronounc'd the sinner's doom;
 In ruin soon his course must end:
Wilt thou on peace in sin presume,
 Or on what confidence depend?
- 3 Hast thou an arm like God Most High,
 In equal war with him to meet?
Canst thou his thunder bolts defy,
 Or quench his flames beneath thy feet?
- 4 Peace is proclaim'd! Oh bless the sound
 Of pardon bought with love divine!
God has Himself the ransom found,
 Which could atone for sins like thine.

Ez. xxxiii. 10.

572. “*One thing is needful.*” l. m.

- 1 WHY will ye waste on trifling cares
 The lives which God's compassion spares;
While, in the various range of thought,
 The “one thing needful” is forgot?

HYMNS.

- 2 Shall God invite you from above,
Shall Jesus urge his dying love,
Shall troubled conscience give you pain,
And all these please unite in vain ?
- 3 Not so your eyes will always view
The objects which you now pursue :
Not so will heaven and hell appear,
When death's decisive hour is near.
- 4 Almighty God ! thy grace impart,
And fix conviction on each heart :
Thy power can clear the darkest eyes,
And make the proudest scorners wise. [Luke x. 42.]

573. *The ever-present Saviour.* P. M.

- 1 WIDE o'er all worlds the Saviour reigns,
Unmov'd Almighty Love remains ;
And on his arm his Church shall rest :
Fair Zion, joyful in her King,
Through every changing age shall sing,
With his perpetual presence blest.
- 2 Tyrannic Death ! in vain thy rage,
Thy triumphs new in every age,
O'er the first heroes of his host :
Conscious of more than mortal aid,
Our bleeding hearts are not dismay'd,
But an immortal Leader boast.
- 3 Though buried deep in dust they lie,
Whose tuneful voices, rais'd on high,
Led the sweet anthems to his Name ;
The children learn the fathers' song,
And unform'd tongues shall still prolong
The ever-present Saviour's fame.
- 4 The present Saviour, he shall give
Millions of future saints to live,
And crowd the temples of his grace :
The present Saviour, lo ! he comes,
To call whole legions from their tombs,
And teach their dust sublimer praise.

574. *Glory to God from all Creatures.* L. M.

- 1 WITH all thy saints and angels, Lord !
We render thanks, with one accord ;
And hope, in extasies unknown,
To praise Thee on thy glorious throne.

H Y M N S.

- 2 Honour, and majesty, and power,
And thanks, and blessing evermore,
Who dost through endless ages live,
Thou, Lord, art worthy to receive !
- 3 For Thou hast bid all creatures be,
And still subsist to honour Thee ;
From Thee they came, to Thee they tend—
Their gracious Source, their glorious End !

Rev. iv. 9—11.

575. “To whom coming as unto a Living Stone.” P. M

- 1 WITH extasy of joy
Extol his glorious Name,
Who rear'd the spacious earth,
And rais'd our ruin'd frame :
He built the Church Who built the sky ;
Shout and exalt His honours high.
- 2 See the foundation laid
By power and love divine :
Jesus, his First-born Son,
How bright his glories shine !
Low he descends, In dust he lies,
That, from his tomb, A Church might rise.
- 3 But he for ever lives,
Nor for himself alone ;
Each saint new life derives
From this Mysterious Stone ;
His influence darts Through every soul,
And in one house Unites the whole.
- 4 To Him with joy we move,
In Him cemented stand ;
The living temple grows,
And owns the Founder's hand :
That structure, Lord ! Still higher raise,
Louder to sound Its Builder's praise.
- 5 Descend, and shed abroad
The tokens of thy grace ;
And, with more radiant beams,
Let glory fill the place :
Our joyful souls Shall prostrate fall,
And own, our God Is All in All.

1 Pet. ii. 4, 5.

HYMNS.

576. *Praise and Prayer for Britain.* P. M.

- 1** WITH grateful hearts, with joyful tongues,
To God we raise united songs ;
His power and mercy we proclaim :
Through every age may Britons own
Jehovah here has fix'd his throne,
And triumph in his Mighty Name.
- 2** Long as the moon her course shall run,
Or men behold the circling sun,
O God, in Britain hold thy reign !
Crown her just counsels with success,
With truth and peace her borders bless,
And all thy sacred rights maintain.

577. *Universal Praise.* L. M.

- 1** WITH holy fear, with humble song,
The mighty God our souls adore :
Rev'rence and awe become the tongue,
Which speaks the wonders of his power.
- 2** Sing to the Lord, who built the skies ;
The Lord, who rear'd this stately frame :
From earth let songs of praise arise,
And distant worlds repeat his Name.
- 3** Nature with open volume stands,
To spread her Maker's praise abroad !
On every labour of his hands
Is stamp'd the image of a God.
- 4** Proclaim his praise, ye powers on high !
His praise let every region hear !
And while his Name sounds through the sky,
Let humble mortals bow and fear.

578. *Compassion of our High Priest above.* C. M.

- 1** WITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above :
His heart is made of tenderness,
His bowels melt with love.
- 2** Touch'd with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame :
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For he has felt the same.

H Y M N S.

- 3 He, in the days of feeble flesh,
Pour'd out his cries and tears ;
And, in his measure, feels afresh
What every member bears.
- 4 He'll never quench the smoking flax,
But raise it to a flame :
The bruised reed he never breaks,
Nor scorns the meanest name.
- 5 Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and his power :
We shall obtain delivering grace
In the distressing hour.

Heb. ii. 18. iv. 14—16. v. 7, 8. *Is.* xlvi. 3. *Matt.* xii. 20.

579. “Jesus Christ the same, yesterday, and to-day, and for ever !” L. M.

- 1 WITH transport, Lord ! our souls proclaim
Th' immortal honours of thy Name :
Assembled round our Saviour's throne,
We make his ceaseless glories known.
- 2 High on his Father's royal seat
Our Jesus shone divinely great,
Ere Adam's clay with life was warm'd,
Or Gabriel's nobler spirit form'd.
- 3 Through all succeeding ages He
The same hath been, the same shall be :
Immortal glory crowns his head,
While stars and suns wax old and fade.
- 4 The same his power his flock to guard,
The same his bounty to reward ;
The same his faithfulness and love,
To saints on earth and saints above.
- 5 Let nature change, and sink, and die ;
Jesus shall raise his people high ;
And fix them near his stable throne,
In glory changeless as his own. [*Heb.* xiii. 8.]

580. *Adoration of the Lamb.* L. M.

- 1 WORTHY the Lamb, of boundless sway,
In earth and heaven the Lord of all !
Ye princes, rulers, powers, obey,
And low before his footstool fall !

HYMNS.

- 2** Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain !
The groaning earth the burden bore :
He rose, He lives, He lives to reign,
Nor time shall shake his endless power.
- 3** Riches, and all that decks the great,
From worlds unnumber'd hither bring
The tribute pour before his seat,
And hail the triumphs of our King.
- 4** Wisdom and strength are His alone,
He rais'd the top-stone, shouting "Grace!"
Honour has built his lofty throne,
And glory shines upon his face.
- 5** From heaven, from earth, loud bursts of praise
The mighty blessings shall proclaim ;
Blessings which earth to glory raise,
The purchase of the slaughter'd Lamb.
- 6** Higher, still higher, swell the strain :
Creation's voice the note prolong :
The Lamb shall ever, ever reign !
Let Hallelujahs crown the song ! (Rev. v. 9—14.)

581. "*Yet there is room!*" P. M.

- 1** YE dying sons of men,
Deep sunk in sin and woe !
Mercy now calls again,
Its message is to you !
Ye perishing and guilty, come !
In Mercy's arms there yet is room.
- 2** No longer now delay,
Nor vain excuses frame ;
Christ bids you come to-day,
Though poor, and blind, and lame :
All things are ready, sinners, come !
For every trembling soul there's room.
- 3** Believe the heavenly Word
His messengers proclaim ;
He is a gracious Lord,
And faithful is his Name :
Backsliding souls, return and come !
Despair not ! for there yet is room.

HYMNS.

- 4 Drawn by His dying love,
Ye wand'ring sheep, draw near !
He calls you from above,
The Shepherd's voice now hear :
To Him whoever will may come,
In Jesu's breast there still is room. [Luke xiv. 25]

582. *On the Dismission of Missionaries.* S. M.

- 1 YE messengers of Christ,
His sovereign voice obey ;
Arise, and follow where he leads,
And peace attend your way !
- 2 The Master whom you serve
Will needful strength bestow ;
Depending on his promis'd aid
With sacred courage go.
- 3 Mountains shall sink to plains,
And hell in vain oppose ;
The cause is God's, and will prevail,
In spite of all his foes.
- 4 Go, spread a Saviour's fame ;
And tell his matchless grace
To the most guilty and deprav'd
Of Adam's numerous race.
- 5 We wish you in His Name
The most divine success ;
Assur'd that He who sends you forth
Will all your labours bless.

583. *The Great Physician.* L. M.

- 1 YE mourning sinners ! here disclose
Your deep complaints, your various woes :
Approach—'tis Jesus : He can heal
The pains which mourning sinners feel.
- 2 To eyes, long clos'd in mental night,
Strangers to all the joys of light,
His Word imparts a blissful ray,
Bright morning of a heavenly day.
- 3 Ye helpless lame ! lift up your eyes ;
The Lord, the Saviour, bids you rise :
New life and strength His voice conveys,
And plaintive groans are chang'd for praise.

H Y M N S.

- 4 Nor shall the leper hopeless lie,
Beneath the great Physician's eye :
Sin's deepest power His Word controule,
That fatal leprosy of souls.
- 5 That hand divine, which can assuage
The burning fever's restless rage,
That hand, omnipotent and kind,
Can cool the fever of the mind.
- 6 When freezing palsy chills the veins,
And pale cold death already reigns,
He speaks—the vital powers revive !
He speaks—the dying sinners live !
- 7 O Lord, we wait thy healing hand !
Diseases fly at thy command !
Now let thy sovereign touch impart
Life, strength, and health to every heart !

584. *Adoration of the Lamb.* P. M.

- 1 YE servants of God, your Master proclaim,
And publish abroad his wonderful Name ;
The Name, all victorious, of Jesus extol,
His kingdom is glorious, and rules over all.
- 2 Salvation to God who sits on the throne,
Let all cry aloud, and honour the Son ;
Our Jesus's praises all angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces, and worship the Lamb.
- 3 Then let us adore, and give him his right,
All glory, and power, and wisdom, and might ;
All honour and blessing, with angels above,
And thanks never ceasing, for infinite love.

Rev. vii. 9—12.

585. *The Vigilant Servant.* A. M.

- 1 YE servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait ;
Observant of his heavenly Word,
And watchful at his gate.
- 2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame ;
Gird up your loins, as in his sight,
For awful is his Name.

H Y M N S.

- 3 Watch ! 'tis your Lord's command ;
And while we speak, He's near :
Mark the first signal of his hand,
And ready all appear.
4 Oh happy servant he,
In such a posture found !
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honour crown'd. [Luke xii. 35—38.]

586.

Returning to Christ. s. m.

- 1 YE sons of earth, arise !
Ye creatures of a day !
Redeem the time, be bold, be wise,
And cast your bonds away.
2 The year of Gospel-grace,
With us rejoice to see ;
And thankfully in Christ embrace
Your proffer'd liberty.
3 Saviour and Lord of All !
Thee help us to receive ;
Obedient to thy gracious call,
Oh bid us turn and live !
4 Our former years mis-spent,
Now let us deeply mourn ;
And, soften'd by thy grace, repent,
And to thine arms return !

587. *The Goodness and Wonderful Works of God.* l. m.

- 1 YE sons of men ! with joy record
The various wonders of the Lord !
And let his power and goodness sound
Through all your tribes the earth around.
2 Let the high heavens your songs invite,
Those spacious fields of brilliant light ;
Where sun, and moon, and planets roll,
And stars, which glow from pole to pole.
3 Sing earth in verdant robes array'd,
Its herbs and flowers, its fruit and shade ;
Peopled with life of various forms,
Fishes and fowls, and beasts and worms.
4 View the broad sea's majestic plains,
And think how wide its Maker reigns :
That band remotest nations joins,
And on each wave his goodness shines.

HYMNS.

- 5 But Oh ! that brighter world above,
Where lives and reigns Incarnate Love !
God's Only Son in flesh array'd,
For man a bleeding victim made.
- 6 Thither, my soul ! with rapture soar :
There, in the land of praise, adore !
This theme demands an angel's lay,
Demands a never-ending day.

588. *The Church exulting in the Government of Jehovah.*

P. M.

- 1 YE subjects of the Lord ! proclaim
The royal honours of his Name :
" Jehovah reigns !" be all our song.
" Tis He, thy God, O Zion, reigns !
Prepare thy most harmonious strains
Glad hallelujahs to prolong.
- 2 Tremble, ye pageants of a day,
Form'd, like your slaves, of brittle clay !
Down to the dust your sceptres bend .
To everlasting years He reigns,
And undiminish'd state maintains,
When kings, and suns, and time shall end.
- 3 So shall his favour'd Zion live :
In vain confed'rate nations strive
Her sacred turrets to destroy ;
Her Sov'reign sits enthron'd above,
And endless power and endless love
Ensure her safety and her joy. [Is. viii. 7.]

589.

The Crucifixion. L. M.

- 1 YE that pass by, behold the Man !
The Man of Grief, condemn'd for you !
The Lamb of God, for sinners slain— .
Weeping, to Calvary pursue.
- 2 Behold his temples crown'd with thorn '
His bleeding hands extended wide !
His streaming feet transfix'd and torn !
The fountain gushing from his side !
- 3 O Thou dear suffering Son of God,
How doth thy heart to sinners move !
Sprinkle on us thy precious blood,
And melt us with thy dying love.

H Y M N S.

4 The earth could to her centre quake,
Convuls'd, when her Creator died ;
Oh let our inmost nature shake,
And bow to Thee, Thou Crucified !

590. *The Gospel Trumpet.* s. m.

- 1 YE trembling captives, hear !
The Gospel Trumpet sounds :
No music more can charm the ear,
Or heal your heartfelt wounds.
- 2 'Tis not the trump of war,
Nor Sinai's thunders' roar ;
Salvation's news it spreads afar,
And vengeance is no more.
- 3 Grace, pardon, love, and peace,
Glad heaven aloud proclaims ;
And earth the Jubilee's release,
With eager rapture, claims.
- 4 Far, far to distant lands
The saving news shall spread ;
And Jesus all his willing bands,
In one blest triumph, lead. [Is. xxvii. 13.]

591. *Invitation.* p. m.

- 1 YE, who in His courts are found,
List'ning to the joyful sound,
Lost and helpless as ye are,
Sons of sorrow, sin, and care,
Glorify the King of Kings,
Take the peace the Gospel brings.
- 2 Turn to Christ your longing eyes,
View his bloody sacrifice ;
See, in Him, your sins forgiven,
Pardon, holiness, and heaven :
Glorify the King of Kings,
Take the peace the Gospel brings.

592. *Humiliation and Exaltation of Christ.* c. m.

- 1 YE who the name of Jesus bear,
His sacred steps pursue ;
And let that mind which was in Him
Be also found in you.

HYMNS.

- 2 Who, though the form of God he bore,
 His nature though the same,
Nor deem'd it robb'ry in himself
 To equal God Supreme—
- 3 For us his greatness he abas'd,
 For us his glory veil'd;
In human form he dwelt on earth,
 His majesty conceal'd.
- 4 Nor only as a Man appears—
 He stoops a Servant low;
Submits to death, nay, bears the Cross
 In all its shame and woe.
- 5 But God, this wondrous love to man
 With honours just hath crown'd,
And rais'd the Name of Jesus far
 Above all names renown'd.
- 6 That, at this Name, with sacred awe,
 Each humbled knee should bow,
Of hosts immortal in the skies,
 And nations spread below. [PML. ii. 5—11.]

593. "The Bright and Morning Star." L. M.

- 1 YE worlds of light, that roll so near
 The Saviour's throne of shining bliss,
Oh tell how mean your glories are,
 How faint and few, compar'd with His!
- 2 We sing the bright and Morning Star,
 Jesus, the spring of light and love:
See how its rays, diffus'd from far,
 Conduct us to the realms above!
- 3 Its cheering beams spread wide abroad,
 Point through the wilderness our way;
Still, as we go, we find the road
 Enlighten'd with a constant day.
- 4 When shall we reach the heavenly place
 Where this bright Star shall brightest shine;
Leave far behind these scenes of night,
 And view a lustre so divine! [Rev. xxii. 16.]

594. The Reign of Christ. L. M.

- 1 YES, Mighty Jesus! Thou shalt reign,
 Till all thy haughty foes submit;
Till hell, and all her trembling train,
 Become the footstool of thy feet.

HYMNS.

- 2 Then, rescued souls shall bless thy power;
Thine arm shall full salvation bring:
Thy saints, in that illustrious hour,
Shall conquer with their conqu'ring King.
- 3 Then, ranged thy blazing throne around,
The Saviour's honours we'll proclaim;
While heaven's transported realms resound
Thy glorious deeds and saving Name. [Ps. cx. 1.]

595. *Affliction leading to Glory.* L. M.

- 1 YES! 'tis a rough and thorny road,
Which leads us to the saints' abode;
But when our Father's house we gain,
'Twill make amends for all our pain.
- 2 And what is all we suffer now,
Or all we can endure below,
To that bright day when Christ shall come,
And take his weary pilgrims home! [2 Cor. iv. 17.]

596. *Approach of the Kingdom of God.* P. M.

- 1 YES, we trust the day is breaking,
Joyful times are near at hand;
God, the Mighty God, is speaking
By his Word, in every land:
Mark his progress—
Darkness flies at his command.
- 2 While the foe becomes more daring,
While he enters like a flood,
God, the Saviour, is preparing
Means to spread his truth abroad:
Every language—
Soon shall tell the love of God.
- 3 God of Jacob, high and glorious!
Let thy people see thy hand:
Make the Gospel soon victorious,
Through the world, in every land:
Perish Idols—
Perish, Lord, at thy command! [Is. xi. 10.]

597. "Truly this Man was the Son of God!" C. M.

- 1 YONDER—amazing sight!—I see
Th' Incarnate Son of God
Expiring on th' accursed tree,
And welt'ring in his blood.

H Y M N S.

- 2 Behold a purple torrent run
Down from his hands and head ;
The sacred tide puts out the sun !
His groans awake the dead !
- 3 The trembling earth, the darken'd sky,
Proclaim the truth aloud ;
And, with th' amaz'd Centurion, cry,
" This is the Son of God ! "
- 4 So great, so vast a sacrifice
May well our hopes revive :
If God's Own Son thus bleeds and dies,
We sinners sure may live !
- 5 Oh that these cords of love divine
Might draw us, Lord, to Thee !
Take Thou our hearts and make them Thine !
Thine let them ever be ! [Mark xiv. 39.]

598. *Enlargement of the Church.* s. m.

- 1 ZION, a mourner long,
Her new-born children sees ;
And with surprise and pleasure asks,
" Who hath begotten these ? "
- 2 In solitude she sat,
While these estrang'd had been ;
But, lo ! the rising morn presents
A new and glorious scene !
- 3 The late beclouded sun
Its beams afresh displays ;
The harps, which on the willows hung,
Are now attun'd to praise.
- 4 One here, another there,
Are gather'd to the Lord ;
Trophies of his victorious grace
And all-subduing Word.
- 5 But Oh, the happier day,
When, round the blissful throne,
Jesus his scatter'd flock shall see,
Collected all in one.
- 6 Without a jarring note,
Or one discordant tongue,
The countless millions there shall join
In one harmonious song. (Is. viii. 21.)

HYMNS.

599.

Glory of the Church. L. M.

- 1 ZION, awake ! thy strength renew,
Put on thy robes of beauteous hue ;
And let th' admiring world behold
The King's fair daughter cloth'd in gold.
- 2 Church of our God, arise and shine,
Bright with the beams of truth divine !
Then shall thy radiance stream afar,
Wide as the Heathen Nations are.
- 3 Gentiles and kings thy light shall view :
All shall admire and love thee too ;
Shall come like clouds across the sky,
Or doves that to their windows fly.

Is. lvi. 1. Ps. xlv. 9. Is. ix. 1—3, 8.

600.

Triumph of the Church. P. M.

- 1 ZION'S King shall reign victorious,
All the earth shall own his sway ;
He will make his kingdom glorious,
He shall reign through endless day.
- 2 Nations, now from God estranged,
Then shall see a glorious light ;
Night to day shall then be changed,
Heaven shall triumph in the sight.
- 3 See the ancient idols falling,
Worshipp'd once, but now abhorred ;
Men on Zion's King are calling,
Zion's King by all ador'd.
- 4 Then shall Israel long dispersed,
Mourning seek their Lord and God,
Look on Him whom once they pierced,
Own and kiss the chast'ning rod.
- 5 Then shall Israel all be saved,
War and tumult then shall cease,
While the greater Son of David
Rules a conquer'd world in peace.
- 6 Mighty King ! thine arm revealing,
Now thy glorious cause maintain ;
Bring the nations help and healing,
Make them subject to thy reign !
- 7 Angels in their lofty station,
Praise thy Name, Thou only wise ;
Oh let earth, with emulation,
Join the triumph of the skies !

DOXOLOGIES.

S. M.

1. GIVE to the Father praise,
Give glory to the Son,
And to the Spirit of his grace
Be equal honour done !
2. THE Triune God shall be
Our song, while life is given,
And the unceasing praise shall run
Through all the days of heaven.
3. HONOUR to Thee, Almighty Three,
And Everlasting One !
All glory to the Father be,
The Spirit, and the Son !
4. IN hope to join th' angelic host
And all the ransom'd throng,
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
We raise the grateful song.
5. LET God, the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit be ador'd ;
Where there are works to make him known,
Or saints to love the Lord.
6. TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore !
7. TO praise the Father and the Son,
And Spirit, all divine,
The One in Three and Three in One,
Let saints and angels join.

SEVENS.

8. NOW to God, the Three in One,
Be eternal glory done;
Raise, ye saints, the sound again !
Nations, join the loud Amen !

DOXOLOGIES.

SEVENS.

9. SING we to our God above
Praise eternal as His love !
Praise Him, all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
- L. M.
10. HAIL, Father ! hail, Eternal Son !
Hail, Sacred Spirit ! Three in One !
Blessing, and thanks, and power divine,
Thrice, Holy Lord, be ever Thine !
11. PRAISE God from whom all blessings flow,
Praise him, all creatures here below ;
Praise him above, ye heav'ly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
12. TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom earth and heaven adore,
Be glory as it was of old,
Is now, and shall be evermore.
13. TO God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be honour, praise, and glory given,
By all on earth, and all in heaven.
- P. M.
14. FATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God whom we adore ;
Join we with the heavenly host,
To praise Thee evermore.
15. MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favour,
Rest upon us from above !
Let us thus abide in union
With each other, and the Lord ;
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.
16. ALL glory to God, the Father and Son,
And Spirit of grace, the great Three in One !
Let highest ascriptions for ever be given,
By all the creation, on earth and in heaven.

DOXOLOGIES.

BY angels in heaven, of every degree,
And saints upon earth, all praise be address,
To God in Three Persons, one God ever blest!
As it has been, now is, and alway shall be.

TO God the Father, Son,
And Spirit ever bless'd,
Eternal Three in One,
All worship be address'd :
As heretofore It was, is now,
And shall be so, For evermore

TO God the Father's throne
Perpetual honours raise ;
Glory to God the Son ;
To God the Spirit praise :
With all our powers, Eternal King,
Thy Name we sing, While faith adores.

ALL glory to God,
In his highest abode,
Who sits on the throne !
All glory to Jesus His crucified Son !
All glory and praise
To the Spirit of grace !
The Eternal I AM,
Let His saints and His angels forever proclaim !

NOW to the Great and Sacred Three,
The Father, Son, and Spirit, be
Eternal praise and glory given,
Through all the worlds where God is known,
By all the angels near the throne,
And all the saints in earth and heaven.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom heaven's triumphant host
And suff'ring saints on earth adore,
Be glory as in ages past,
As now it is, and so shall last,
When time itself shall be no more.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Be praise amidst the Heavenly Host.
And in the Church below ;
From whom all Creatures drew their breath,
By whom Redemption blest the earth,
From whom all Comforts flow.

DOXOLOGIES.

- 24.** To God Almighty, Father, Son,
And Comforter, the Holy Ghost,
Be honour, worship, homage done,
By saints and angels, sacred host ;
As 'twas in ages heretofore,
Is now, and shall be evermore.
- 25.** MOST holy, blessed, glorious Lord,
Three Persons in One God ador'd !
Have mercy on us, hear our prayer,
Who miserable sinners are—
But Jesus for such sinners died,
Hear us through Him, the Crucified !
- 26.** SINCE God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Glorious beyond all speech and thought,
Have jointly our salvation wrought,
We'll join them in our songs of praise,
Now, and through heaven's eternal days.

27. *The Universal Doxology.*

- 1 EUROPE ! speak the Mighty Name,
Loud th' Eternal Three proclaim !
Let thy deep seraphic lays
Thunder forth the echoing praise.
- 2 Asia ! bring thy raptur'd songs
Let innumerable tongues
Swell the chord from shore to shore,
Where thy thousand billows roar.
- 3 Sable Afric ! aid the strain,
Triumph o'er thy broken chain :
Bid thy wildest music raise
All its fervour in His praise.
- 4 Shout, America ! thy joys,
While His love thy song employs ;
Let thy lonely wilderness
High exalt His righteousness.
- 5 All as one adore the Lord,
Father, Spirit, and the Word :
Hail Thou glorious Three in One,
Worthy Thou to reign alone !
- 6 Praise Him, all ye Nations, praise :
Saints in heaven, your anthems raise :
Angels, join the solemn chord—
Reign for ever, Holy Lord !

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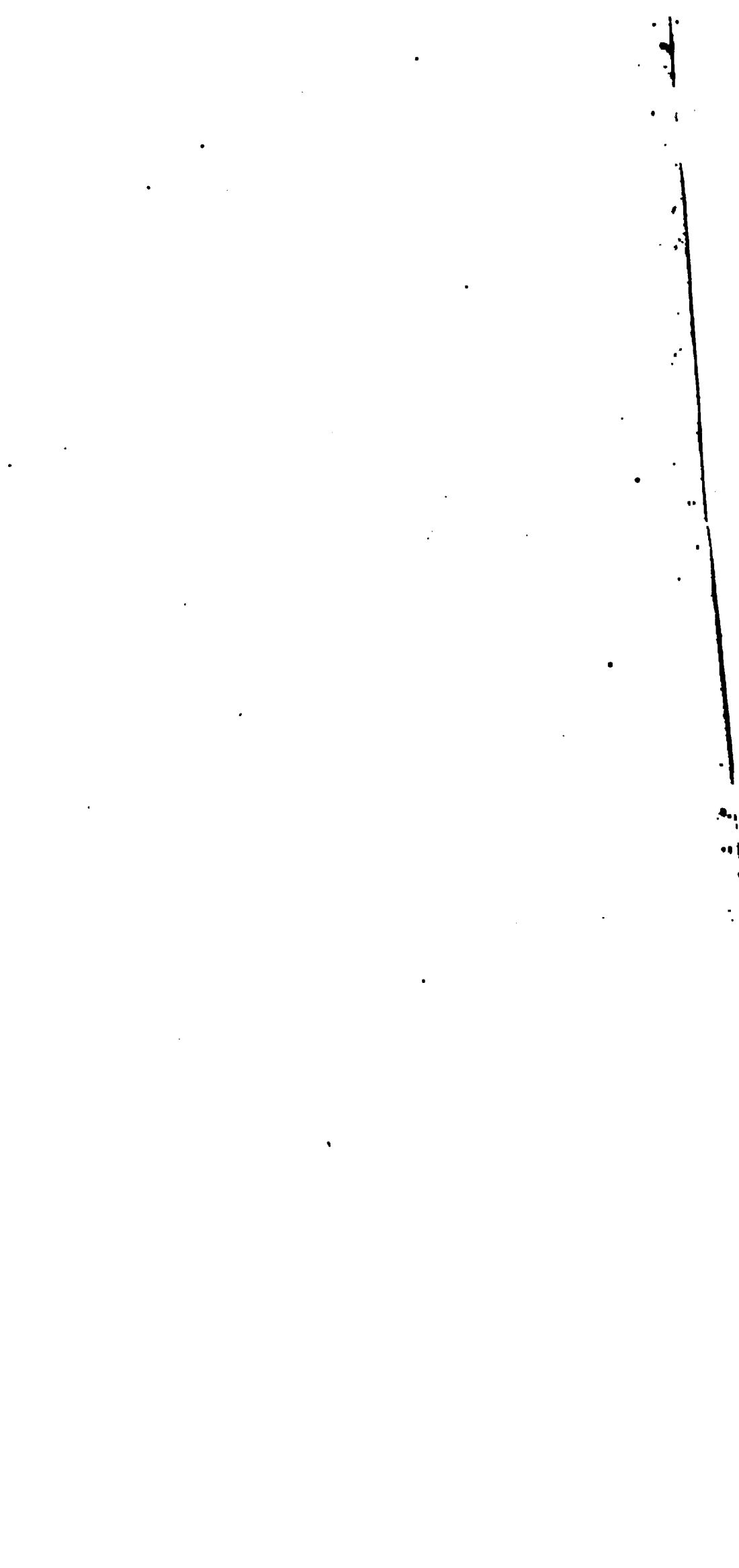
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